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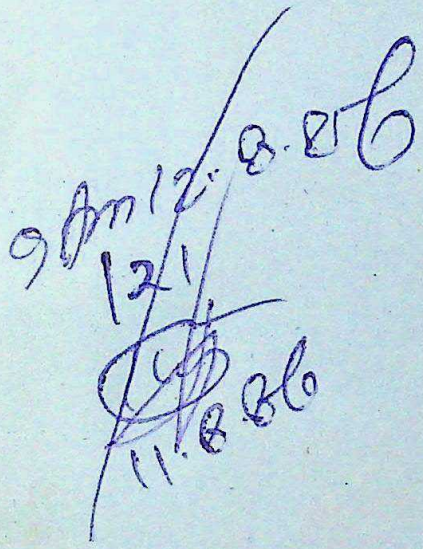
# OCCUT REVIEW

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# OCCULT REVIEW

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE INVESTIGATION OF SUPERNORMAL PHENOMENA AND THE STUDY OF PSYCHOLOGICAL PROBLEMS.

EDITED BY RALPH SHIRLEY

*"Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri"*

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## NOTES OF THE MONTH

THE popularity of prophecies at the present time has naturally raised the question of the natural law on which they depend. It may, of course, be argued that there is no such natural law, but in that case we rule out of court all prophecies that are not merely in the nature of intelligent anticipations of events to come. And there are doubtless a considerable percentage of people who would maintain that this is the only genuine and legitimate form of prophecy, in spite of a strong body of evidence in the other direction. If this attitude is taken up, all other prophecies beyond the class just named must be regarded as lucky guesses, and the difficulty of accepting the existence of such very numerous lucky guesses, especially where they are given in the fullest detail, is naturally very great indeed. If, however, we deny the possibility, in a number of crucial instances, of fortuitous coincidence

PROPHECIES AND FATALISM *versus* FREEWILL.



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we are brought face to face with the problem of Fate *versus* Freewill, which is indeed one of perennial interest. It has been dealt with recently by Signor Ernest Bozzano in his book on Premonitions (*Phénomenes Premonitoires*), of which Miss H. A. Dallas wrote in the last issue of the OCCULT REVIEW. Signor Bozzano is evidently not a determinist, and Miss Dallas in her article takes a rather strong view on the same lines. Monsieur Maeterlinck, on the other hand, in his *Unknown Guest*, just published by Messrs. Methuen,* writing very temperately and with much moderation, inclines clearly to the other view. From the highest standpoint he would regard everything as inevitable.

There is a good deal of loose thinking on this subject, and the loose thinking arises not merely from the extreme obscurity of the subject and the fact that it is one with which the finite intelligence is hardly qualified to deal; but also, as is too frequently the case where the pros and cons of philosophical problems are argued, from the fact that the point at issue is not clearly realized in the first instance.

THE QUESTION AT ISSUE.

We do not need a Daniel come to judgment or an angel from another sphere to acquaint us with the fact that if we find ourselves standing at two cross-roads, and there is no obstacle in our path, it is quite open to us to choose "of our own free will," as the phrase goes, whether we will take the right-hand path or the left. And yet endless words have been wasted, endless arguments urged, as if this question was the real point under discussion in the problem of Fate *versus* Freewill. It is, of course, nothing of the kind. From the point of view of the man himself who chooses, it is perfectly obvious, as Miss Dallas, for instance, points out, that man has a limited freedom of will. Something doubtless may interfere with the man we are thinking of taking the right-hand path—a mad bull in the way, for instance, or a flooded road, or anything else of this kind we like to imagine, and he may therefore be forced to take the left. But we know quite well that in the majority of cases his choice in the matter is unfettered.

Arguments, therefore, that seek to prove that Determinism or Fatalism cannot be true because man has a modified choice are merely beating the air. And I gather that Signor Bozzano's arguments rather fall to the ground through his failure to grip this essential point, although the subject-matter that he has provided in his book to aid us in our decision is clearly all-important.

* London: Methuen & Co., Ltd., Essex Street, Strand, W.C. 5*s.* net.

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What, then, is the matter really at issue? To put it in a nutshell, it is a question whether certain antecedents are bound to produce certain consequents. Given a certain person of a certain character and certain qualities physical, mental, etc., under certain specific conditions, will that person always act in the same way under those same conditions? Or would he at one time act one way and at another time another way, without any variation in the conditions in which he is placed, or the mood in which he then is? If you look at the matter from your own standpoint, you assume your own freedom of choice. If you look at it from the standpoint of Infinity, that choice is merely the result of your own character and conditions, all of which are taken into consideration in predicting what you will do. The apparent freedom of the individual to choose has, thus, nothing whatever to do with the issue raised. In other words, the assumed Omniscient Being who looks on, in his calculation of what the man will do is already allowing for those very attributes of character which dictate the man's choice.

The conclusion then, it seems to me, is inevitable, that whereas the universe can be described as a thought of the Deity, it can never be postulated that God would conceive His thought on one plane only, and that if this saying is true, the universe, as conceived by the Divine Power, must include not a partial but an entire conception embracing past, present and future at once. If God conceived of the universe and thus brought it to birth, we may be quite sure that this conception was no piecemeal affair, but was an inspiration to bring to birth a complete whole and harmonious design. We must, it seems, admit this as the only tenable conception of a God-directed universe. This is not, however, an hypothesis which we have to accept on *à priori* grounds alone. We have definite and specific signposts, evidence, as it appears to me, quite adequate to prove our case, in spite of the fact that, as Miss Dallas has well shown in her last month's article, a number of cases that seem at first sight to be evidence in its favour turn out subsequently to have no valid weight or bearing on the matter in question. Take, for instance, one of the cases collected by Signor Bozzano in the book already referred to, and cited as significant in Maurice Maeterlinck's *Unknown Guest*.

IS THE UNIVERSE A THOUGHT OF GOD?

In August, 1910, Cavaliere Giovanni de Figueroa, one of the most famous fencing-masters at Palermo, dreamt that he was in the country, going along a road white with dust, which brought him to a broad ploughed

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field. In the middle of the field stood a rustic building with a ground-floor used for store-rooms and cow-sheds, and on the right a rough hut made of branches and a cart with some harness lying in it.

A CASE IN POINT.

A peasant wearing dark trousers, with a black felt hat on his head, came forward to meet him, asked him to follow him and took him round behind the house. Through a low, narrow door they entered a little stable with a short, winding stone staircase leading to a loft over the entrance to the house. A mule, fastened to a swinging manger, was blocking the bottom step; and the chevalier had to push it aside before climbing the staircase. On reaching the loft, he noticed that from the ceiling were suspended strings of melons, tomatoes, onions and Indian corn. In this room were two women and a little girl; and through a door leading to another room he caught sight of an extremely high bed, unlike any that he had ever seen before. Here the dream broke off. It seemed to him so strange that he spoke of it to several of his friends, whom he mentions by name, and who are ready to confirm his statements.

On October 12 in the same year, in order to support a fellow-townsman in a duel, he accompanied the seconds, by motor-car, from Naples to Marano, a place which he had never visited nor even heard of. As soon as they were some way in the country, he was curiously impressed by the white and dusty road. The car pulled up at the side of a field which he at once recognized. They alighted; and he remarked to one of the seconds:—

"This is not the first time that I have been here. There should be a house at the end of this path, and on the right a hut and a cart with some harness in it."

As a matter of fact, everything was as he described it. An instant later, at the exact moment foreseen by the dream, the peasant in the dark trousers and the black felt hat came up and asked him to follow him. But, instead of walking behind him, the chevalier went in front, for he already knew the way. He found the stable and, exactly at the place which it occupied two months before, near its swinging manger, the mule blocking the way to the staircase. The fencing-master went up the steps and once more saw the loft, with the ceiling hung with melons, onions and tomatoes, and, in a corner on the right, the two silent women and the child, identical with the figures in his dream, while in the next room he recognized the bed whose extraordinary height had so much impressed him.

VIEWS OF MAURICE MAETERLINCK.

Now, with regard to the above record, as Monsieur Maeterlinck well points out, it is not very difficult to conceive the possibility of a case (numerous such cases have been cited), in which a person has a vision beforehand of a certain locality, and when he sees it in the flesh recognizes each detail. Perhaps it may be a case of clairvoyance, perhaps he may have visited the place astrally in his sleep. The point, however, is that what the fencing-master saw did not actually take place on the physical plane until the moment of his visit. Had he witnessed the

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scene on any earlier occasion, half the details which made it so striking would have been absent. The peasant wearing the dark trousers with his dark felt hat would not have been there. The two women and the little girl would not have been in the position that they occupied, probably would not have been there at all. The mule almost certainly would not have been fastened to the swinging manger, or have been blocking the bottom stair of the staircase. The combination of all these incidents points unmistakably to the Italian fencing-master having had a vision in full detail beforehand of what had so far never taken place in time.

In one instance only does this experience differ from the fencer's vision. Instead of walking behind the man with the black felt hat the fencer goes in front of him, for he already knows the way. His prevision has in short the effect of altering the actual occurrence in one specific particular. A new antecedent, the vision, thus brings about a slight modification of the consequent.

This occurrence, we must admit, fulfilling the preceding vision in detail as it did, was yet near enough in point of time for us to be able to assume, if we choose to do so, that all the causes were already in train, and that the incidents had thus from a higher spiritual standpoint become inevitable. But how can we say this with regard to such predictions as those of the Brahan seer, so celebrated in the Scotch Highlands, when equally exact details are given of occurrences that took place after an interval of hundreds of years, fulfilling the prophecies made in the minutest particular? The prediction of the doom of the House of Kintail is one of these, but in case this is too well known for repetition, I will cite another equally exact in its fulfilment, up to the last item, which still remains hidden in the womb of time.

THE PROPHECY OF DUN KENNETH.

The prophecy in question is attributed to one Dun Kenneth, and refers to the Macleod family, and was current for a hundred years prior to the circumstances which led to its fulfilment. In this prophecy it was foretold that when Norman, the third Norman, the son of the hard-boned English lady, should perish by an accidental death; when the Maidens of Macleod (some rocks on the coast of Macleod's castle) became the property of a Campbell; when a fox had young ones in one of the turrets of the castle; and when the fairy-enchanted banner should be exhibited for the last time, then the glory of the Macleod family should depart; a great part of the estate should be sold to others,

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so that a small boat would carry all the male issue of the house of Macleod across Loch Dunvegan ; but that in times far distant another John Breac should arise who should redeem the estates and raise the powers and honours of the house to a higher pitch than ever. The well-known Dr. Norman Macleod gave an account of the fulfilment of the earlier part of this prophecy. He was visiting Dunvegan Castle, in Skye, the home of the Macleods, in the year 1799, and the incident which he narrates made a very deep impression upon him at the time it occurred.

There was (he says) at that time, at Dunvegan, an English smith, with whom I became a favourite, and who told me, in solemn secrecy, that the iron chest which contained the " fairy flag " was to be forced open next morning ; that he had arranged with Mr. Hector Macdonald Buchanan to be there with his tools for that purpose.

I was most anxious to be present, and I asked permission to that effect of Mr. Buchanan (Macleod's man of business) who granted me leave on condition that I should not inform anyone of the name of Macleod that such was intended, and should keep it a profound secret from the Chief. This I promised and most faithfully acted on. Next morning we proceeded to the chamber in the East Turret, where was the iron chest that contained the famous flag, about which there is an interesting tradition.

With great violence the smith tore open the lid of this iron chest ; but, in doing so, a key was found under part of the covering, which would have opened the chest, had it been found in time. There was an inner case, in which was found the flag, enclosed in a wooden box of strongly scented wood. The flag consisted of a square piece of very rich silk, with crosses wrought with gold thread, and several elf-spots stitched with great care on different parts of it.

On this occasion the melancholy news of the death of the young and promising heir of Macleod reached the Castle. " Norman, the third Norman," was a lieutenant of H.M.S. the *Queen Charlotte*, which was blown up at sea, and he and the rest perished. At the same time, the rocks called " Macleod's Maidens " were sold, in the course of that very week, to Angus Campbell of Ensay, and they are still in possession of his grandson. A fox in possession of Lieutenant Maclean, residing in the West Turret of the Castle, had young ones, which I handled, and thus all that was said in the prophecy alluded to was so far fulfilled, although I am glad the family of my chief still enjoy their ancestral possessions, and the worst part of the prediction accordingly remains unverified. I merely state the facts of the case as they occurred, without expressing any opinion whatever as to the nature of these traditionary legends with which they were connected.

It will be noted that at the time that this record was written the Macleods enjoyed their ancestral possessions. A footnote, however, to this quotation, was made by the late Alexander Smith in his *Summer in Skye*. After giving a description of Dunvegan Castle, he says : " Dun Kenneth's prophecy has come to pass. If you want to see a chief of the Macleods nowadays, you must go to London to find him."

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I have cited these particular predictions purely and simply on account of their detail. In cases of this kind you cannot invoke the long arm of coincidence without making yourself ridiculous, as you can, for instance, where one single incident is foretold, as, to take a topical example, in the case of the prediction of Lord Roberts' death in *Old Moore's Almanac* (Roberts's edition). People are inclined to smile at Old Moore, but the point of the following prediction is unmistakable, and it is given moreover for the exact month of the occurrence.

OLD MOORE AND LORD ROBERTS.

*November*, 1914.—A gloom will be thrown over the whole of the British Isles by the announcement of the death of an old and well-beloved gallant soldier—one who for most of his strenuous life has served his King and country with devotion and noble self-sacrifice.

It should, moreover, be borne in mind that the prediction in question must have been made and been in print at least fifteen months before its fulfilment. "A lucky shot," we may comment. Probably we shall be right. But we want an explanation which shall cover the other predictions as well, and also that curious batch of prophecies which the present war has brought to light, and a certain percentage of which are undoubtedly genuine. In this connection I must plead guilty with regard to one particular prophecy, that of the Curé d'Ars, to have erred myself on the side of scepticism. I expressed doubt as to the authenticity of the quotation made in the *Daily Chronicle* from *Voix Prophetiques, ou Signes, Apparitions et Predictions Modernes*, its alleged source, but I find that I was in error. The edition that I had in my possession in which the prediction did not occur was the fourth. It appeared in an additional chapter inserted in the fifth edition. Both were dated "Paris, 1872." Hence the mistake.

My attention is now drawn to the fact that a further corroboration has taken place of the prophecy in question in a matter which hitherto has passed unnoticed. In the course of his prophecy Father Vianney predicts that at the outbreak of the war his canonization will have begun, and adds that there will not be time to finish the ceremonial before the war intervenes. A correspondent writes to tell me that in July last a priest who was a friend of hers came to say farewell before leaving for France in order to assist at the preliminary to the *Bienheureux* J. M. B. Vianney's canonization. He returned with some difficulty after war was declared, all

FATHER VIANNEY: A FURTHER CONFIRMATION.



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the proceedings having had to be brought to an abrupt end.

What, then, is the truth with regard to this problem of Freewill and Determinism on which these instances have been selected to throw light? We have seen that many of those who argued the point, so far from illuminating the real essence of the problem, have rather succeeded in darkening counsel and confusing the issues at stake. The fact is, Freewill and Determinism are but two different ends of the same stick, and they are as essential to each other, and to the requirements of the development of the human race as are, for instance, science and religion, when rightly apprehended. It is dangerous, perhaps, with our finite minds, to peer too far into the darkness, and try to solve the enigma of the Infinite. If we do so, we must admit that perhaps we are rather playing with words than conveying to our own minds a definite conception of the reality. I confess, however, that for myself my sympathy is far from being enlisted in favour of the standpoint of Signor Bozzano, who dismisses the suggestion that in the realm of Infinity there is but one eternal Now, as "philosophically inconceivable, psychologically absurd, and practically unsupported by facts." Certainly I can conceive of no statement in itself more utterly unphilosophic than that of the learned writer. The attempt to support conceptions of the eternal Reality behind phenomena by the evidence of fact, is certainly one of the most amazing efforts that it has ever entered into the human brain to put forth. In face of such problems we stand with bated breath, unable to express in words the admissions which our intellect compels us to concede. What a far truer, and what a far higher note is struck by Monsieur Maurice Maeterlinck, when he says:—

TWO ENDS OF THE SAME STICK.

> It is obviously difficult for us to understand that the future can thus precede chaos, that the present is at the same time the future and the past, or that that which is not yet exists already at the same time at which it is no more. But, on the other hand, it is just as hard to conceive that the future does not pre-exist, that there is nothing before the present and that everything is only present or past. It is very probable that to a more universal intelligence than ours, everything is but an eternal present, an immense *punctum stans*, as the metaphysicians say, in which all the events are on one plane; but it is no less probable that we ourselves, so long as we are men, in order to understand anything of this eternal present, will always be obliged to divide it into thre parts. Thus caught between two mysteries equally baffling to our intelligence, whether we deny or admit the pre-existence of the future, we are really only wrangling over words: in the one case we give the name of "present," from the point of view of a

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perfect intelligence, to that which to us is in the future ; in the other, we give the name of " future " to that which, from the point of view of a perfect intelligence, is the present. But, after all, it is incontestable in both cases that, at least from our point of view, the future pre-exists, since pre-existence is the only name by which we can describe and the only form under which we can conceive that which we do not yet see in the present.

I cannot think that from such an attitude as this, rightly understood, any weakening of effort in the struggle of life is likely to follow. Nor can I think that the question, whether there can be any moral character without choice, is raised by such a philosophical outlook. Rather it seems to me that the alternative supposition that Freewill held sway in the sense that some have argued, would involve the corollary that the ultimate issue must be still in doubt, and that the hand that guides the universe can only partially control the machinery that it has set in motion.

To create a universe without foreseeing the end and fulfilment of its evolution is to take big risks even for Divine Wisdom. Those who advance this contention are clearly denying the attribute of omniscience to Deity, and without this attribute, is not Deity somewhat like " Hamlet " without the Prince of Denmark ? It is, indeed, frequently urged that the main guidance and the ultimate issue is under divine control ; but that the minor incidents and smaller events of life are left to the option of the individual, and that it is here that man's freewill comes in. I wonder, do those who take up this line realize how frequently some apparently trifling occurrence has proved the pivot on which the whole future destinies of the world have turned ? During the French Revolution Napoleon escaped by the skin of his teeth from the fatal guillotine, and a little later on by a rare piece of good fortune escaped capture by the British Fleet. What would the subsequent history of Europe have been if there had been no Napoleon ? Something obviously quite different from what it has actually proved. Again, in a man's own life how many times has the most trivial incident proved decisive for good or evil, and changed the whole subsequent tenor of his existence ? We are thus bound to admit that if the great events are under Divine control, the smaller ones are no less so.

HISTORY HINGES ON SMALL INCIDENTS.

I am well aware that many of my readers will look at this problem from a different standpoint than my own, but I feel that if they take another path they will be face to face with an

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insoluble riddle. Indeed, I would admit that whatever view we adopt we are confronting a problem too vast and too deep for human comprehension, and involving questions as to what we are and whence we came which certainly no human power is competent to fathom.

THE LOGIC OF THE POSITION.

Yet here as elsewhere, while much remains in darkness and in doubt, there is a certain logical position which it is hopeless to attempt to evade. Time and space are merely conditions under which our consciousness functions. It follows then inevitably that to the Unconditioned there can be neither one nor the other. Philosophy to-day assumes that the Relative implies the Absolute, just as the Negative involves the Positive. If for the Eternal Reality there are such things as Time or Space, the very foundations on which this philosophy is built are shattered at a blow. Does Professor Bozzani repudiate it? Hardly, I think. More probably he fails, like many others, to realize all that its admission involves.

AN APPEAL FROM A RED CROSS NURSE.

A young lady who has contributed interesting articles from time to time to the columns of the OCCULT REVIEW is now a Red Cross nurse at a hospital not many miles from Paris. She writes me that the supply of hospital requisites is not nearly sufficient for the cases treated, and asks if readers of this Magazine would be so kind as to give some assistance in this direction. Many very bad cases are constantly arriving, and an adequate supply of these requisites necessarily makes a great difference to the number of cases that can be efficiently, and therefore successfully, treated. I need not remind my readers that the work of a Red Cross nurse must in any case inevitably be of a very distressing kind, and especially so in the present devastating conflict. Any help that can be rendered will, it goes without saying, be warmly appreciated both by the nurses and the hospital in question, and by the wounded soldiers who are being treated there. I have not at the time of writing authority to name the hospital, all I can say at the moment being that it is in the department of Seine-et-Oise. But if readers will send any contributions, addressed to the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW at this office, they will be allocated to a special fund and used entirely for the purpose stated. All moneys received will be duly acknowledged in the Magazine, either under the donors' names or, if preferred, under initials, and a special statement of the pur-

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chases made with the money received will also appear in these columns. More special details could be given on the understanding that they are supplied in confidence, if definite application is made direct to the Editor. In her last letter my correspondent writes: "We have orders this week to make ready for 5,000 cases in Seine-et-Oise," so my readers will see that the need is pressing and urgent. Any contributions from half-a-crown and upwards will be gratefully acknowledged.

"OCCULT REVIEW" BIRTHDAY NUMBER.

The present issue of the OCCULT REVIEW is in celebration of the tenth birthday of the magazine, which was founded on January 1, 1905. In honour of this anniversary five coloured plates of what I may perhaps venture to call, without prejudice, "psychic paintings" have been reproduced in connection with Mr. Redgrove's article on "A New Phenomenon in Art." I cannot recall anything of the kind having ever appeared before in any magazine, and having seen the originals I am bound to say that I think their reproduction reflects great credit on the printers. A word of explanation may perhaps be given here in regard to Mr. Sinnett's article and my own, which follows it, in view of the fact that they touch partly on similar ground. They were, I need hardly say, written quite independently, and I look upon one as (in a sense) complementary to the other, both having reference to the universality of the war and its effect on different planes of existence.

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# A VICTIM OF HIGHER SPACE

By ALGERNON BLACKWOOD
Author of "John Silence," etc.

"THERE'S a hextraordinary gentleman to see you, sir," said the new man.

"Why 'extraordinary'?" asked Dr. Silence, drawing the tips of his thin fingers through his brown beard. His eyes twinkled pleasantly. "Why 'extraordinary,' Barker?" he repeated encouragingly, noticing the perplexed expression in the man's eyes.

"He's so—so thin, sir. I could hardly see 'im at all—at first. He was inside the house before I could ask the name," he added, remembering strict orders.

"And who brought him here?"

"He come alone, sir, in a closed cab. He pushed by me before I could say a word—making no noise not what I could hear. He seemed to move so soft like——"

The man stopped short with obvious embarrassment, as though he had already said enough to jeopardize his new situation, but trying hard to show that he remembered the instructions and warnings he had received with regard to the admission of strangers not properly accredited.

"And where is the gentleman now?" asked Dr. Silence, turning away to conceal his amusement.

"I really couldn't exactly say, sir. I left him standing in the 'all——"

The doctor looked up sharply. "But why in the hall, Barker? Why not in the waiting-room?" He fixed his piercing though kindly eyes on the man's face. "Did he frighten you?" he asked quickly.

"I think he did, sir, if I may say so. I seemed to lose sight of him as it were——" The man stammered, evidently convinced by now that he had earned his dismissal. "He come in so funny, just like a cold wind," he added boldly, setting his heels at attention and looking his master full in the face.

The doctor made an internal note of the man's halting description; he was pleased that the slight signs of psychic intuition which had induced him to engage Barker had not entirely failed at the first trial. Dr. Silence sought for this qualification in all his assistants, from secretary to serving man, and if it surrounded



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him with a somewhat singular crew, the drawbacks were more than compensated for on the whole by their occasional flashes of insight.

"So the gentleman made you feel queer, did he?"

"That was it, I think, sir," repeated the man stolidly.

"And he brings no kind of introduction to me—no letter or anything?" asked the doctor, with feigned surprise, as though he knew what was coming.

The man fumbled, both in mind and pockets, and finally produced an envelope.

"I beg pardon, sir," he said, greatly flustered; "the gentleman handed me this for you."

It was a note from a discerning friend, who had never yet sent him a case that was not vitally interesting from one point or another.

"Please see the bearer of this note," the brief message ran, "though I doubt if even you can do much to help him."

John Silence paused a moment, so as to gather from the mind of the writer all that lay behind the brief words of the letter. Then he looked up at his servant with a graver expression than he had yet worn.

"Go back and find this gentleman," he said, "and show him into the green study. Do not reply to his questions, or speak more than actually necessary; but think kind, helpful, sympathetic thoughts as strongly as you can, Barker. You remember what I told you about the importance of *thinking*, when I engaged you. Put curiosity out of your mind, and think gently, sympathetically, affectionately, if you can."

He smiled, and Barker, who had recovered his composure in the doctor's presence, bowed silently and went out.

There were two different reception-rooms in Dr. Silence's house. One (intended for persons who imagined they needed spiritual assistance when really they were only candidates for the asylum) had padded walls, and was well supplied with various concealed contrivances by means of which sudden violence could be instantly met and overcome. It was, however, rarely used. The other, intended for the reception of genuine cases of spiritual distress and out-of-the-way afflictions of a psychic nature, was entirely draped and furnished in a soothing deep green, calculated to induce calmness and repose of mind. And this room was the one in which Dr. Silence interviewed the majority of his "queer" cases, and the one into which he had directed Barker to show his present caller.

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To begin with, the armchair in which the patient was always directed to sit, was nailed to the floor, since its immovability tended to impart this same excellent characteristic to the occupant. Patients invariably grew excited when talking about themselves, and their excitement tended to confuse their thoughts and to exaggerate their language. The inflexibility of the chair helped to counteract this. After repeated endeavours to drag it forward, or push it back, they ended by resigning themselves to sitting quietly. And with the futility of fidgeting there followed a calmer state of mind.

Upon the floor, and at intervals in the wall immediately behind, were certain tiny green buttons, practically unnoticeable, which on being pressed permitted a soothing and persuasive narcotic to rise invisibly about the occupant of the chair. The effect upon the excitable patient was rapid, admirable, and harmless. The green study was further provided with a secret spy-hole; for John Silence liked when possible to observe his patient's face before it had assumed that mask the features of the human countenance invariably wear in the presence of another person. A man sitting alone wears a psychic expression; and this expression is the man himself. It disappears the moment another person joins him. And Dr. Silence often learned more from a few moments' secret observation of a face than from hours of conversation with its owner afterwards.

A very light, almost a dancing, step followed Barker's heavy tread towards the green room, and a moment afterwards the man came in and announced that the gentleman was waiting. He was still pale and his manner nervous.

"Never mind, Barker," the doctor said kindly; "if you were not psychic the man would have had no effect upon you at all. You only need training and development. And when you have learned to interpret these feelings and sensations better, you will feel no fear, but only a great sympathy."

"Yes, sir; thank you, sir!" And Barker bowed and made his escape, while Dr. Silence, an amused smile lurking about the corners of his mouth, made his way noiselessly down the passage and put his eye to the spy-hole in the door of the green study.

This spy-hole was so placed that it commanded a view of almost the entire room, and, looking through it, the doctor saw a hat, gloves, and umbrella lying on a chair by the table, but searched at first in vain for their owner.

The windows were both closed and a brisk fire burned in the

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grate. There were various signs—signs intelligible at least to a keenly intuitive soul—that the room was occupied, yet so far as human beings were concerned, it was empty, utterly empty. No one sat in the chairs; no one stood on the mat before the fire; there was no sign even that a patient was anywhere close against the wall, examining the Böcklin reproductions—as patients so often did when they thought they were alone—and therefore rather difficult to see from the spy-hole. Ordinarily speaking, there was no one in the room. It was undeniable.

Yet Dr. Silence was quite well aware that a human being *was* in the room. His psychic apparatus never failed in letting him know the proximity of an incarnate or discarnate being. Even in the dark he could tell that. And he now knew positively that his patient—the patient who had alarmed Barker, and had then tripped down the corridor with that dancing footstep—was somewhere concealed within the four walls commanded by his spy-hole. He also realized—and this was most unusual—that this individual whom he desired to watch knew that he was being watched. And, further, that the stranger himself was also watching! In fact, that it was he, the doctor, who was being observed—and, by an observer as keen and trained as himself.

An inkling of the true state of the case began to dawn upon him, and he was on the verge of entering—indeed, his hand already touched the door-knob—when his eye, still glued to the spy-hole, detected a slight movement. Directly opposite, between him and the fireplace, something stirred. He watched very attentively and made certain that he was not mistaken. An object on the mantelpiece—it was a blue vase—disappeared from view. It passed out of sight together with the portion of the marble mantelpiece on which it rested. Next, that part of the fire and grate and brass fender immediately below it vanished entirely, as though a slice had been taken clean out of them.

Dr. Silence then understood that something between him and these objects was slowly coming into being, something that concealed them and obstructed his vision by inserting itself in the line of sight between them and himself.

He quietly awaited further results before going in.

First he saw a thin perpendicular line tracing itself from just above the height of the clock and continuing downwards till it reached the woolly fire-mat. This line grew wider, broadened, grew solid. It was no shadow; it was something substantial.

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It defined itself more and more. Then suddenly, at the top of the line, and about on a level with the face of the clock, he saw a round luminous disc gazing steadily at him. It was a human eye, looking straight into his own, pressed there against the spy-hole. And it was bright with intelligence. Dr. Silence held his breath for a moment—and stared back at it.

Then, like some one moving out of deep shadow into light, he saw the figure of a man come sliding sideways into view, a whitish face following the eye, and the perpendicular line he had first observed broadening out and developing into the complete figure of a human being. It was the patient. He had apparently been standing there in front of the fire all the time. A second eye had followed the first and both of them stared steadily at the spy-hole, sharply concentrated, yet with a sly twinkle of humour and amusement that made it impossible for the doctor to maintain his position any longer.

He opened the door and went in quickly. As he did so he noticed for the first time the sound of a German band coming in gaily through the open ventilators. In some intuitive, unaccountable fashion the music connected itself with the patient he was about to interview. This sort of prevision was not unfamiliar to him. It always explained itself later.

The man, he saw, was of middle age and of very ordinary appearance; so ordinary, in fact, that he was difficult to describe—his only peculiarity being his extreme thinness. Pleasant—that is, good—vibrations issued from his atmosphere and met Dr. Silence as he advanced to greet him, yet vibrations alive with currents and discharges betraying the perturbed and disordered condition of his mind and brain. There was evidently something wholly out of the usual in the state of his thoughts. Yet, though strange, it was not altogether distressing; it was not the impression that the broken and violent atmosphere of the insane produces upon the mind. Dr. Silence realized in a flash that here was a case of absorbing interest that might require all his powers to handle properly.

"I was watching you through my little peep-hole—as you saw," he began, with a pleasant smile, advancing to shake hands. "I find it of the greatest assistance sometimes——"

But the patient interrupted him at once. His voice was hurried and had odd, shrill changes in it, breaking from high to low in unexpected fashion. One moment it thundered, the next it almost squeaked.

"I understand without explanation," he broke in rapidly.

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"You get the true note of a man in this way—when he thinks himself unobserved. I quite agree. Only, in my case, I fear, you saw very little. My case, as you of course grasp, Dr. Silence, is extremely peculiar, uncomfortably peculiar. Indeed, unless Sir William had positively assured me——"

"My friend has sent you to me," the doctor interrupted gravely, with a gentle note of authority, "and that is quite sufficient Pray, be seated, Mr.——"

"Mudge—Racine Mudge," returned the other.

"Take this comfortable one, Mr. Mudge," leading him to the fixed chair, "and tell me your condition in your own way and at your own pace. My whole day is at your service if you require it."

Mr. Mudge moved towards the chair in question and then hesitated.

"You will promise me not to use the narcotic buttons," he said, before sitting down. "I do not need them. Also I ought to mention that anything you think of vividly will reach my mind. That is apparently part of my peculiar case." He sat down with a sigh and arranged his thin legs and body into a position of comfort. Evidently he was very sensitive to the thoughts of others, for the picture of the green buttons had only entered the doctor's mind for a second, yet the other had instantly snapped it up. Dr. Silence noticed, too, that Mr. Mudge held on tightly with both hands to the arms of the chair.

"I'm rather glad the chair is nailed to the floor," he remarked, as he settled himself more comfortably. "It suits me admirably. The fact is—and this is my case in a nutshell—which is all that a doctor of your marvellous development requires—the fact is, Dr. Silence, I am a victim of Higher Space. That's what's the matter with me—Higher Space!"

The two looked at each other for a space in silence, the little patient holding tightly to the arms of the chair which "suited him admirably," and looking up with staring eyes, his atmosphere positively trembling with the waves of some unknown activity; while the doctor smiled kindly and sympathetically, and put his whole person as far as possible into the mental condition of the other.

"Higher Space," repeated Mr. Mudge, "that's what it is. Now, do you think you can help me with *that*?"

There was a pause during which the men's eyes steadily searched down below the surface of their respective personalities. Then Dr. Silence spoke.

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"I am quite sure I can help," he answered quietly; "sympathy must always help, and suffering always owns my sympathy. I see you have suffered cruelly. You must tell me all about your case, and when I hear the gradual steps by which you reached this strange condition, I have no doubt I can be of assistance to you."

He drew a chair up beside his interlocutor and laid a hand on his shoulder for a moment. His whole being radiated kindness, intelligence, desire to help.

"For instance," he went on, "I feel sure it was the result of no mere chance that you became familiar with the terrors of what you term Higher Space; for higher space is no mere external measurement. It is, of course, a spiritual state, a spiritual condition, an inner development, and one that we must recognize as abnormal, since it is beyond the reach of the world at the present stage of evolution. Higher space is a mystical state."

"Oh!" cried the other, rubbing his bird-like hands with pleasure, "the relief it is to me to talk to some one who can understand! Of course what you say is the utter truth. And you are right that no mere chance led me to my present condition, but, on the other hand, prolonged and deliberate study. Yet chance in a sense now governs it. I mean, my entering the condition of higher space seems to depend upon the chance of this and that circumstance. For instance, the mere sound of that German band sent me off. Not that all music will do so, but certain sounds, certain vibrations, at once key me up to the requisite pitch, and off I go. Wagner's music always does it, and that band must have been playing a stray bit of Wagner. But I'll come to all that later. Only, first, I must ask you to send away your man from the spy-hole."

John Silence looked up with a start, for Mr. Mudge's back was to the door, and there was no mirror. He saw the brown eye of Barker glued to the little circle of glass, and he crossed the room without a word and snapped down the black shutter provided for the purpose, and then heard Barker shuffle away along the assage.

"Now," continued the little man in the chair, "I can begin. You have managed to put me completely at my ease, and I feel I may tell you my whole case without shame or reserve. You will understand. But you must be patient with me if I go into details that are already familiar to you—details of higher space I mean—and if I seem stupid when I have to describe things that transcend the power of language and are really therefore indescribable."

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"My dear friend," put in the other calmly, "that goes without saying. To know higher space is an experience that defies description, and one is obliged to make use of more or less intelligible symbols. But, pray, proceed. Your vivid thoughts will tell me more than your halting words."

An immense sigh of relief proceeded from the little figure half lost in the depths of the chair. Such intelligent sympathy meeting him half-way was a new experience to him, and it touched his heart at once. He leaned back, relaxing his tight hold of the arms, and began in his thin, scale-like voice.

"My mother was a Frenchwoman, and my father an Essex bargeman," he said abruptly. "Hence my name—Racine and —Mudge. My father died before I ever saw him. My mother inherited money from her Bordeaux relations, and when she died soon after, I was left alone with wealth and a strange freedom. I had no guardian, trustees, sisters, brothers, or any connections in the whole world to look after me. I grew up, therefore, utterly without education. This much was to my advantage; I learned none of that deceitful rubbish taught in schools, and so had nothing to unlearn when I awakened to my true love—mathematics, higher mathematics and higher geometry. These, however, I seemed to know instinctively. It was like the memory of what I had deeply studied before; the principles were in my blood, and I simply raced through the ordinary stages, and beyond, and then did the same with geometry. Afterwards, when I read the books on these subjects, I understood how swift and undeviating the knowledge had come back to me. It was simply memory. It was simply *re-collecting* the memories of what I had known before in a previous existence and required no books to teach me."

In his growing excitement, Mr. Mudge attempted to drag the chair forward a little nearer to his listener, and then smiled faintly as he resigned himself instantly again to its immovability, and plunged anew into the recital of his singular "disease."

"The audacious speculations of Bolyai, the amazing theories of Gauss—that through a point more than one line could be drawn parallel to a given line; the possibility that the angles of a triangle are together *greater* than two right angles, if drawn upon immense curvatures;—the breathless intuitions of Beltrami and Lobatchewsky;—all these I hurried through, and emerged, panting but unsatisfied, upon the verge of my—my new world, my higher space possibilities—in a word, my disease!

"How I got there," he resumed after a brief pause, during

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which he appeared to be listening intently for an approaching sound, "is more than I can put intelligibly into words. I can only hope to leave your mind with an intuitive comprehension of the possibility of what I say.

"Here, however, came a change. At this point I was no longer absorbing the fruits of studies I had made before; it was the beginning of new efforts to learn for the first time, and I had to go slowly and laboriously through terrible work. Here I sought for the theories and speculations of others. But books were few and far between, and with the exception of one man—a 'dreamer,' the world called him—whose audacity and piercing intuition amazed and delighted me beyond description, I found no one to guide or help.

"You, of course, Dr. Silence, understand something of what I am driving at with these stammering words, though you cannot perhaps yet guess what depths of pain my new knowledge brought me to, nor why an acquaintance with a new development of space should prove a source of misery and terror."

Mr. Racine Mudge, remembering that the chair would not move, did the next best thing he could in his desire to draw nearer to the attentive man facing him, and sat forward upon the very edge of the cushions, crossing his legs and gesticulating with both hands as though he saw into this region of new space he was attempting to describe, and might any moment tumble into it bodily from the edge of the chair and disappear from view. John Silence, separated from him by three paces, sat with his eyes fixed upon the thin white face opposite, noting every word and every gesture with deep attention.

"This room we now sit in, Dr. Silence, has one side open to space—to higher space. A closed box only *seems* closed. There is a way in and out of a soap bubble without breaking the skin."

"You tell me no new thing," the doctor interposed gently.

"Hence, if higher space exists and our world borders upon it and lies partially in it, it follows necessarily that we see only portions of all objects. We never see their true and complete shape. We see their three measurements, but not their fourth. The new direction is concealed from us, and when I hold this book and move my hand all round it I have not really made a complete circuit. We only perceive those portions of any object which exist in our three dimensions, the rest escapes us. But, once learn to see in higher space, and objects will appear as they actually are. Only they will thus be hardly recognizable!

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"Now you may begin to grasp something of what I am coming to."

"I am beginning to understand something of what you must have suffered," observed the doctor soothingly, "for I have made similar experiments myself, and only stopped just in time——"

"You are the one man in all the world who can hear and understand, *and* sympathize," exclaimed Mr. Mudge, grasping his hand and holding it tightly while he spoke. The nailed chair prevented further excitability.

"Well," he resumed, after a moment's pause, "I procured the implements and the coloured blocks for practical experiment, and I followed the instructions carefully till I had arrived at a working conception of four-dimensional space. The tessaract, the figure whose boundaries are cubes, I knew by heart. That is to say, I knew it and saw it mentally, for my eye, of course, could never take in a new measurement, or my hands and feet handle it.

"So, at least, I thought," he added, making a wry face. "I had reached the stage, you see, when I could *imagine* in a new dimension. I was able to conceive the shape of that new figure which is intrinsically different to all we know,—the shape of the tessaract. I could perceive in four dimensions. When, therefore, I looked at a cube I could see all its sides at once. Its top was not foreshortened, nor its farther side and base invisible. I saw the whole thing out flat, so to speak. And this Tessaract was bounded by cubes! Moreover, I also saw its content—its in-sides."

"You were not yourself able to enter this new world," interrupted Dr. Silence.

"Not then. I was only able to conceive intuitively what it was like and how exactly it must look. Later, when I slipped in there and saw objects in their entirety, unlimited by the paucity of our poor three measurements, I very nearly lost my life. For, you see, space does not stop at a single new dimension, a fourth. It extends in all possible new ones, and we must conceive it as containing any number of new dimensions. In other words, there is no space at all, but only a spiritual condition. But, meanwhile, I had come to grasp the strange fact that the objects in our normal world appear to us only partially."

Mr. Mudge moved farther forward till he was balanced dangerously on the very edge of the chair. "From this starting point," he resumed, "I began my studies and experiments, and

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continued them for years. I had money, and I was without friends. I lived in solitude and experimented. My intellect, of course, had little part in the work, for intellectually it was all unthinkable. Never was the limitation of mere reason more plainly demonstrated. It was mystically, intuitively, spiritually that I began to advance. And what I learnt, and knew, and did, is all impossible to put into language, since it all describes experiences transcending the experiences of men. It is only some of the results—what you would call the symptoms of my disease—that I can give you, and even these must often appear absurd contradictions and impossible paradoxes.

"I can only tell you, Dr. Silence,"—his manner became exceedingly impressive,—"that I reached sometimes a point of view whence all the great puzzle of the world became plain to me, and I understood what they call in the Yoga books 'The Great Heresy of Separateness'; why all great teachers have urged the necessity of man loving his neighbour as himself; how men are all really *one*; and why the utter loss of self is necessary to salvation and the discovery of the true life of the soul."

He paused a moment and drew breath.

"Your speculations have been my own long ago," the doctor said quietly. "I fully realize the force of your words. Men are doubtless not separate at all—in the sense they imagine——"

"All this about the very much higher space I only dimly, very dimly conceived, of course," the other went on, raising his voice again by jerks; "but what did happen to me was the humbler accident of—the simpler disaster—oh dear, how shall I put it——?"

He stammered, and showed visible signs of distress.

"It was simply this," he resumed with a sudden rush of words, "that, accidentally, as the result of my years of experiment, I one day slipped bodily into the next world, the world of four dimensions, yet without knowing precisely how I got there, or how I could get back again. I discovered, that is, that my ordinary three-dimensional body was but an expression—a projection—of my higher four-dimensional body!

"Now you understand what I meant much earlier in our talk when I spoke of chance. I cannot control my entrance or exit. Certain people, certain human atmospheres, certain wandering forces, thoughts, desires even—the radiations of certain combinations of colour, and above all, the vibrations of certain kinds of music, will suddenly throw me into a state of what I can only describe as an intense and terrific inner vibration—and behold

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I am off! Off in the direction at right angles to all our known directions! Off in the direction the cube takes when it begins to trace the outlines of the new figure! Off into my breathless and semi-divine higher space! Off, *inside myself*, into the world of four dimensions!"

He gasped and dropped back into the depths of the immovable chair.

"And there," he whispered, his voice issuing from among the cushions, "there I have to stay until these vibrations subside, or until they do something which I cannot find words to describe properly or intelligibly to you—and then, behold, I am back again. First, that is, I disappear. Then I reappear."

"Just so," exclaimed Dr. Silence, "and that is why a few——"

"Why a few moments ago," interrupted Mr. Mudge, taking the words out of his mouth, "you found me gone, and then saw me return. The music of that wretched German band sent me off. Your intense thinking about me brought me back—when the band had stopped its Wagner. I saw you approach the peep-hole and I saw Barker's intention of doing so later. For me no interiors are hidden. I see inside. When in that state the content of your mind, as of your body, is open to me as the day. Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear!"

Mr. Mudge stopped and again mopped his brow. A light trembling ran over the surface of his small body like wind over grass. He still held tightly to the arms of the chair.

"At first," he presently resumed, "my new experiences were so vividly interesting that I felt no alarm. There was no room for it. The alarm came a little later."

"Then you actually penetrated far enough into that state to experience yourself as a normal portion of it?" asked the doctor, leaning forward, deeply interested.

Mr. Mudge nodded a perspiring face in reply.

"I did," he whispered, "undoubtedly I did. I am coming to all that. It began first at night, when I realized that sleep brought no loss of consciousness——"

"The spirit, of course, can never sleep. Only the body becomes unconscious," interposed John Silence.

"Yes, we know that—theoretically At night, of course, the spirit is active elsewhere, and we have no memory of where and how, simply because the brain stays behind and receives no record But I found that, while remaining conscious, I also retained memory. I had attained to the state of continuous con-



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sciousness, for at night I regularly, with the first approaches of drowsiness, entered *nolens volens* the four dimensional world.

"For a time this happened regularly, and I could not control it; though later I found a way to regulate it better. Apparently sleep is unnecessary in the higher—the four dimensional—body. Yes, perhaps. But I should infinitely have preferred dull sleep to the knowledge. For, unable to control my movements, I wandered to and fro, attracted owing to my partial development and premature arrival, to parts of this new world that alarmed me more and more. It was the awful waste and drift of a monstrous-world, so utterly different to all we know and see that I cannot even hint at the nature of the sights and objects and beings in it. More than that, I cannot even remember them. I cannot now picture them to myself even, but can recall only the *memory of the impression* they made upon me, the horror and devastating terror of it all. To be in several places at once, for instance——"

"Perfectly," interrupted John Silence, noticing the increase of the other's excitement, "I understand exactly. But now, please, tell me a little more of this alarm you experienced, and how it affected you."

"It's not the disappearing and reappearing *per se* that I mind," continued Mr. Mudge, "so much as certain other things. It's seeing people and objects in their weird entirety, in their true and complete shapes, that is so distressing. It introduces me to a world of monsters. Horses, dogs, cats, all of which I loved; people, trees, children; all that I have considered beautiful in life—everything, from a human face to a cathedral—appear to me in a different shape and aspect to all I have known before. I cannot perhaps convince you why this should be terrible, but I assure you that it is so. To hear the human voice proceeding from this novel appearance which I scarcely recognize as a human body is ghastly, simply ghastly. To see inside everything and everybody is a form of insight peculiarly distressing. To be so confused in geography as to find myself one moment at the North Pole, and the next at Clapham Junction—or possibly at both places simultaneously—is absurdly terrifying. Your imagination will readily furnish other details without my multiplying my experiences now. But you have no idea what it all means, and how I suffer."

Mr. Mudge paused in his panting account and lay back in his chair. He still held tightly to the arms as though they could keep him in the world of sanity and three measurements, and only now and again released his left hand in order to mop his face. He

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looked very thin and white and oddly unsubstantial, and he stared about him as though he saw into this other space he had been talking about.

John Silence, too, felt warm. He had listened to every word and had made many notes. The presence of this man had an exhilarating effect upon him. It seemed as if Mr. Racine Mudge still carried about with him something of that breathless higher-space condition he had been describing. At any rate, Dr. Silence had himself advanced sufficiently far along legitimate paths of spiritual and psychic transformations to realize that the visions of this extraordinary little person had a basis of truth for their origin.

After a pause that prolonged itself into minutes, he crossed the room and unlocked a drawer in a bookcase, taking out a small book with a red cover. It had a lock to it, and he produced a key out of his pocket and proceeded to open the covers. The bright eyes of Mr. Mudge never left him for a single second.

" It almost seems a pity," he said at length, " to cure you, Mr. Mudge. You are on the way to discovery of great things. Though you may lose your life in the process—that is, your life here in the world of three dimensions—you would lose thereby nothing of great value—you will pardon my apparent rudeness, I know—and you might gain what is infinitely greater. Your suffering, of course, lies in the fact that you alternate between the two worlds and are never wholly in one or the other. Also, I rather imagine, though I cannot be certain of this from any personal experiments, that you have here and there penetrated even into space of more than four dimensions, and have hence experienced the terror you speak of."

The perspiring son of the Essex bargeman and the woman of Normandy bent his head several times in assent, but uttered no word in reply.

" Some strange psychic predisposition, dating no doubt from one of your former lives, has favoured the development of your ' disease ' ; and the fact that you had no normal training at school or college, no leading by the poor intellect into the culs-de-sac falsely called knowledge, has further caused your exceedingly rapid movement along the lines of direct inner experience. None of the knowledge you have foreshadowed has come to you through the senses, of course."

Mr. Mudge, sitting in his immovable chair, began to tremble slightly. A wind again seemed to pass over his surface and again to set it curiously in motion like a field of grass.

" You are merely talking to gain time," he said hurriedly, in a

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shaking voice. "This thinking aloud delays us. I see ahead what you are coming to, only please be quick, for something is going to happen. A band is again coming down the street, and if it plays—if it plays Wagner—I shall be off in a twinkling."

"Precisely. I will be quick. I was leading up to the point of how to effect your cure. The way is this: You must simply learn to *block the entrances.*"

"True, true, utterly true!" exclaimed the little man, dodging about nervously in the depths of his chair. "But how, in the name of space, is that to be done?"

"By concentration. They are all within you, these entrances, although outer causes such as colour, music and other things lead you towards them. These external things you cannot hope to destroy, but once the entrances are blocked, they will lead you only to bricked walls and closed channels. You will no longer be able to find the way."

"Quick, quick!" cried the bobbing figure in the chair. "How is this concentration to be effected?"

"This little book," continued Dr. Silence calmly, "will explain to you the way." He tapped the cover "Let me now read out to you certain simple instructions, composed, as I see you divine, entirely from my own personal experiences in the same direction. Follow these instructions and you will no longer enter the state of higher space. The entrances will be blocked effectively."

Mr. Mudge sat bolt upright in his chair to listen, and John Silence cleared his throat and began to read slowly in a very distinct voice.

But before he had uttered a dozen words, something happened. A sound of street music entered the room through the open ventilators, for a band had begun to play in the stable mews at the back of the house—the March from *Tannhäuser*. Odd as it may seem that a German band should twice within the space of an hour enter the same mews and play Wagner, it was nevertheless the fact.

Mr. Racine Mudge heard it. He uttered a sharp, squeaking cry and twisted his arms with nervous energy round the chair. A piteous look that was not far from tears spread over his white face. Grey shadows followed it—the grey of fear. He began to struggle convulsively.

"Hold me fast! Catch me! For God's sake, keep me here! I'm on the rush already. Oh, it's frightful!" he cried in tones of anguish, his voice as thin as a reed.

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Dr. Silence made a plunge forward to seize him, but in a flash, before he could cover the space between them, Mr. Racine Mudge, screaming and struggling, seemed to shoot past him into invisibility. He disappeared like an arrow from a bow propelled at infinite speed, and his voice no longer sounded in the external air, but seemed in some curious way to make itself heard somewhere within the depths of the doctor's own being. It was almost like a faint singing cry in his head, like a voice of dream, a voice of vision and unreality.

"Alcohol, alcohol!" it cried, "give me alcohol! It's the quickest way. Alcohol, before I'm out of reach!"

The doctor, accustomed to rapid decisions and even more rapid action, remembered that a brandy flask stood upon the mantelpiece, and in less than a second he had seized it and was holding it out towards the space above the chair recently occupied by the visible Mudge. Then, before his very eyes, and long ere he could unscrew the metal stopper, he saw the contents of the closed glass phial sink and lessen as though some one were drinking violently and greedily of the liquor within.

"Thanks! Enough! It deadens the vibrations!" cried the faint voice in his interior, as he withdrew the flask and set it back upon the mantelpiece. He understood that in Mudge's present condition one side of the flask was open to space and he could drink without removing the stopper. He could hardly have had a more interesting proof of what he had been hearing described at such length.

But the next moment—the very same moment it almost seemed—the German band stopped midway in its tune—and there was Mr. Mudge back in his chair again, gasping and panting!

"Quick!" he shrieked, "stop that band! Send it away! Catch hold of me! Block the entrances! Block the entrances! Give me the red book! Oh, oh, oh-h-h-h!!!"

The music had begun again. It was merely a temporary interruption. The *Tannhäuser* March started again, this time at a tremendous pace that made it sound like a rapid two-step as though the instruments played against time.

But the brief interruption gave Dr. Silence a moment in which to collect his scattering thoughts, and before the band had got through half a bar, he had flung himself forward upon the chair and held Mr. Racine Mudge, the struggling little victim of Higher Space, in a grip of iron. His arms went all round his diminutive person, taking in a good part of the chair at the same time. He was not a big man, yet he seemed to smother Mudge completely.

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Yet, even as he did so, and felt the wriggling form underneath him, it began to melt and slip away like air or water. The wood of the armchair somehow disentangled itself from between his own arms and those of Mudge. The phenomenon known as the passage of matter through matter took place. The little man seemed actually to get mixed up in his own being. Dr. Silence could just see his face beneath him. It puckered and grew dark as though from some great internal effort. He heard the thin reedy voice cry in his ear to "Block the entrances, block the entrances!" and then—but how in the world describe what is indescribable?

John Silence half rose up to watch. Racine Mudge, his face distorted beyond all recognition, was making a marvellous inward movement, as though doubling back upon himself. He turned funnel-wise like water in a whirling vortex, and then appeared to break up somewhat as a reflection breaks up and divides in a distorting convex mirror. He went neither forward nor backwards, neither to the right nor the left, neither up nor down. But he went. He went utterly. He simply flashed away out of sight like a vanishing projectile.

All but one leg! Dr. Silence just had the time and the presence of mind to seize upon the left ankle and boot as it disappeared, and to this he held on for several seconds like grim death. Yet all the time he knew it was a foolish and useless thing to do.

The foot was in his grasp one moment, and the next it seemed —this was the only way he could describe it—inside his own skin and bones, and at the same time outside his hand and all round it. It seemed mixed up in some amazing way with his own flesh and blood. Then it was gone, and he was tightly grasping a draught of heated air.

"Gone! gone! gone!" cried a thick, whispering voice somewhere deep within his own consciousness. "Lost! lost! lost!" it repeated, growing fainter and fainter till at length it vanished into nothing and the last signs of Mr. Racine Mudge vanished with it.

John Silence locked his red book and replaced it in the cabinet, which he fastened with a click, and when Barker answered the bell he inquired if Mr. Mudge had left a card upon the table. It appeared that he had, and when the servant returned with it, Dr. Silence read the address and made a note of it. It was in North London.

"Mr. Mudge has gone," he said quietly to Barker, noticing his expression of alarm.

"He's not taken his 'at with him, sir."

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"Mr. Mudge requires no hat where he is now," continued the doctor, stooping to poke the fire. "But he may return for it——"

"And the humbrella, sir."

"And the umbrella."

"He didn't go out *my* way, sir, if you please," stuttered the amazed servant, his curiosity overcoming his nervousness.

"Mr. Mudge has his own way of coming and going, and prefers it. If he returns by the door at any time remember to bring him instantly to me, and be kind and gentle with him and ask no questions. Also, remember, Barker, to think pleasantly, sympathetically, affectionately of him while he is away. Mr. Mudge is a very suffering gentleman."

Barker bowed and went out of the room backwards, gasping and feeling round the inside of his collar with three very hot fingers of one hand.

It was two days later when he brought in a telegram to the study. Dr. Silence opened it, and read as follows:—

"Bombay. Just slipped out again. All safe. Have blocked entrances. Thousand thanks. Address Cooks London. MUDGE."

Dr. Silence looked up and saw Barker staring at him bewilderingly. It occurred to him that somehow he knew the contents of the telegram.

"Make a parcel of Mr. Mudge's things," he said briefly, "and address them Thomas Cook & Sons, Ludgate Circus. And send them there exactly a month from to-day and marked 'To be called for.'"

"Yes, sir," said Barker, leaving the room with a deep sigh and a hurried glance at the waste-paper basket where his master had dropped the pink paper.

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# THE PSYCHOLOGY OF THE HAND

By C. W. CHILD, Author of "The Writing on the Hand," etc.

*"If every man had his hand printed every birthday, he would have a valuable series of documents ready for his biographer."*—W. T. STEAD.

*"The human hand is so beautifully formed, it has so fine a sensibility, that sensibility governs its motions so correctly, every effort of the will is answered so instantly, as if the hand itself were the seat of that will; its actions are so powerful, so free, and yet so delicate, as if it possessed a quality of instinct in itself, that there is no thought of its complexity as an instrument, or of the relations which make it subservient to the mind."*—SIR CHARLES BELL, F.R.S.

FROM our cradles to our graves our hands instantaneously obey every thought of our brains, and remain our most indispensable servants throughout life. Finally, on one's deathbed, when the desire to live has evaporated from all the rest of the body, when the seeing, hearing, tasting and smelling faculties have become hopelessly obscured, the restless fingers, obedient to the last to the dictates of the dying brain, pluck feebly at the sheets in a last expiring effort to hold on to the fading relics of material life. The last certain sign of dissolution, the infallible indication to the watchers at the bedside that life has departed, is notified by the action of the thumb, which, with the absolute extinction of the vital spark, ceases its unwearying service. This most faithful adherent of all the gallant company which our brain commands and directs, the proud standard bearer which by its very existence has distinguished man from the brute creation, staunch and true to the last, stands by his chieftain until the very end. Even when all the other members of the body are frozen into immobility, when death has mounted from the extremities of the feet to the inmost citadel, when even the power of the arms and fingers has been extinguished, the thumb remains to ring down the final curtain. The brain has ceased to act, and the thumb, no longer owning a master, falls helplessly inwards across the palm.

Men in the early days of the world, the untutored savage of the present age, may or may not have observed this falling-in of the thumb at the moment of death, but at any rate he used formerly, even as he does to-day, to follow the example set him



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by Nature. He acknowledged and acknowledges inferiority or subjection to a master or conqueror by dropping his thumb inwards, just as he expressed and expresses defiance by elevating it proudly.

The savage has realized to the full, even as we civilized peoples are in danger of forgetting, that the thumb is the one distinctive mark which separates man from the brute creation.

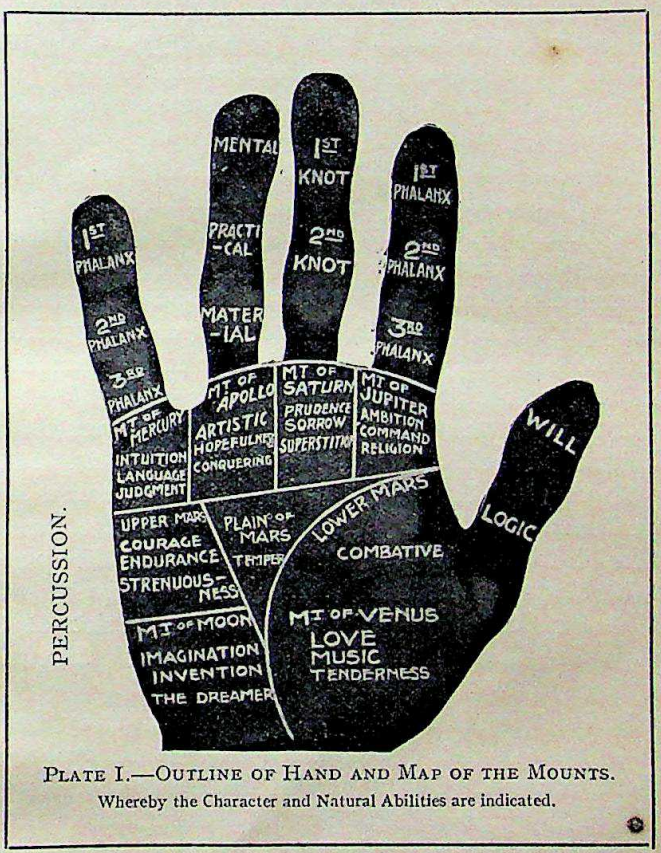



PLATE I.—OUTLINE OF HAND AND MAP OF THE MOUNTS.
Whereby the Character and Natural Abilities are indicated.

The late Reverend Dr. Mcmerie, when called upon for an accurate definition of a man, is reported to have replied in these words: "A man is a being capable of walking erect upon his hind legs and possessing the prerogative of a thumb." As the *thumb* of the monkey is nothing more than a wad of flesh stuck on the palm, and at best is but a very poor imitation of the real thing, this is one of the fullest, plainest and therefore simplest statements of fact that can be given.

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It would occupy far too much space even to touch on the fringe of this subject here, but allusion may at least be made to our loss of nearly the whole of one of the most expressive languages in the world, namely, the language of gesture. Primitive man communicated with his fellows, even as savages do to-day, far more extensively by means of gesture than by the use of his tongue. He can convey almost all his wants, aspirations and emotions by the use of his hands and fingers, and only on the rarest occasions feels himself called upon to recruit his forces of expression by the aid of guttural ejaculation.

The hands are our most sensitive members. Other organs and members may be more sensitive to pain, but that has nothing whatever to do with sensitiveness so-called. They have been and are used as substitutes for ears by the deaf, in the place of eyes by the blind, and as makeshifts for the tongue by the dumb.

Anatomy, moreover, *has* proved beyond all dispute that the nerve connexion (that is to say, the telegraph system of the human body) is more complete, is infinitely more fully established between the hands and the brain, than it is between the brain and any other part of the organism.

Again, recent scientific research has discovered that the peculiarities of the ridges of the skin covering the first phalanges of the fingers and thumbs possess the unique merit of being self-signatures—*i.e.*, finger-prints—and afford the surest and easiest guide to the identity of any individual. They are first discernible five months before birth, and are fully formed three months before the child is born. They persist absolutely throughout life and after death, and are only effaced by decomposition.

The brain, which is the master of the human body, has many servants. Each other fragment of our tissue is in direct obedience to it, yet it relies earlier, longer, and invariably more frequently upon the faithful service of the hands, than it does on any other member of its household. Can it be supposed for a moment, therefore, that the hands, which so faithfully and persistently carry out the requests and behests of the controlling master of the organism, could fail to reflect accurately every sensation, every thought, and every movement of the master of all—the brain? Moreover, observation and experiment has proved that the lines and markings on our palms, thumb and fingers often undergo considerable changes, and correspond thereby to changes in our environment, health conditions, mental attitude, conduct, and strong desire backed by firm determination to master self and

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attain success. It will therefore be patent to all that our hands are affected by our thoughts, actions, and sensations.

The marvellous way in which this is effected, has been demonstrated by Dr. Meissner, who, some sixty-one years ago, showed that there are rows of tactile corpuscles "running in

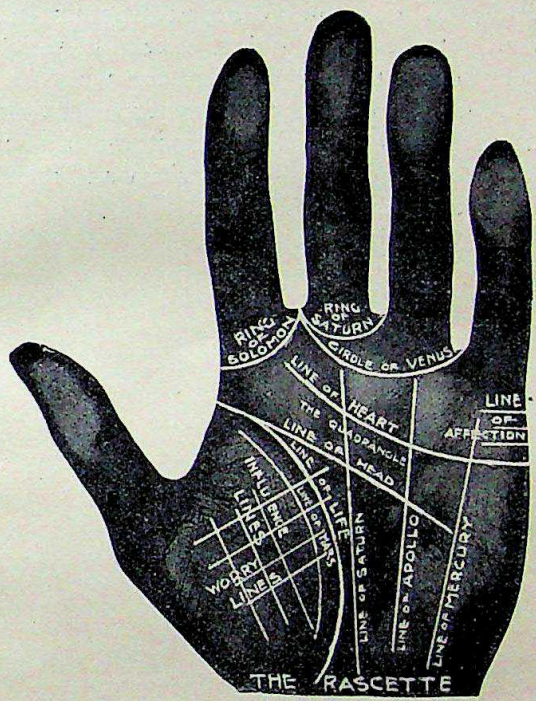



PLATE II.—MAP OF THE LINES.

Showing:—Left Hand—Outline of Nature's Intentions or Plan of Life, and Original Tendencies.
Right Hand—Present Individual Condition and Prospects, Record of Developments and Past Life.

straight lines in the red markings of the palm." Subsequent investigations and research enabled him to show conclusively that the important nerve-fibres passing from the brain to the hand terminated in these said corpuscles, which gave forth faint throbbings and vibrations perpetually throughout life. He was able further to demonstrate that these said throbbings and vibrations were absolutely "distinct and different in every human being," and that they also underwent variations according to the

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varying changes in the lives of their owners. They are subject, in fact, to the influence of every change in the organism, and they cease to vibrate only with the absolute extinction of life itself.

These facts stamp the truth of Scientific Hand Reading on the understanding of every reasoning mind; and yet, we who grope desperately and blindly for indications of the soul through the varying organs of sensation, who have developed ourselves into specialists in all directions, concentrating our energies on all sorts of pursuits, the end and object of each of which is a more or less purblind effort to peer "behind the veil," have hitherto almost entirely neglected what the most casual reflection should have taught us was the simplest, smoothest, and most direct route, namely, a study of the most sensitive and most expressive portions of our anatomy—the hands.

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"ASTARTE"
By Annie K. Diver

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# A NEW PHENOMENON IN ART

By H. STANLEY REDGROVE, B.Sc.

## § 1. *Introductory*

ALL art that is worthy of the name has in it the quality of inspiration—of inspiration in its production and revelation in its effects. Every painter depicts that which he sees; but because of his seership, he sees deeper into things than less gifted folk. He is frequently oblivious of this fact, seeing as normal what to others would be supernormal; or he may exercise his power consciously. His visions may take upon themselves an objectivity comparable to the things of this world—though in the most profound sense, in which that term connotes width in the scope of validity, they are, indeed, more truly objective—and arise in the world of his experience, without effort on his part, as easily as the fleeting symbols of sense. So was it with Blake, though he did not confuse between the two worlds, and referred that of vision to within the mind. But in other cases, clear-seeing is more hardly wrought out by the potent tool of thought.

Psychical research has acquainted us with the phenomenon of automatic writing; and cases are known, but they are rare, where artistic productions have been obtained as the result of automatic action in a trance condition. There is a closely allied phenomenon, in which, whilst consciousness is not lost, the work is not the product of that consciousness. I referred to this phenomenon in the Occult Review for November, 1914, and intend to deal with it more fully here. I have called this phenomenon "non-visual art," in preference to any current term, because of the more empirical quality of that expression, the most striking thing about the phenomenon being the entire absence of vision on the part of the worker—the lack of any image of the projected picture in the mind's eye. This pregnant fact seems, at first sight, to stand in direct contradiction to what I have said in the preceding paragraph. Butthe who le question is: Who is the artist? It would be absurd to attempt the attribution of productions, in many cases replete with beauty and significance, such as those reproduced here, to the mere play of the worker's fancy, unfettered by will striving towards a conscious end; though no doubt the elimination of the element contributed by



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the normal consciousness of the worker is by no means easy. Whether the doctrine of the subconscious is adequate to account for these works, or whether they are due to other intelligences, striving to express to us, who shall say what messages? is, as I previously remarked, a problem for further research to determine.

Correlated therewith is a further problem. As is not perhaps surprising, most of these pictures are obviously symbolic. But this is not to say that the significance of their symbolism is obvious. In many cases, one feels that there is a deep meaning, and sometimes one seems to grasp it in a dim, intuitive sort of way. The problem is a difficult one, needing an alliance of mystical interpretation and scientific research for its solution.

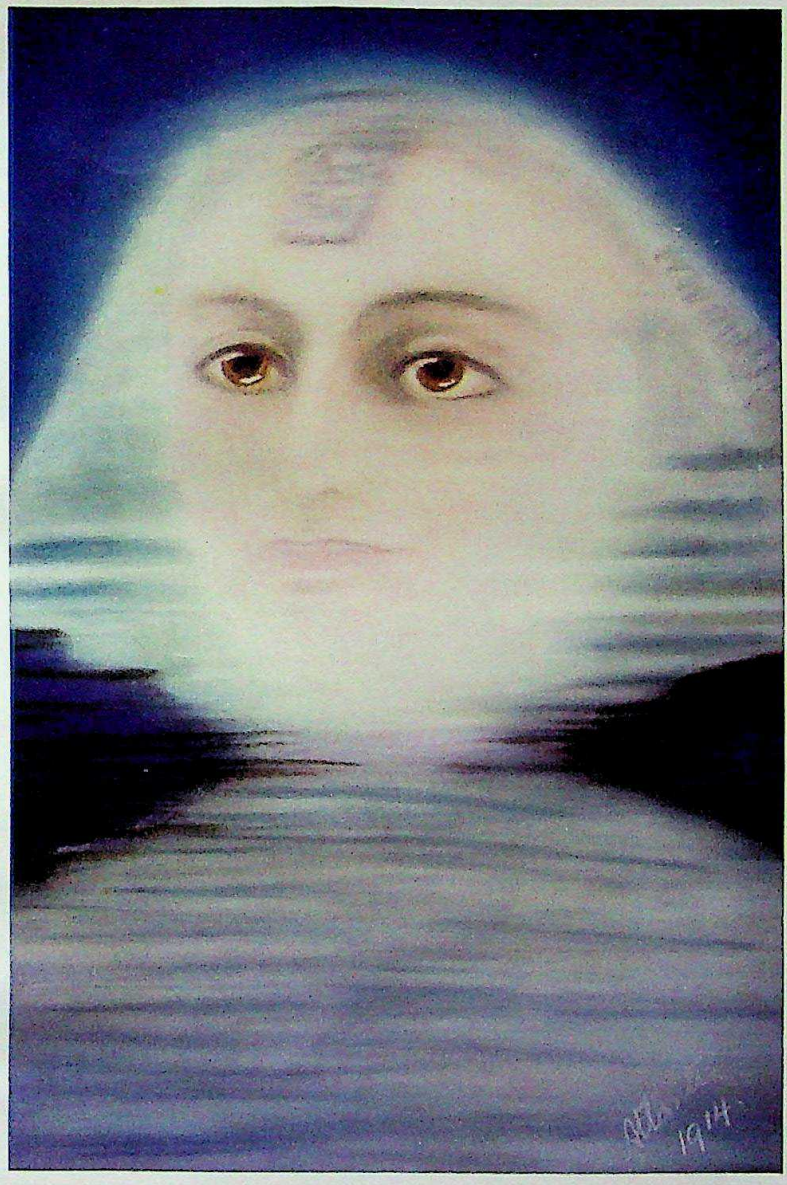
### § 2. *The Art of Annie K. Diver* ("*Atlantis*")

An exhibition of some of the works of Mrs. Diver was organized by Miss Clarissa Miles at the Doré Gallery last January, so that readers of this article may already know something of her striking productions. She works in pastel; and the majority of her pictures are those of heads, frequently in an Egyptian setting, though the faces are not in such cases always of an Egyptian character. Some of her pictures are, perhaps, rather hard and mechanical, but others, such as the three shown here, are of rare beauty, very delicate in colour and expression—creations full of loveliness and meaning. I regret that exigences of space will allow me to mention only a few.

In *The Ankh*, a delightful study in the palest gold of a woman enveloped by the mystic cross of generation, we have an expressive symbol of life and the yet-to-be-fully realized true significance of woman. Man has been prone, it must be confessed, to consider woman his inferior, and that just on account of those things that make her woman and constitute her worth. That woman has reacted by attempting to simulate man is regrettable, but easy to understand. She awaits enthronement in her rightful kingdom. She and man are equals, only in the sense that two utterly different things may be of the same value. If man is supreme in his own realm, that of thought; woman is no less supreme in her realm, which is that of life. The symbol of life is a bi-sexual symbol, both *lingam* and *yoni* are necessary. But it is *lingam* that is below, and *yoni* above. It is *lingam* that serves and *yoni* which receives. When this is fully realized, woman shall come to her own. Such, at least, are the thoughts this picture occasions in my mind.

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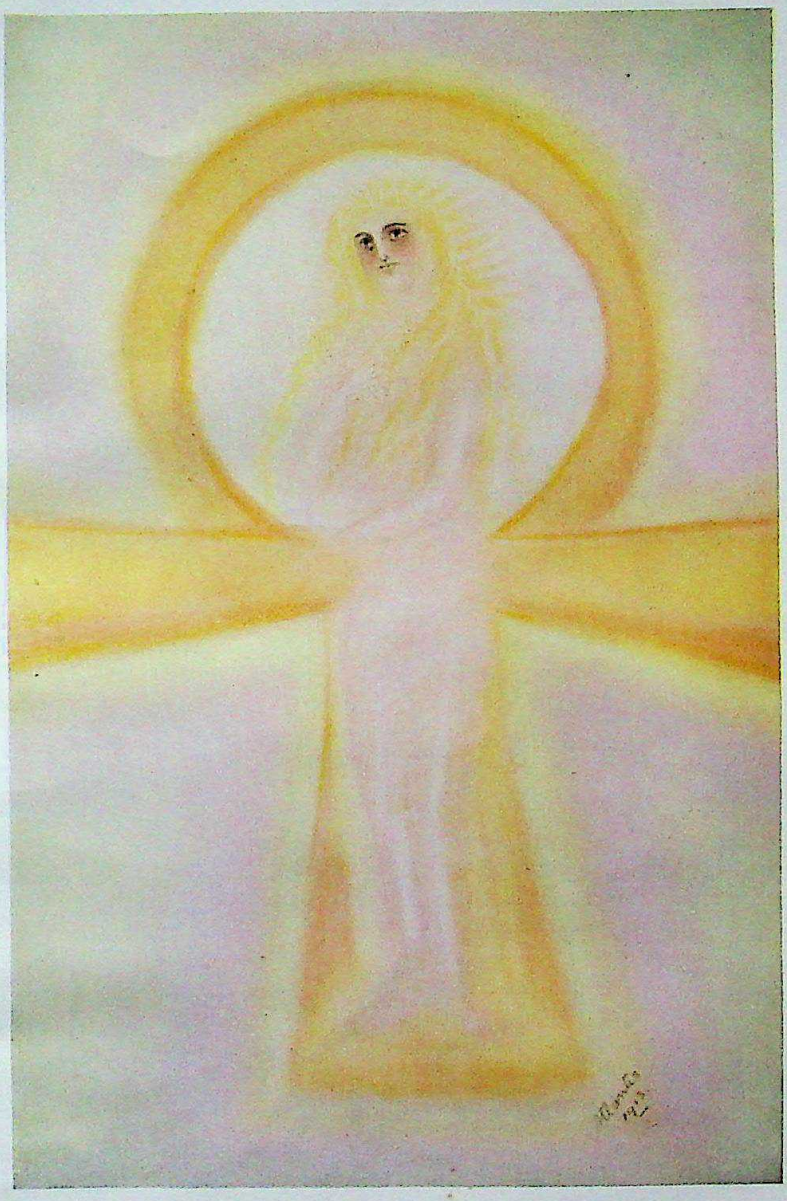
"THE VEILED SPHINX"
By Annie K. Diver

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"THE ANKH"
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*The Veiled Sphinx*, also here reproduced, speaks to us, I think, of mysteries—ancient mysteries—approaching revelation. The sphinx is a recognized symbol of wisdom locked deep in the soul of the past, and the rather coldly intellectual face of this picture, with its eyes turned inwards in introspection, emphasizes this meaning. But the mist is dispersing and already the lineaments of at least the upper part of the face are clear. *Astarte*, the third picture by Mrs. Diver here shown, Miss Miles considers to be connected with the recent cross-correspondences investigated by the Society for Psychical Research. At any rate, it is surely an inspiration of pure beauty.

It is difficult to realize that pictures so extraordinary could be produced in the manner that actually obtains. But I will give a description in Mrs. Diver's own words. "I studied art in the ordinary way at school some years ago, but never imagined any painting like these pastels. I first drew small heads in pen and ink on note-paper, with Egyptian symbols, during convalescence last October,* and in November I had the most irresistible desire to paint (never dreaming I could do it). So I bought some pastels and tried the first coloured head on the lid of a hat-box. *I* thought it wonderful, and felt very proud of it; but a kind friend called it a she-devil! Nevertheless, I worked on in spite of very adverse criticism, and have produced sometimes three pictures in one evening. The impulse nearly always comes on about eight o'clock. I have very seldom worked alone and can always carry on a conversation, if the person or persons sit before me. I could not work with anyone standing behind my chair. If I am alone, I always sing or hum sacred tunes, and feel extremely happy. . . . The first fifty-three pictures were painted in about six weeks . . . since then I have finished nearly another hundred. . . . I very seldom know what I am going to paint, the picture often changing from the first idea—for instance, I think the face is to be a woman's, and finish it as a man's, and vice versa. I have tried many times to paint the faces of friends and relations who have passed over, and only in one case have I been able to succeed. . . . The message I had was that these paintings were to convince those people who did not understand the nearness of the spirit world. . . . I think there are many influences at work, but the strongest is certainly Egyptian."

It is interesting to note that ten days previous to the *Empress of Ireland* disaster, Mrs. Diver painted a wreck; and a clairvoyant

* I.e., October, 1913, the letter from which I am quoting having been written to me last September.—H. S. R.

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friend who was present asserted that Mrs. Diver's hand looked like a man's, and that she saw Mr. W. T. Stead standing on the left of the easel. A nun's head was also painted the same night, or rather early morning. The next picture was *The Destroying Angel*, a figure with a drawn sword, certainly symbolical of the times at hand.

### § 3. *The Art of Kathleen Heron-Maxwell*

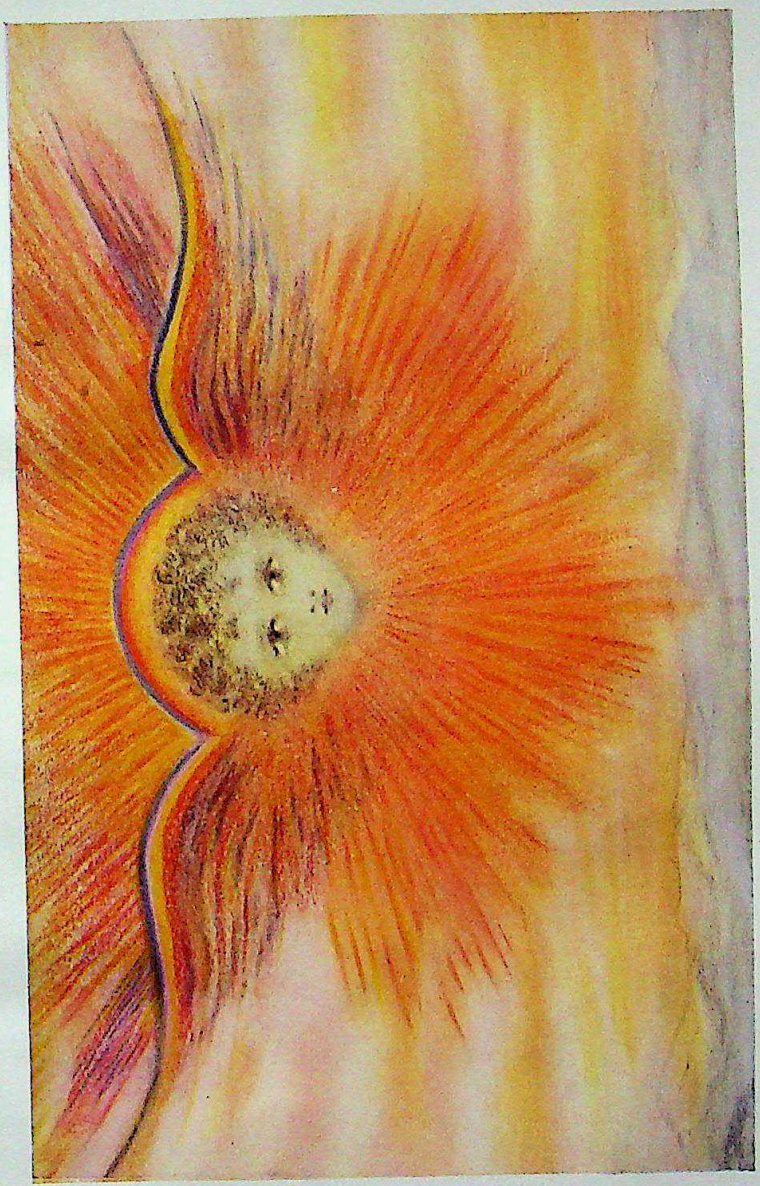
Miss Heron-Maxwell is a composer, of whose charming songs *Smiles* is perhaps best known. Her pictures are, in certain respects, even more remarkable than those already described. In the first place, Miss Heron-Maxwell has never had any instruction whatever in this branch of art. Rather more than a year ago, she felt an irresistible desire to paint. Knowing nothing of the technique of the art, and feeling sure that the impulse would lead to no more than some "smudges," she went to Harrod's stores and asked for a cheap medium. She was supplied with a box of crayons, and setting to work, produced an extraordinary picture of a storm, which a friend who had travelled on the coast of China pronounced to be a realistic study of a typhoon as there occurring.

This picture was produced in a condition of dimmed consciousness. Later pictures have been executed in a more normal state, but quite automatically. The condition in which she paints is preceded by a feeling of lightness, combined with lassitude, in her right hand. She works rapidly, without the vaguest idea what she is going to produce, watching her hand with interest, to see what it will do, as though it were not her own. But as her works are highly finished, and the state in which she paints only infrequently occurs, a single picture usually takes some weeks to complete. While at work, she is very susceptible to external influences. She works always in pastel (except for one small picture in oils), obtaining results usually only the product of other mediums. This is a very striking quality of her works: one could very easily mistake some for oil paintings, others for water-colours. They are, indeed, both in significance and execution, artistic productions of high merit—in tone, intensity of colour, and balance between light and shade.

The quality of realism is very pronounced in her landscapes and seascapes. There is, for example, a picture of a Scotch moor, covered with heather that, so to speak, really grows, that one would swear was copied from nature, and not executed in a Chelsea flat, far away from the smell of the earth and the keen

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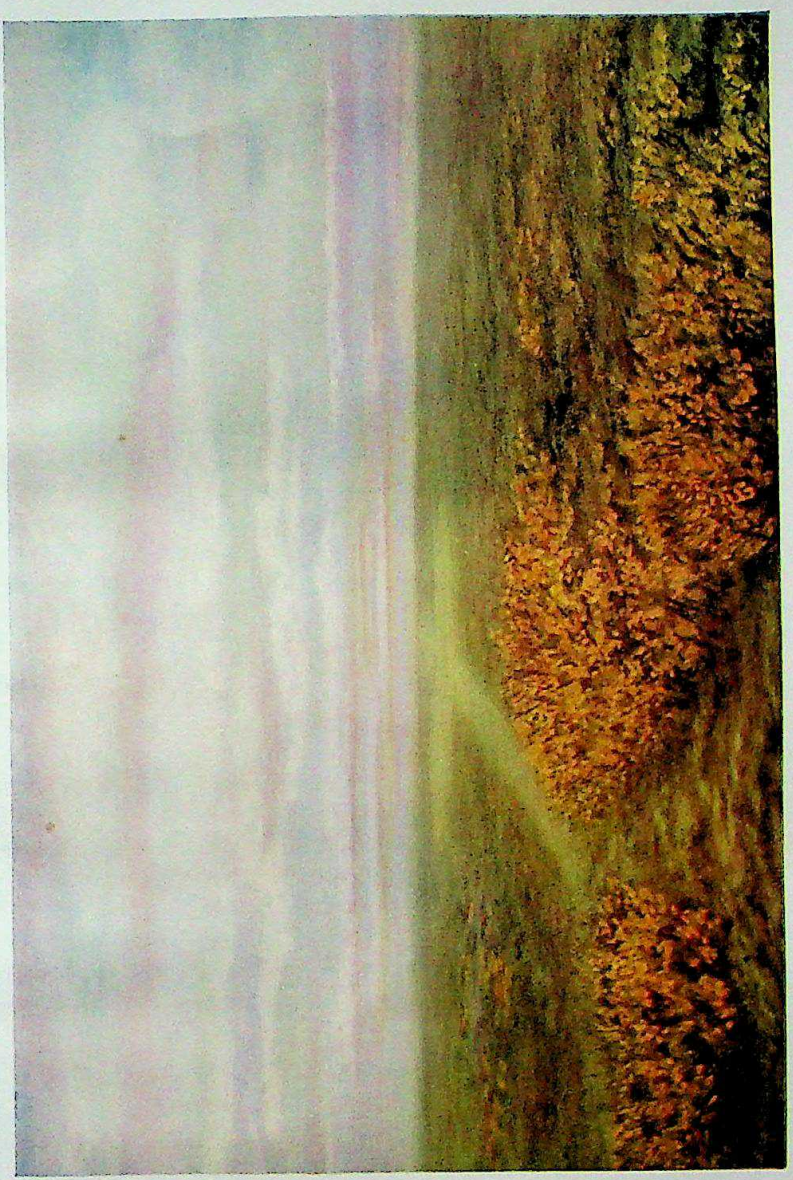
"WITH HEALING IN HIS WINGS"
By Kathleen Heron-Maxwell

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"THE DAWN"

BY KATHLEEN HERON-MAXWELL

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air of the Highlands. But in spite of, or perhaps because of, the realistic beauty of these landscapes and seascapes, as one looks into them one becomes conscious of an ulterior meaning, a deeper significance. It is symbolism clothing itself, not in fantastic or curious garb, however beautiful, but in its own attire of nature's loveliness. The example here shown is entitled *The Dawn.** Is it, perhaps, the path of suffering, symbolized by the cross, which must be passed over, but is transcended when purification is perfected ?

Miss Heron-Maxwell, however, does not always produce landscapes and seascapes. There is one picture by her, *The Tibetan God*, which shows a hideous heathen idol, all unbalanced and out of line, and might well symbolize all the false gods of unbelief and wrong belief. Then, on the other hand, there are some beautiful heads, also totally unlike her landscape work. There is one of the face of a Spanish nun—a face hooded in glorious purple and blue, singularly impressive in its austere beauty, whose eyes look deep into one's soul and are hard to forget. The cherub, coming in trailing clouds of glory, here reproduced, has a face of exquisite beauty, but not wholly " spiritual." It is so much a face of flesh and blood that, as Miss Heron-Maxwell remarked, one wants badly to kiss him. Does he symbolize a new revelation in the hearts of men, reconciling matter and spirit, and harmonizing their joys ?

* * * * *

Such are the phenomena, and other cases are not unknown. Their significance, as I have said, is a problem for research to solve. For myself, I take pleasure in having been able to call attention to the subject, in the investigation of which it seems the quest for truth and the quest for beauty may be united. I wish in conclusion to express my sincere thanks to Mrs. Diver, Miss Miles (to whom belong the pictures by Mrs. Diver here shown) and Miss Heron-Maxwell for kindly allowing me to reproduce the pictures accompanying this article, and for supplying me with all needed information in their power. The copyright of the reproductions is strictly reserved by Miss Miles and Miss Heron-Maxwell respectively.

* Miss Heron-Maxwell, as also Mrs. Diver, says that, in the case of certain pictures, the titles are " given " to her.



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# SUPER-PHYSICAL ASPECTS OF THE WAR

By A. P. SINNETT

THE battles raging on the surface of the earth, even in their mighty aggregate, constitute but one aspect of the fearful struggle in progress. The unseen battles of the higher planes, carried on by the opposing Powers of Good and Evil, are really, in their aggregate, the mainspring of the warfare we actually observe. The unseen struggle will certainly end in the triumph of Good over Evil, and that is the explanation of the confidence we may feel in the success of the Allied Forces in their conflict with the unhappy nation used by the Powers of Evil as the instrument, on this plane, of their malevolence above. Later on I will attempt to reproduce the information I have been able to obtain concerning the unseen warfare in progress, but meanwhile I know well how the eagerness of those amongst us who have lost or are losing beloved friends and relatives on the blood-stained territory of Northern France and Belgium, is chiefly directed to the anxiety they feel concerning the ultimate destinies of those who are passing on. In attempting to describe them I may leave out of account the vague uncertainties of those for whom the continuity of life is imperfectly understood, or even perhaps the subject of comfortless doubt. From the point of view of the better informed such uncertainty is sadly absurd. The infinitudes of future life stretch far beyond the region of which we have definite cognizance, but at all events that next world which is really all around us, though beyond the reach of our physical senses, is a familiar region to the students of the higher occultism, and in order to meet the aspirations of those in momentary bereavement, I must begin with a sketch, familiar though it may be to many of my readers, of the conditions awaiting those who pass on to the Astral Plane.

That Astral Plane, a vast envelope of variegated matter, as real to those who reside there as the chairs and tables around us now, has very many sub-divisions that may vaguely, though not inaccurately, be thought of as great concentric spheres, and the conditions of existence in these sub-divisions is varied to what, for the moment, one may describe as an almost infinite extent. Indeed, the lowest conditions of astral life penetrate the solid surface of our globe, and to frame an accurate mental picture of the astral world, we must realize that the lowest and the next lowest of the sub-divisions I speak of are actually submerged in regions which ordinary thinking imagines to consist merely of solid rock. Matter is really solid or diaphanous in accord-



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ance with the senses applied to its perception, and for consciousness immersed therein, the lower sub-divisions of which I speak, though horrible beyond the reach of ordinary imagination, are none the less regions in which conscious existence and movement are possible. None but the very worst representatives of human iniquity have anything to do with these regions, and I refer to them merely in order to make my sketch of astral conditions approximately complete. The third sub-division moving upwards is above the earth's surface, and is still a region of varied discomfort. Here it is that people passing on from physical life, if hampered by ignoble tastes and desires, remain, as a rule, for a time until natural conditions, too complicated for me to describe in this hurried survey, enable them to get rid of such lower attributes and ascend to more joyful realms above. For large numbers indeed of those who, at the present stage of human evolution, lead reasonably decent lives while in physical incarnation, the third sub-plane of the astral (counting from the lowest upward), is one of which they have no experience. I am glad to know of many friends who on passing through the blissful experience commonly called death, slip at once through intervening conditions and awake to variegated happiness on the higher levels ; the different characteristics of which appropriate to different stages of moral and intellectual development could only be dealt with effectually in a very protracted dissertation.

Now it is obvious that many of those who are killed on the battle-field must be thought of as infected with more or less ignoble characteristics, so that, passing on under normal conditions, they would have to spend some time in the purifying processes going on on the third sub-plane. But deaths in the present warfare are abnormal in more ways than one. The peculiar abnormality which concerns us for the moment arises from the fact that our soldiers going into action in this war, are really filled with a conviction, I take it in nearly all cases, that they are fighting for the right. They confront the enemy with their lives in their hands, realizing the possibility, approaching something like probability, that their lives will be sacrificed in the glorious cause they are willingly serving. The effect on the other side of a life sacrificed under these conditions is beautiful in the extreme. It sweeps out of the astral body, into which their consciousness passes, all those lower varieties of astral matter—to give the explanation accurately as well as technically—which might have detained them on the third sub-level. The purification is accomplished by the noble life-sacrifice, and they are ready—irrespective of the minor peccadilloes of their physical existence—to pass on at once to happy conditions above. They do, indeed, go through a period of some mental confusion. Death in the battle-field is attended with a wild excitement which persists in the consciousness for a time, during which the entity, passing on, does not actually realize the nature of the change he has gone through. He is for a time on the third level in a wild state of excite-

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ment, or once more, to put the matter technically, within an aura revolving around him with such intense rapidity that it constitutes for the moment a shell within which his consciousness is confined. But this embarrassment in the cases we are thinking of does not last long. Vast numbers of eager helpers on the astral plane are engaged in clearing up the confusion of thought I have endeavoured to describe on the part of those suddenly transferred to the astral realm. And then the personalities concerned, even while their names are being printed here in lists of the killed, flit happily to regions beyond, where they enter on a new life which very few of them would be willing to exchange for the one abandoned.

Complications of thought have to be dealt with here. I am not wishing to suggest for one moment that those who pass on, leaving behind in grief those whom they may love as fully as they themselves may be beloved, are otherwise than sympathetically conscious of the sorrow they cannot for the time assuage. But this sympathetic sorrow is tempered by the vivid consciousness they enjoy that it is transient in its duration, that reunion after an interval that will seem in its prospect much shorter when viewed from above than as we view it from below, will put an end to all the trouble which for the moment has to be endured. And work it out how we will, the one great truth remains that all consciousness on the higher levels of the astral world is associated with what must be described as a background of happiness which cannot, so to speak, be contradicted by the transient sorrows of physical life. There is so much to be said concerning the mightier phenomena of the super-physical struggle that I must leave what I trust to be the consolatory assurance I have been able to give above, to afford as much comfort as it may possibly convey to mourning survivors.

But how is it possible to convey to those who are unfamiliar with the unseen mysteries of life, familiar though these may be to occult students, any conception of the forces arrayed against each other on the loftier planes? The ignorant world at large knows nothing of those who belong to what the occultist describes as the Great White Lodge. For many of us happily this mighty organization is one which we are privileged more or less to comprehend. For millions of years in the past, the noblest and best representatives of the human race have been ascending to higher conditions of knowledge and power, until they have become agencies through which the divine purposes of human evolution are fulfilled. With the spiritual hierarchy connecting humanity with divinity in an unbroken series—with the loftier beings associated with it—we need not for the moment be concerned. But in touch with humanity and guiding its progress towards higher conditions of spiritual welfare, there are, in direct association with the affairs of this world, some who have already emerged from the ordinary course of human evolution and have attained, far in advance of the rest, the summit levels which that

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evolution, as such—before blending with evolutions of a still higher order—is destined to attain. And these, becoming agents for carrying out the divine idea and for promoting the progress of the multitudes towards those stages of development they have themselves already reached, associated indeed with others of still loftier development, representing earlier achievements during the eternity of the past, constitute collectively those whom the occultist speaks of as the White Powers.

How does it come to pass that they are confronted with Black Powers almost equal in knowledge and power to themselves, but guided by a fierce desire to oppose the divine will, to impede evolution, to aggravate human suffering, to play the part figuratively assigned in early theologies to the Devil? The occultist is perfectly competent to trace the origin of this terrible organization, though human imagination of the ordinary type is almost baffled in the attempt to comprehend the attitude of mind represented by the poetical epigram "Evil, be thou my good." These pages are not extensive enough to enable me to attempt even to trace the evolution of the Black Powers from the beginning. Roughly it must be enough to hint that such beginnings are to be recognized at very remote periods in the history of the human race, arising from the desire to acquire power for purely selfish purposes. The possibility that human energies can be thus misdirected must be recognized as due to the investiture of the myriad egos constituting the human family, with that free will which is a necessary prelude to successful effort in the right direction. The idea can only be realized on the foundation of an understanding concerning the continuity, through the ages, of individual human egos. The realization of this great principle is the first step in the direction of comprehending the higher occultism, and is abundantly dealt with in the vast, ever-growing literature of that grand science. Then we have to take into account the necessity underlying the idea of loftier evolution, for encountering difficulties with which to struggle. Within reasonable limits that which we call evil is a necessity of human evolution. And though no human agent is ever appointed by divine decree to import this evil into the undertaking, it was from the first too sadly certain that some would engage themselves in the task. And at this stage of human evolution—we of the most advanced races having passed the mid-way point—the development of those choosing evil to be their good has reached an appalling degree of perfection. The result is that the powers of good and evil presiding over human destinies, if for the moment we think merely of the agents on each side who have arisen from human evolution itself, are very nearly in equilibrium. And it so happens again by virtue of mysteries it is impossible to do more than faintly refer to, that just at this period, within several years of the past, and for a little longer in the future, conditions that it is difficult even for the occultist to understand, defiant of clear interpretation, are operative in such a way as to

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favour the activity of the Black Powers to an extraordinary degree. They have been availing themselves of this opportunity for many years in the past, and they have seized upon the unhealthy political ambitions of Germany to work with as a nucleus for the expansion of their long concerted onslaught.

Here again we touch an idea, important in connection with the study of the war above and below, but unfamiliar to commonplace thinking. The Black Powers, aiming at the dislocation of human progress, must find human agencies available for their influence. They could not obsess for their purposes a nation the character and aspirations of which were predominantly good. Unhappily there has been cultivated in the German nation, from the Prussian nucleus in the first instance, an aspiration which is by no means admirable in its character, an aspiration towards the destruction and dominance of other nationalities, towards an unhealthy assertion of their own tyrannical supremacy. With that characteristic to work with, the Black Powers have contrived to infect the whole German nation for the time being with their own spirit. Its leaders are but their tools and slaves; unconsciously, of course, but none the less definitely that in truth. Commonplace thinking is gradually realizing how Germany has been preparing for this war for many years in the past. Germany has been made to prepare for it under the influence I am endeavouring to describe, and the White Powers have on their side been endeavouring to prepare for the long foreseen catastrophe.

On the basis of the explanation so far, we are enabled joyfully to realize that the great White Powers are, to put the matter in commonplace language, fighting on our side. There is no doubt, ambiguity or question about it. The Allied Forces on this plane are combating the forces guided on this plane by the Black Powers. But the complexities of the situation are far deeper than commonplace thinking could recognize. As a matter of fact we have been, in the progress of the war on this plane, protected in many ways by actual intervention on the part of our loftier friends. And yet this idea must not be allowed to hurry us into supposing that they are directly concerned with the task imposed upon us, that of slaughtering our enemies. In all that I have learned concerning super-physical intervention on our behalf, I hear merely of measures that have been taken to disconcert some of the physical plane attacks directed against our armies and navy. I have never heard of any action by the White Powers aimed at the direct slaughter of Germans. On the higher plane it may be that the White Powers have to aim at the actual destruction of *their* enemies, but we can hardly presume to follow out this idea to the bitter end. All which we have been able to comprehend has first to do with the terrific ferocity of the struggle above. As I have said, the Black Powers have, owing to peculiar conditions now prevailing, an opportunity extraordinarily favourable to their work. The present opportunity is altogether unprecedented in the history of this planet. It

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has been made use of with superhuman energy, with the result that, to a certain extent, the programme of human evolution has been actually dislocated. That which is happening now on the physical plane of life is outside the law of Karma. Many occult students, even, will be surprised to hear this. But such is the actual fact, with results in prospect that are extremely curious as well as encouraging. For in order to understand the whole situation, even approximately, one has to think of this world as going on in fulfilment of a certain programme of evolution under the guidance of that almost invariable and certainly inexorable law of Karma, the law of cause and effect on the moral plane. The dislocation of the scheme under the influence of evil powers competent to accomplish this almost impossible result, gives rise to conditions in the interests, so to speak, of the divine idea, that were not provided for in the original programme of this planet's life, and that is how it comes to pass that we feel such absolute confidence in the ultimate result of this war; first of all on the higher plane, and then as a consequence of that success, on the plane within our own physical observation. For the White Powers, scarcely, to start with, more powerful than those opposed to them, have been invested under divine authority, operating outside the range of what may be described as the planetary programme, with such additional forces that their ultimate triumph, even though with this help it involves great effort, is absolutely certain. The great powers of the White Lodge may not themselves be able to say from week to week, scarcely from month to month, of our time, how the battles on the higher planes will work out. But what they do know is that when the peculiar period favourable to black activity comes to an end, the final victory will be achieved. And that dark period can hardly outrun the year immediately in front of us. It is possible—I think we may indulge in a confident hope on that subject—that the victory will be achieved before the expiration of that year, and once achieved on the higher plane, the war on this one will simply collapse. The whole effect of the explanations I am endeavouring to convey points to the idea that really the war now in progress in France and Belgium, destined before its conclusion to be fought out on German territory, is a reflection of the war going on above, a consequence thereof, a struggle which has, with that loftier struggle, a parallel future.

And now let me attempt to give some little hint concerning some of the activities which are raging on the higher planes. For readers quite unfamiliar with occult teaching, I am afraid such explanations must necessarily be almost unintelligible. But in so far as the Black Powers are directly endeavouring to promote German victories over, may I say, the White Forces of the Allies, they use to a large extent elemental agencies. The commonplace world so far knows nothing of elemental agency. And yet it is intimately blended with every phenomenon of nature that scientific investigation deals with, with

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every external event of our lives, for each one of us is shadowed, guided or protected, as the case may be, with elemental agencies, engaged in the fulfilment of the great Karmic law. But that subject is one of enormous complexity, and I can only deal with it in its aspect as concerned with the strife in progress. The Black Powers are continually evoking from those horrible submerged levels of the astral world, to which I made a faint allusion in the beginning, elemental creatures available for evil and diabolical service, which, normally at this stage of evolution, ought to be fading into non-existence. And Will Power of the exalted order that the Black Powers have at their disposal can evolve from elemental conditions on the lowest conditions of the astral levels, new varieties of elemental force calculated to produce, when brought to the surface of the earth, disastrous effects on those at whom they are aimed. In that way I think I know definitely of stupendous elemental organisms prepared and designed to shed the germs of horrible disease among the Allied troops. Elemental organisms have been prepared which brought to the surface and dispersed so to speak over the allied armies, would have created epidemics of plague, cholera and other diseases, the effect of which would have been far more disastrous than that accomplished by German guns. The destruction of these fearsome organisms has been one task with which the White Powers have been recently engaged. And so little does commonplace mankind realize either the dangers to which it is exposed or the divine protection by which it is shielded, that we have been going about even in London sublimely unconscious of elemental warfare in the regions above this city. I do not say this with a view of creating alarm. On the contrary. That which the opportunities of the higher occultism enable us to realize, is calculated in more ways than one to abolish fear and to enlist our thoughts, so to speak, in the service of our mighty protectors. For though it is ill understood by the world at large, thought, even as it emanates from ordinary human life, is a force which in the aggregate is capable of producing important effects. And I cannot more appropriately conclude this attempt to convey to others, whose incredulity may be conquerable to some extent, such knowledge as I possess, better than by emphasizing the solemn truth that our thoughts at this time, persistently and intelligently directed towards the great ends in view, do actually reinforce the mightier powers wielded by the great White Lodge in our interest. It is a literal truth that if, to imagine a practically impossible state of things, everybody in London devoted ten minutes a day to earnest concentrated desire to drive back from the territories they have invaded, the aggressive hordes unconsciously guided by the unseen powers of evil, the aggregate value of such thought, as it would affect first of all the battles above, and through them the battles below, would be worth many army corps in the field. General comprehension of occult force is not sufficiently diffused to render the realization of this Counsel of Perfection possible,

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but at all events those who do in some measure comprehend the nature of thought energy may, and to a large extent I know do, exert themselves in the way I have suggested above. It has been my privilege to emphasize this idea before many large audiences interested in such explanation as I have been able to give concerning the super-physical aspects of the War, and I am glad to learn that as a consequence there has been perceived by some of our loftier friends a distinct enhancement of the force thus contributed to their service by those who more or less fully realize their own capacity for rendering service. And beyond this indeed the full realization of the ultimate certainty that the White Powers will triumph in the conflict above, will help to maintain that attitude of cheerful confidence and courage throughout the countries whose armies are fighting for the right, which in its turn is a force conducive to its own justification.

## THE RETURN

BY TERESA HOOLEY

THE trees sigh in the dark;
  Fast falls the rain;
A west wind sobs, and—hark!
  How the ivy beats
Wild hands at the shuttered pane!
  Do you hear me cry,
Wistful, beseeching, lone,
  From earth and sky?

The tears of rain implore;
  The tall trees sway
In yearning round your door;
  With a voice of wings
The wind entreats alway.
  Do you hear me call,
Fain for your following feet,
  And heed at all?

One with the stir of leaves,
  The soft sad rain,
The ivy 'neath the eaves
  And the wandering wind,
I have come to you again,
  Though they call me dead—
Here, in the night we loved,
  With the storm o'erhead.

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# THE KAISER AND ANTICHRIST

THE tendency of the mediæval mind was to anthropomorphize. The tendency of the modern mind is to interpret everything in terms of abstract, blind, impersonal force. We see this tendency everywhere, not least in the desire to explain away the phenomena of Spiritualism. Here the attempt is always made to avoid the spirit hypothesis by assuming the intervention of telepathy, or the exteriorization of the sensibility, or the automatic reproduction of events by the action of unknown powers of the atmosphere. For the demons and sprites that were supposed in times past to haunt hill and dale has been substituted the action of natural forces. The conception of "the act of God," as the legal phrase runs, has been replaced by the idea of the negligence of man. Behind all phenomena we tend more and more to conceive a vast impersonal force, whether we term this force God or the Great First Cause of all. The orthodox Deity as described to us by earlier divines, in our own Bible and in our hymn-books, is slowly fading from our vision. He is more akin to the deities of the tribes of an earlier civilization. We still sing of Him in the well-known lines—

God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

But though this is the way in which we still think of Odin or of Jove, our conception of the Divine Power behind phenomena is more akin to the Great Central Sun of the occult philosopher.

Certain figures loomed large in the mediæval mind, and they were all conceived of as definite concrete personalities, even though they may have embodied in their attributes some general abstract idea. The most familiar of these conceptions was that of the Devil—the Devil with horns and hoofs, or the Devil—even though temporarily appearing under the guise of Mephistopheles to Faust, or of the beautiful maiden to St. Anthony—still liable at any moment to resume his natural shape and to sprout the familiar hoofs and horns. Another conception of a similar kind was that of the Man of Sin. Another was that of the Wandering Jew. Yet another is that of Antichrist, sometimes identified with, or confused with, the Beast of Revelation, whose mysterious number, 666, has proved an insoluble problem for all the



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ages. A fresh interest attaches to-day to this mysterious Scriptural figure, owing to the hypothesis advanced in the "Prophecy of Frater Johannes," which has created such an extraordinary sensation in the midst of our matter-of-fact modern civilization. The idea that a monarch of modern Europe could fulfil in his person an ancient prophecy of the coming of Antichrist is so astounding to twentieth-century thought that the very notion of it is calculated to raise a smile on the face of the man in the street. Yet this conception is coming home to us to-day in a form which actually threatens to make us pause and ask: "May not this incredible thing, after all, be true?" How, otherwise could Frater Johannes, if indeed the prophecy is his, be inspired to foresee in such extraordinary detail the whole story of a great war, not destined to take place for well over three hundred years, under conditions, moreover, which, at the time he lived, and indeed for centuries after, were totally unknown? There is obviously one simple way out of the difficulty, to describe the prediction as a prophecy after the event. One daily paper, posing as less credulous than its contemporaries, has, in fact, already done so. It has not been possible to obtain clear and decisive evidence in this matter at the time of writing, but certain facts bearing on the matter are being now brought to light, and such evidence should, I think, be eventually forthcoming.

It is, in truth, the extraordinary accuracy of the prediction which has caused the scepticism with regard to it. Take, for instance, the statement in the Prophecy that the armies of Antichrist will take as their device the phrase "God with us." This is the actual motto of the Uhlans, the words of which are, I am told, engraved on their helmets. Take another verse in which it is stated that men will be able to cross the rivers over the bodies of the dead. Instances of this have been given on more than one occasion during the present war. Here is one of them, quoted from the *Daily Chronicle* of October 29:—

> How desperate has been the fighting there is revealed in a few vivid sentences which a German officer spoke to-day to a Dutch journalist:—
> "Seven times we crossed the Yser," he said, "and seven times we were beaten back with terrible losses, so that at last our dead formed bridges over which we again tried to cross, only to be repulsed once more."

I have already alluded to the statement made in the prophecy, that the spies of Antichrist will overrun the earth, and that he himself will represent himself "as the arm of the Most High sent to chastise corrupt peoples." The manner in which these pre-

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dictions have been fulfilled to the letter is, of course, common knowledge.

The allusion to the war in the air has also been adverted to, but the exact words of the prophecy should be particularly noted in this connection, as the reference is not merely to Zeppelins and airships, but also to a corresponding war on the superphysical plane. The words are: "Red will be heaven and earth, and water, and even the air, for blood will flow in the four elements at once." The war in Heaven is therefore, from the prophet's standpoint, a distinct matter to the war in the air. It is a battle royal between the spiritual powers of good and the spiritual powers of evil. The struggle that Brother Johannes foresaw was, in short, to be fought out in the spirit world as well as in the three elements, just as in the vision of the author of the Apocalypse, there was to be war in Heaven in which "Michael and his angels fought against the dragon and the dragon fought; and his angels" (Revelation xii. 7), Brother Johannes would have us understand that the war cannot be finally and conclusively won unless corresponding victories be gained in the spirit world to those fought in the terrestrial sphere. In order that the enemy may be crushed here, he must also be outflanked by spiritual legions on the spiritual plane. This is why "It will need the energies of all the kingdoms, because the cock, the leopard, and the white eagle will not be able to make an end of the black eagle WITHOUT THE AID OF THE PRAYERS AND VOWS OF THE ENTIRE HUMAN RACE."

The conflict has, indeed, been long brewing both in a spiritual and in a material sense. While Europe has been becoming year after year more and more of an armed camp, and while each side have been threatening the other and manœuvring against the other in the diplomatic field, the corresponding struggle has been developing intellectually and has been fought out month by month and year by year between the defenders of the materialistic hypothesis—the apostles of the gospel of force—and the champions of the spiritual and physical interpretation of life and of the universe. It is not so long ago that the cause of materialism appeared to be everywhere triumphant, and the boasts of its scientific champions rang through the air much in the same way as the loud defiance of Prussian militarism threw down its gage, time after time, to an irresolute and hesitating Europe, fearful of risking all in the great Armageddon of the nations. The unprepared state of Russia was revealed by the Japanese War. The enemies of militarism were disunited and at variance among

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themselves. France, reminiscent of the War of 1870, feared to draw the sword. Unfriendly to Germany, she was no less hostile to England. The Boer War was a cause of infinite contention, and the British Empire was isolated among the nations. At this critical period in the history of Europe, the accession of King Edward VII, probably the greatest diplomatist of modern times, transformed the whole political outlook. The hostility with which England was so widely regarded gave place to far friendlier feelings. The war was brought to a termination satisfactory to the British Empire while favourable to the defeated foe. The main bone of contention with France was removed by an arrangement which, while making concessions to the French on the north-west coast of Africa, gave England the free hand in Egypt which she had so long desired. Thus the Entente Cordiale with France was initiated, which grew year after year in popularity and was shortly followed by a similar arrangement with her Russian ally. In the meantime the defeat of Russia by Japan was followed by the complete reorganization of the whole Russian military system, for which neither labour, pains, nor expense were spared, and the results of which we see in the series of triumphant victories which have crowned Russian military effort in the present war. Thus the Powers that represented the opposition to Prussian tyranny and Austrian threats were united in a bond of mutual harmony, and, though anxious to avoid by every possible means the arbitrament of the sword, were in a position to defend the rights of Europe from the threats and menaces of Teutonic domination whenever the fatal hour might strike.

Meanwhile, here and there at first, the intellectual world was gradually awakening to the realization of facts which, slowly indeed, but no less surely, were destined to put the materialistic hypothesis, so long triumphant, entirely out of court. It was the materialistic boast at the height of its triumph, in the days when Haeckel was a name to swear by, and the Huxleys and Herbert Spencers and their still more aggressive disciples were everywhere in the ascendant, that the scientist had " shown God out of the door." To-day the modern scientist admits the claim of the transcendental philosopher that the materialistic interpretation of the universe has finally broken down, and given place to a broader and less one-sided appreciation of scientific evidence, and an interpretation, saner from the very fact that it is more spiritual, of the entire Cosmos.

Thus it is that the great struggles in all the great crises and turning-points of the world's history are fought out at once

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spiritually, intellectually and materially. For otherwise the progress of the race would inevitably be arrested until the enemy had been vanquished on that plane of being in which he still held the field triumphantly. The belief in the gospel of "blood and iron," triumphant under Bismarck, corresponds to the belief in the dominance of blind force on the material plane. It is this which according to the author of the Epistles of St. John typifies the spirit of Antichrist, the mystic Christ being the embodiment of the contrary idea that the spiritual is the true reality, ever expressing itself in the phenomenal world in terms of symbol and allegory. The sin of Antichrist is thus the mistaking of the shadow for the substance.

It is not a little curious that in St. John's Epistles, and in these alone, is there any reference to this mysterious personality. Four times altogether, in the first and second Epistles of St. John, is Antichrist alluded to, but nowhere else in the whole Bible. But that the idea was familiar to the early Christians is made plain in the first reference of this series, in which the writer assumes the fact that they were already expecting the coming of this type of the Principle of Evil.

"Little children," he writes, "it is the last time, and as ye have heard that Antichrist shall come, even now are there many Antichrists, whereby we know that it is the last time."

There is a curious parallelism between this verse and one of Brother Johannes' which I have not yet quoted, that immediately preceding the prediction about the true Antichrist. Brother Johannes writes: "We have thought to recognize him (i.e. Antichrist) already many times, for all the murderers of the Lamb resemble each other, and all the wicked prove to be but the precursors of the Great Wicked One." It is evident that the writer of the Epistle of St. John, along with his flock, associated the coming of Antichrist with what he describes as "the last time." This to the author is very near at hand, but looking at the matter from the standpoint of a later age, we are inclined to interpret this "last time" as the conclusion of one great era in the world's history and the commencement of another. Daniel also alludes to this "last time" which he describes in his prophecies as "the time of the end." "Understand," he says, "O son of man; for at the time of the end shall be the vision." And again, the angel of the Lord addresses him in the words, "Go thy way, Daniel: for the words are closed up and sealed till the time of the end. Many shall be purified, and made white, and tried; but the wicked shall do wickedly: and none of the wicked shall

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understand; but the wise shall understand." And again: "Thou, O Daniel, shut up the words, and seal the book, even to the time of the end: many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased." Again the question is asked: When shall this "vision" be fulfilled and the sanctuary cease to be trodden under foot? And a voice answers him: "Unto two thousand and three hundred days; then shall the sanctuary be cleansed." That the predictions of Daniel were not actual predictions of the times of which the author of the book wrote is now generally admitted. The writing of the book of Daniel, at least in the form in which we have it, bears trace of a later period than that of Nebuchadnezzar and Darius. It is, however, well known that it has been interpreted in a double sense and as having reference, not only to this period, but to later epochs of the world's history, and there are those who have seen in the period of 2300 days a reference to a world epoch of 2300 years at the end of which the spiritual sanctuary, and possibly also its earthly counterpart in Jerusalem, were to be cleansed from desecration and freed from the hand of the spoiler.

We shall probably be well advised to take the form of the expresssion of Brother Johannes' prophecy as typical of the atmosphere in which he lived, and the external conditions which inevitably moulded his phraseology. And we shall not feel obliged, even if we identify his Antichrist with the German Kaiser, to draw all the collateral conclusions which such identification might seem at first sight to imply. He is speaking in terms of allegory, and it is enough for us that we can read through this allegorical language the underlying meaning which he intends to convey.

Some discussion has arisen as regards the allegorical figures under which Brother Johannes typifies England and France. The leopard is apparently the heraldic figure in the royal arms of England, borrowed, it is said, from the coat of arms of William the Conqueror, but whereas the Conqueror's heraldic device bore two leopards, a third was subsequently added by his successors. With regard to the cock, I have heard this called in question as the invention of a later age, but such can hardly be the case inasmuch as the name is unquestionably a play on the old Latin name of Gaul. To Cæsar, who first wrote for us about this country, Gaul was "Gallia," and the cock was "gallus." The suggestion of this idea must therefore have occurred to writers of the earliest times, before ever France bore its present name.

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# THE COLLECTED POEMS OF ARTHUR EDWARD WAITE

In Two Volumes, demy 8vo, xxxvi + 354, and xii + 352 pp. With a New Portrait. Price 21s. net.*

THERE are certain occasions in the life of the emotions which stand out with a rare distinction and are remembered as experiences of a kind that defy analysis, but are treasured as belonging to a golden time of youth and adventure. As one instance of such an occasion the writer recalls how, from the Cornish cliffs at the dawn of a winter's morning, he watched the approach of a ship under sail to a small harbour lying beneath the heights on which he stood. The veil of mist brightening under the rising sun added a sense of distance and vastness to the waters from which the vessel drew towards the shore, whilst the silence of the quays in the port below suggested that the end of the voyage shared in the mystery of the voyage itself.

The plain fact that this was an ordinary coasting vessel trading in fixed routine between one commercial town and another was entirely forgotten. The ship, the sea and the harbour became symbols of adventure, the unknown and the future, and the cliffs became a mount of Vision. Such experiences as this, occasional to most men, would seem to befall the poet in all places and all times.

To Arthur Edward Waite it is insistently obvious that the world in which he lives is a world of sacraments and symbols, and in these two volumes it is to be seen after what manner the Mysteries of Life and Mind have presented their aspects to one mind in the Universe, and after what manner the gifts of seer and poet have enabled him to express those aspects to others.

Among poets Mr. Waite stands alone in this particular, that the external wonders and beauties of a beautiful creation are to him always the vesture, and the vesture only, of a world which is beyond externals. The processes of Nature and the glories of the seasons appeal to him as a great rite for ever in the performing.

> Now, high as lark in heaven or deep as bowers
> Wherein the sea heals immemorial flowers,
> The world's great organ sounds through spacious halls

* London: William Rider & Son, Ltd.



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And all the faithful fauna sweetly calls
To hear how priestly Nature, ere they pass,
Pontifically chants her twelvemonth mass,
And at each noon triumphantly lifts up
The measure overbrimm'd of the sun's cup.

The careless rhapsody of the pagan shepherd is not his, nor has he any kinship with "the idle singer of an empty day."

The panorama of this outward world
Before mine eyes transfigured in a breath
Is supernaturally glorified—
Exclude me not,
Nor—Mother Nature—blame a chosen priest!
Send forth innumerable voices high
From thy four quarters, multiply above
Thy solar pageants! Worshipful, I take
And minister thy worshipful sacraments.

It is indeed as a chosen priest that he chiefly appears in these volumes; but though his verse may be termed didactic, there is an entire absence from it of any tendency to dogmatism. He sings not as one with a message, but rather as one who needs must give of what is in him, at times for the mere pleasure of singing, as in the lines headed—

RESTORED TO LIGHT.

A faint light shining for a space;
A breath of wind upon the face;
A stirring in the mist; a sigh;
A sense of distance, height and sky;
A little wave of melody!
O but how beautiful to see
The light leaf dance upon the tree,
The bloom upon a hedgerow stirr'd
By transport of a singing bird,
And—after darkness and eclipse—
The sun upon the sails of ships,
All up and down the dancing sea!
O but how beautiful to hear
A little whisper in the ear,
A smaller voice than note of bird,
A still small voice, a mighty word,
A whisper in the heart to say
That God is not so far away!

As to the metre of these poems Mr. Waite has in the first place a mastery of the use of blank verse. His best work is, in my opinion, to be found in this form. It would not be easy to match the beauty of such lines as

Poise, happy moon, for ever; in the cold
And starry spaces poise thy shining shield!



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Behold, as shadows on the road, are cast
Our meaner selves behind us. Earth and sea
Are in thy light transfigured; vistas bright
And paths that end not tempt us sweetly forth;
A thousand lofty hopes inspire the heart
Which from a lonely zenith of the soul
Thou pourest downward, as the moon her beams,
O Mystic Moon, enthroned in heaven of mind!

In that lyric entitled "A Door For White Doves," joyously compounded of life, colour and sunshine, the quality of his rhyming is admirably illustrated.

I sing not now of a thought from sight
In a word evasive hidden,
Of signs which stand for a sense unseen—
The little signs and the worlds they mean—
But an arch so old and a sward so green,
And the sudden flight in a tawny light
Of doves through that arch unbidden.

Science of motion, wings of white,
Gay, so gay, in the beams so bright,
In the warm rich stream of the amber beam—
Gleam, dream, glory and gleam!
The honey-bee hums in the hawthorn hedge,
The wild rose slumbers on plinth and ledge,
And over the wide world's sapphire edge
The rich ripe corn of the world is roll'd,
As rocks in its laver the burning gold.
The whirr of the wings of the doves goes by,
And a singing bird hangs in the flame of the sky;
Hot is the scent of the wheat and dry;
And sinking slowly and circling down
A petal falls from the rose's crown;
Soft on the soft sward falls and reposes,
As a gentle breath stirs the swooning roses.
But the doves come forth and the doves go in;
Here in a low flight circle and spin
Over and under the arch and out,
And out and over the arch and in,
Wheel and circle and plunge about.
Sweet and warm is the air they stir,
And pleasant the chirp of the grasshopper;
Motion, melody, scent are kin,
And the doves come forth and the doves go in.
The second sense on a day like this,
Meseems, a moment the mind may miss,
Midst incense, music and lights content
With the outward grace of the sacrament.
Therefore for once of mere doves in flight
The rhymes shall end as the rhymes begin;

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Of the full rich light upon wings so white,
As the doves come forth and the doves go in.

*ENVOY.*

*Why hint so deeply, O mind within,*
*Of the going forth and the coming in*
*Of doves through an arch unbidden ?*
*Do I not know that the whence and where*
*Of the life of man may be symboll'd there ?*
*But in light so bright and on sward so fair*
*O let what is hidden be hidden !*

To touch in detail on the contents of these volumes is not possible here. They are a treasury into which one may dip with both hands, and at random, and find nothing trivial or vain.

Returning again and again, there is never the need to go empty away; delve deeper yet; the more treasure abounds. Every time brings its own interpreter, and when the twentieth century has passed from the turmoil of transition to the peace of realization, these poems will remain a source of inspiration for all those who, like the poet, "look to see."

We clasp but the shadow of love, which is longing and thirst,
And no man possesses another, for bonds which have never been burst
Enswathe and divide us from each, and our separate life
Intervenes like a wall in all nuptials; no woman is wife,
Nor ever call'd any man husband, save only in sign;
But because of the want and the longing, the strong flame which burns in the shrine
And feeds on the heart that sustains it, I know, beyond sense,
O I know my Redeemer is living; that keen and intense,
By some change in our substance of being, the union divine,
To which all our blind motions reach out, shall the ends of all longing decree;
And that out of the flesh I shall gaze on the love which is mine—
So I look to see!

To hear and to see and to know, and, immersed where the lights never fail,
Confess that at length we have truly transcended the world of the veil;
We have pass'd through the region of omen, and enter'd a land of sight.
O thanks be to God for the pillar of smoke by day and the pillar of fire by night;
The voice in the cloud and the burning bush and the holy places trod;
For the soften'd grace of the shaded face and the back of the Lord our God;
For the shadow'd home and the light beyond, for the secret pulses stirr'd
By the parable dim and the mystic hymn and the first sense of the Word!
But O for the end and the vision, beyond the gate and the way,
The light which the eye cannot picture, repose in activity free!
The veils of the world are about me, sad dreams of the night and the day,
But I look to see!

PHILIP S. WELLBY.

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# THE FAITH OF REASON

By "SCRUTATOR"

THE idea of the immanence of Deity in the manifested universe is one that has been gaining ground in theological discussion of late years. As opposed to the *Deus ex machinâ* of orthodox theology, it offers a more reasonable view of the integrity of the universe as we now scientifically perceive it in the various stages of world progress. The idea is as old as Plato, and possibly more ancient still. The Platonic definition of God as "That whose centre is everywhere, whose circumference is nowhere" admits of very little controversy even on orthodox lines if once we are genuine subscribers to the doctrine of Omnipresence. It is only a question for us as to the *modus operandi* of God in the Universe* and of our human relations with that Being. If we posit the trilogy of Life, Substance and Intelligence, or that of their material expressions, Energy, Matter and Consciousness, we shall be ultimately concerned merely with the outworking of this trinity of co-ordinates towards the effect realized as the Self-conscious Unit.

On the material plane, at all events, we have learned a great deal concerning the effort of Nature towards the evolution of the unit from the mass, and of the specialization of faculty in the process of selective evolution.

Indeed it may be fairly said that we have arrived at that point of view and of intelligent correlated thought where we can answer to the question of the Why of our existence. In our thought we have rendered cosmos out of chaos, and in tracing the How of the building up of material organisms from inorganic substances there has been borne in upon us a conviction of purpose and design. There is no longer left to us any tenable ground for the belief in a fortuitous concurrence of atoms. We see instead attraction and repulsion as the first manifestation of the selective faculty in an inorganic universe, followed by chemic affinities and fusions, not as chance happenings, but as expressions of a law which manifests from first to last, and we perceive that this law is intelligible because, and only because, it is an expression of Intelligence. In fine, we see matter of various forms in all

* *God in the Universe.* By J. W. Frings. London: William Rider & Son, Ltd., Cathedral House, Paternoster Row, E. C. Price 3*s.* 6*d.* net.



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degrees of activity being perceptibly impelled through a succession of transformations which lead to higher and yet higher expressions of faculty. Everywhere there is a manifest effort towards co-ordination of function, towards correlation of faculty, towards a fuller degree of organic integrity. And along with this we find at first consciousness of relativity and finally self-consciousness. Mr. J. W. Frings offers this definition:

"There is no life without consciousness, and conversely, there is no consciousness without life. But man is more than conscious. He is conscious when he feels. He is self-conscious when he knows that he feels. And that man knows that he feels is also obvious. For he reviews his feelings as they pass in his mind. He recalls them after they have ceased to be feelings. And he passes judgment upon them at the time, and afterwards. The apex of his self-consciousness is that 'he knows that he knows.'"

Careful thought will reveal the fact that, according to the best definition, even inorganic life—for our postulate requires this seeming anomaly—is endowed with consciousness. Consciousness is the result of resistance, and it is measured by response to stimulus. What we call attraction and repulsion, and chemic affinity, are more intelligibly considered when regarded as the result of consciousness. In the lowest forms of organic life we find a certain discrimination and selective faculty at work in the effort towards adaptation to environment, and we further see that every form of matter, whether organic or inorganic, is responsive in greater or less degree to stimulus. But this degree of resistance is at first only related to extraneous agents. It is in the more complex organism of man that we find activity and resistance set up within one and the same body, and this by reason of the fact that man is invested with a mental organism as a bridge between his spiritual and material natures. The continent of the mind and that of the body, primarily united, are now seen to be in conflict. Hence arises the problem of the freedom of the Will. Mr. Frings argues that man's will is not fundamental in causation, but secondary. What we call free-will in man is, as Philip Bailey well said, "necessity in play." Our decisions, as expressions of will, are not initial, but resultant. They are themselves the effects of all past experience. We are, in short, what we are by reason of what we have been. We are the embodied complex of individual experience. Man obeys the primal laws of mechanics. "His every movement, including his highest judgments, are determined by precedent causes.

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Man tends always to move along the line of least resistance." It is the recognition of the mechanical law in the universe which impels us to use it as the groundwork of all our thought concerning the psychological, mental and spiritual in man's experience. If we argue at all about questions of freewill, determinism, and the like, we are bound to argue from material premisses, because it is from these that we draw our first experience and demonstration of law. The idea that there may be a spiritual law which transcends and negatives the operations of a physical law has always been the refuge of the theologians. What is referred to as the "Grace of God" is of this order. But it has not been shown that Grace is not the natural result of the employment of natural causes in a manner more or less obscure, only because of our very limited knowledge of human psychology. The miracles—and sudden conversions are of this order—may quite reasonably be regarded as the results of the employment of natural forces of a kind, or in a manner, that requires a high order of specialized faculty such as is not as yet commonly evolved in man. And if the whole process of man's evolution is towards the acquiring of self-consciousness, then undoubtedly the gift of Grace by the superposing of a spiritual law at variance with the natural can only retard the process of evolution if we are to regard the latter as resulting from experience.

But Mr. Frings carries his argument through many converging channels, the human understanding, the emotions, subhuman emotions, chemical activity, atomic structure, stellar physics and cosmic evolution, all bearing on the ultimate problem of human existence and the purpose of life, and he clearly shows that Motion is the Breath of Life which animates the whole universe and finds its expression in the infinite variety of form, colour, thought and emotion, and it is finally brought home to us that all discussions about the transcendence or immanence of Deity, or whether the fact of immanence negatives the possibility of transcendence, matter little or not at all.

"For if God breathed into man the breath of life it is that the Divine Thought became manifested in time and space, and this is one mode of expressing it. If we prefer to hold the idea of immanence, it is because of the Absolute we can perceive nothing that is not IT. All that *is* is but the garment of the Deity. In it we live and move and have our being. Living is moving, life and being is Motion, eternal and absolute." And the outlook for this our humanity, which has been evolved through countless ages from the confluence of electrons and the upbuilding

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of those miniature universes which we call atoms to the point where matter has learned to respond to the highest motions of the intelligence, is of paramount human importance.

"Our evolution, intellectually and physically, is nearing its completion. Our psychic and intuitive evolution begins to unfold. Fresh powers of mind and soul and spirit begin to dawn for us. Shadows though we be, pale reflections only of the Divine Idea, IT begins to shape in us, and for us, further visions of a heritage that will make us gods that are to be."

With this uplifting ideal ever before us we can with patience, and with more of consolation than may be suggested by this brief survey of the groundwork of Mr. Frings' argument, lend our minds to the consideration of the vast problems that are involved in the study of man's origin, nature and destiny as set forth so lucidly in this useful contribution to the literature of Scientific Religion.

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# CORRESPONDENCE

[*The name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, is required as evidence of bona fides, and must in every case accompany correspondence sent for insertion in the pages of the* OCCULT REVIEW.—ED.]

## THE MYSTERY OF ST. SOPHIA.

*To the Editor of the* OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—Having bought your most interesting book *Prophecies* from the office of *Light*, I see that you ask your readers to give any information they may possess regarding the prediction about Constantinople. When my husband and I were there some years ago we went to visit the mosque of St. Sophia, or as they call it, Agia Sofia. There we heard this story. When the Turks burst in to seize the church from the Christians the priests were saying mass and were *all* murdered. They told us that, according to the prediction, when Constantine and Sophia should reign in Greece, St. Sophia would once more become a Christian church, but before that could take place the spirits of the murdered priests must enter by a hidden door and must *finish* the mass they were saying when the Turks entered. Then St. Sophia would be a church once more. I do not know the origin of the prediction, but it is absolutely believed, and looks like coming true. Another strange thing is that over the former place of the high altar there is a fresco picture of our Lord. The Turks have tried to get rid of the fresco in every possible way, but it cannot be done, and whatever means they take it comes through in a few days, and the face of our Lord still looks down.

Forgive so long a letter, but I thought even this amount of information might interest you.

Believe me,
Yours faithfully,
JESSIE R. POWELL.

THE ELMS,
MELTON MOWBRAY.

## NEW RACE PROSPECTS.

*To the Editor of the* OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—There is one point which "Another F.T.S." misses, this being that the egos who have personalities reflecting the full human consciousness are never incarnated amid congenial surroundings. Practically all the real theosophists have come back to us through orthodox or nonconformist families, where the narrow or inconsistent



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teaching has driven the advanced one to investigate other creeds, faiths and philosophies until the old paths of past earth lives are crossed again and a further stage of relative illumination is reached.

I remember Mr. A. E. A. M. Turner, who opened the above subject, saying once that theosophists and theosophical *students* corresponded in his estimation to the disciples and laymen as instituted by the Lord Buddha. The former in both bodies did not marry, but the latter did. It appears to me that the appeal of "Another F.T.S." to theosophical students to rear families for the new race is a vain one, as those who are born by such parents go the way of the average clergyman's and pious dissenter's children—back into the world, so that the tennis court and golf links are their rendezvous, while many reach the ecstatic stage over detective adventures and heroic boy scout scenes in the picture palaces and similar haunts of the mentally degenerate.

Yours truly,
E. E.

## THE HALL OF LEARNING.

*To the Editor of the* OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—*Re* the inquiry of your correspondent Isobel Green regarding the Hall of Learning. Now though the temple visited by your correspondent was perhaps not absolutely identical with that of Dr. Bourchier, yet surely all the features of the Ethereal Plane do not appear the same to all minds? The general aspect is the same, but the details differ in accordance with the character of the person seeing. Now the Ethereal Plane is surely identical with the "World of Spirits" of Swedenborg, the Remoter Plane, or rather the two Remoter Planes, which may possibly be taken as more or less equivalent to Heaven and Hell, though not in accordance with the general idea of these.

Now as regards your correspondent's attempt to travel on this road. The desire to travel it shows a desire for death, as none but the dead can pass further than the Ethereal Plane; while the arresting of this desire shows that your correspondent has yet some important duty to perform before departing this world. As regards the figures in the temple, no one except the observer can interpret their meaning; perhaps some person who knew the observer very well might possibly form some idea, but a stranger certainly could not.

However, your correspondent certainly visited the Ethereal Plane and had she continued on the path of light she would certainly have perished, so her experience is extremely interesting, and a full description would, I am sure, be most welcome.

Yours truly,
S. F.

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[Other correspondence is unavoidably held over.—ED.]

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# PERIODICAL LITERATURE

IT was mentioned last month in these pages that Mr. G. R. S. Mead, writing in *The Quest*, has affirmed that in the present travail of the world it has become for the first time "a conscious rather than a vegetative organ." And now Mr. W. L. Wilmshurst, taking the present great crisis as the text of a discourse on the mystical understanding of the words "Not peace but a sword," held to be a sign of Christ's presence in the world, speaks of humanity entering at last into a state of social consciousness, "and awareness of its own homogeneity." This is not, however, a growth of the living moment, but a development of recent years. *The Seeker* is interesting in respect of all its contents, but perhaps especially because of this editorial. In certain epistles of Jacob Böhme and certain prognostications of Swedenborg, Mr. Wilmshurst discerns "distinct though discreetly obscured allusions to the present war"; but the real message of his paper is not to be found herein. It is rather, in his view, that the upheaval without "is but the material 'signature' or externalization of forces in conflict upon withdrawn planes of life." In other words, he believes that at the present day there is that kind of apocalyptic "war in heaven" which "betokens the purgation of evil and dispersion of darkness, materialism and selfishness, before the advancing ingress of the Light of the World into the body corporate of humanity." The world and the Churches are both in the melting-pot. The seeds of a larger good have been sown already, and this war is evidence of their vitality. It is evidence also that human experience is in a stage unattained previously and one preparatory to a deeper realization of "the mystical corporation of God and Man."

The last issue of *The Open Court* illustrates its devotion to the science of religion and the religion of science, those putative objects mentioned on its cover, by an entire dedication to the question of the European War from a pro-German standpoint. The reason lies on the surface. The founder, one E. C. Hegeler, was born at Bremen in 1835, while its editor and incessant contributor P. Carus is also German by birth. He is the organizer, moreover, of a publishing company which produces *The Open Court* and its *alter ego*, *The Monist*. The particular festival of cultured mind and flow of patriotic soul may be said to begin with an article by Haeckel on "England's Blood-Guilt in the



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World War," and it is good reading—though not in the sense intended by him who is its writer. That the blame rests on Germany is patently false because the Emperor William II has done everything in his power to preserve the blessings of peace. That it does rest upon England is not less patently true, the proof being that her declaration of war had long been in readiness. Such are evidential values from a biologist's point of view. There follows a certain Professor Burgess, who calls himself "an Anglo-American of the earliest stock," adding, in case this should seem insufficient, that he belongs to "the most pronounced type." However, all that he possesses of "higher learning has been won in Germany." Less hysterical than Haeckel, who screams for "liberation from the unbearable yoke under which the British Empire would bend all other peoples," he is content to "draw back with dismay" from the picture of Russia dominating the European continent and Britain ruling over the seas. To minimize such possibilities he falsifies the political situation which led to English intervention. The rest of the number, to an extent exceeding fifty solid pages, is occupied by the editor, who approaches his subject from all possible points. Pan-Slavism appears as a conspiracy; the breach of neutrality in respect of Belgium was the mere pretext for a war already planned; the German cause has been, apparently from the beginning, a fight for very life. As regards the foes of Germany, General French "is proud of having escaped annihilation." Finally, there is the question of Militarism, and at this we pause to offer our becoming respects, because P. Carus announces that "if there is anyone outside of Germany who can speak with authority" on this subject, he is the man. He testifies therefore with authority and not as the scribes. We are instructed to realize that the German Army differs from any other, but especially from that of England, in the fact that it is "the German people in arms" and that "the fatherland does not enlist mercenaries." Now, we can tolerate this kind of thing because it is a rubbish heap which stands at an obvious value; but we confess to a sense of impatience when the writer offers some advice to his "dear English friends." Very civilly he invites us to believe that we are blind, that we are going to our own ruin and that we have done "a grievous wrong." Above all, our generals should be "replaced by capable men." We shall look forward to a much later issue of *The Open Court*, when the great thing which is now being done in the world, outside all seeking of ours, has reached its final term. Mean-

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while, so far as "dear English friends" are concerned, *Tace*, Carus!

In the last issue of *The Co-Mason* we confess to a particular interest in what is written from "The Master's Chair." Though in the form of occasional remarks, it fills nearly a third of the number and is entirely outside the subject-matter of Masonry. It is most informing, however, on such extrinsic considerations as the history of Poland and on the Pontificate of Pius X, the latter in particular being treated from a broad standpoint which calls for our best sympathy and earns our highest praise. Among the short papers that follow there is an account of Rosslyn Chapel and its Masonic connections which furnishes much information in summary form.

It is possible that our valued American friend *The New Age* might take a lesson of tolerance on questions of religion from its unorthodox contemporary mentioned in the preceding lines. For some reason which, to write with moderation, is obscure on our side of the Atlantic, this official organ of the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite in its Southern Jurisdiction seems incessant in its diatribes against the Roman Church in America as if the *Humanum Genus* Encyclical of Leo XIII would never be effaced from its memory. However, in the last number a member of the thirty-third degree has come to believe that there is a surer way of warfare than by the expenditure of "tons of paper" and "gallons of ink." He gives a bird's-eye view of Catholic institutions in Quebec, which provide for "every phase of human need, human suffering and human hope," and are open to everyone "regardless of faith." Here is a system of propaganda which, the writer thinks, is more of a practical success than the above-mentioned gallons and tons. The counsel to Masonry is therefore to do likewise. It is sound enough in its way, but in what manner the fuller development of Masonic benevolence, rivalling that of Catholicism, either will or need be part of a warfare against the latter must be left to those who can see.

We observe that *The American Theosophist*, which has just entered on its sixteenth volume, has decided to suspend publication, in order that it may give place to *The Theosophist* of Adyar.

We note that the December number of *Modern Astrology* contains the reply of a German astrologer to the remarks anent the war which appeared in the October issue of that magazine.

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# REVIEWS

PRACTICAL MYSTICISM. By Evelyn Underhill. London: J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd. Price 2*s.* 6*d.* net.

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE MYSTICAL LIFE. By Abbé Lejeune. London: R. & T. Washbourne, Ltd. Price 3*s.* 6*d.* net.

As Miss Underhill in the preface to her book points out, Mysticism is no hot-house plant, no reed to be broken by the stress of circumstances, but the crown and consummation of life, to which all are invited. And in the easy and finished style with which those who are acquainted with her works are already familiar, the author addresses herself, not to the learned or the devout, but to the normal, everyday man, and shows him how far from the dreamer and visionary the true mystic really is, and how sane and healthy, and indeed *essential* to man's wholeness, is the deeper insight into the heart of things which Mysticism brings. While her book is of a practical nature, it is far from a mere collection of cut-and-dried counsels. Rather is it a clear and skilful presentation of fundamental principles. We have nothing but praise for this, her latest effort, and there are none who can fail to be refreshed and inspired by its message, least of all the man in the street, for whom it is written.

In seeking to disabuse the mind of the inquirer of false notions with regard to Mysticism, Miss Underhill remarks that it is not synonymous with Catholic piety. Now, in comparing her work with that of the Abbé Lejeune, *An Introduction to the Mystical Life*, we find that the principles enunciated are identical, as indeed they must be, and that the mystical life of the Catholic is something far different from mere piety. At the very outset the neophyte is warned that he can do no more than prepare the soil, and that while earnest aspiration will call forth due response, that response is not ours to command. Humility, and still deeper humility, is the mystic's watchword, and those who follow the author's exposition of the qualities demanded of the soul ere she can tread the time-honoured Path, will see how every detail of the daily life is tinged with the great purpose of the aspirant. That purpose? To attain to the simplicity of mind and heart that shall see and feel God in all things and all things in God. To the devout the Abbé's treatise cannot but prove inspiring to the highest effort, whilst his persuasive and convincing style should go far to win the sympathetic attention of the non-Catholic to his discourse on the Way, as preserved in the traditions of the Roman Catholic Church.

Although addressed to rather divergent types of audience, the two books are complementary each to each, and we would urge the serious inquirer to a careful perusal of both. H. J. S.

THE BIRTHDAY BOOK. By Mrs. Cecil Crofts. London: William Rider & Son, Ltd. Price 5*s.* net.

IT would be possible to write a long scientific discourse on the probability of the premisses assumed by the author of this attractive-looking birthday book, and without violation to the canons of most exact orthodoxy, argue



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for a belief in the view that every day of the year has a psychic characteristic of its own. This is the *raison d'être* of the present charming little volume. As to the symbolism attached to the various days of the year, and the psychic interpretations set upon them, this must be left entirely to the judgment of those who are fortunate enough to possess birthdays. The mere fact of being born on a particular day does not give us any proprietorship in that part of the calendar. Birthdays are of two sorts, those that fit us and those that we fit. If we are good enough or great enough to make a birthday worth recording, then in a very real sense we may be said to possess a birthday. The tacit suggestion here is that birthdays possess us and that we are what we are—at our best, be it observed—by reason of our having been born on a particular day. We can have no quarrel with so convenient a process in nature which makes of every man a slave with a written permit to extend his powers indefinitely and make of himself what he can, even to the point of gaining his own freedom. But while you are on "the Spiral Staircase" or "the Bridge" connecting two Islands, or even "taking tea on a cottage lawn" (the 7th of May being found altogether suitable for that little domestic ceremony), it seems that you have your limitations and must make the most of them.

At the same time you must not forget your opportunities, and if you are in the way to make a suitable birthday or Christmas present, you certainly cannot do better than avail yourself of the opportunity afforded by this neat and attractive little volume.

SCRUTATOR.

PROPHECIES AND OMENS OF THE GREAT WAR. By Ralph Shirley, Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW, Author of "The New God," etc. London: Messrs. Wm. Rider & Son, Ltd., 8 Paternoster Row, E.C. 1914. Price 6*d*. net.

THERE is no more fascinating form of occultism than "the art of seeing things to come," and the editor of the OCCULT REVIEW has rendered a very useful service in gathering together this noteworthy collection of Prophecies and Omens of the Great War. Several of the predictions are already familiar to readers of the OCCULT REVIEW in "Notes of the Month" during September, October and November, but many others have been added to the collection, and most people will be glad to have them bound together for reference in this handy form, which is quite a vade-mecum of current tradition. The now famous prophecy of Frater Johannes, which was published by M. Peladan in the Paris *Figaro* and identifies the Kaiser with Antichrist, aroused some doubts as to its genuineness on account of the almost-too-remarkable accuracy of its forecast of events. Mr. Shirley, however, at the moment of going to press, received further information showing that the prediction had been in existence at any rate for a number of years. No less striking than some of the prophecies are the astrological forecasts also included in this little book, which the author prefaces by a short but extremely interesting Introduction dealing with the scientific justification of the gift of seership and the illusory nature of our present conception of Time and Space.

EDITH K. HARPER.

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### PROGRAMME FOR DECEMBER, 1914.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 2. *Afternoon*, 4 *p.m.* Drawing Room Tea at 4 o'clock, followed at 4.30 p.m. by Lecture by Dr. F. Gilbert Scott on "Some Phenomena of Hypnotism."

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 4. *Afternoon*, 4.30 p.m. Club Drawing Room Tea followed by Lecture on "The Psychic Realm," by Mrs. A. Boddington.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 6. *Evening*, 8 p.m. Mr. Raymond Blathwayt. Lecture on "Character and the War." The Chair will be taken by Mr. Harry de Windt, the famous explorer.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 8. *Evening*, 8 *p.m.* Miss F. Scatcherd. Lecture, "The Fire Test Medium."

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 9. *Afternoon*, 4.30 *p.m.* Club Drawing Room Tea, followed by Lecture on "Christmas Superstitions," by Miss M. M. Lambert.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 11. *Afternoon*, 4.30 *p.m.* Club Drawing Room Tea followed by an Informal Chat on "Living," by Mr. H. Biden Steele.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 13. *Evening*, 8 *p.m.* Mr. Arthur Lovell. Lecture on "Psychic Healing."

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 15. *Evening*, 8 *p.m.* Mr. Arthur Cuthbert. Lecture, "Strange Developmens in the Bahai Movement."

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 16. *Afternoon*, 4.30 *p.m.* Club Drawing Room Tea, after which Mirza Assadullah of Ispahan, Persia, the aged companion of Baha'o'llah, will speak on the "Spiritual Nature of Man," and Dr. Ameen Fareed, his son, will also speak and interpret.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 18. *Evening*, 7 *p.m.* A "Ghost Story" Social Evening. Tickets will be 1s. each, to include refreshments. Members are requested to apply for tickets for themselves and friends as early as possible, as the Club can only hold a limited number. It is hoped that Members and Friends will come prepared to tell a Ghost Story from their own experience. Miss Felicia R. Scatcherd has kindly consented to preside on this occasion.

### NOTICE.

Every Tuesday afternoon at 3.30 p.m. a Class for Development is being held by Miss Violet Burton, entitled "Your Better Self Class," to which all Members are invited.

Every Thursday Afternoon at 3.30 p.m. a Meeting for Discussion on "The Theosophic Christhood and Colour Music and the light they combine to throw on the problems of our times," is held by Mrs. E. S. Gaskell, to which Members are invited.

For particulars of membership apply to the Secretary, Miss N. Savage, at the Club.

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SHADOWS CAST BEFORE. An Anthology of Prophecies and Presentiments. By Claud Field. $7\frac{1}{4}$ in. × $4\frac{3}{4}$ in., pp. 223. Cheaper Edition. Price (paper covers) 1s. net.

THE reception of the first edition of this book has been so encouraging that the publishers have now issued this cheaper edition in paper covers at 1s. net. The work contains accounts of fulfilled presentiments and prophecies as occurring to over one hundred and twenty subjects, culled from many sources and referring to various times and places. Naturally the evidential value of such accounts is very uneven. Some of the stories may be dismissed as quite legendary; but others do not admit of this easy explanation, a case in point being that related by Colonel Meadows-Taylor. The whole question of planetary influence—a very difficult problem indeed—is involved in this narration; but in other cases, at least, *e.g.*, that of Prof. Boehm, we have, I think, fairly clear evidence of the workings of the subconscious self—its powers of acute observation and rapid deduction of probable results. At any rate, Mr. Field has compiled a work containing data of much interest and value to the psychologist, and which is well calculated to make every reader exert his thinking powers; and as Mr. Field suggests, the phenomena he deals with are such as to give man a higher idea of the nature of his soul and its potentialities.

H. S. REDGROVE.

INWARD VISION. By the Ven. Basil Wilberforce, D.D. London: Elliott Stock. Pp. 188. Price 3s. net.

ARCHDEACON WILBERFORCE is so well-known as a broad-minded and sympathetic preacher that this new collection of thirteen sermons hardly needs recommendation. They are illumined by the clearness of thought and deep spirituality of feeling which have long endeared him to a large circle of hearers and readers, and none who value these qualities can fail to close the book with a sense of refreshment. The training of the spiritual sight, social reforms, the power of thought, the breaking-down of sectarian barriers, the life after death, the nature of animals—these are a few of the subjects touched upon in its pages; and the final sermon—on "Angels"—brings the book to a fitting and beautiful close.

E. M. M.

THE BOOK OF TALISMANS, AMULETS AND ZODIACAL GEMS. By William Thomas and Kate Pavitt. $8\frac{1}{2}$ in. × $5\frac{1}{2}$ in., pp. xx + 292 + 11 plates. London: William Rider & Son, Ltd., Cathedral House, Paternoster Row, E.C. Price 7s. 6d. net.

THOSE of my readers who know Mr. Pavitt as a designer and worker of talismanic jewellery will particularly welcome this book, in which he has embodied the fruits of many years' study. Nor will they be disappointed; for the work is indeed a veritable mine of curious lore.

The book is divided into two parts. The first part deals with amulets and talismans in general; and the charms of various nations—India, China, Japan, Egypt, Greece, Rome, England—and sects fall for descriptive treatment. The section on Egyptian talismans is particularly interesting, and it is curious to find an early Egyptian prototype of the modern "Billiken" in Bes, the god of laughter, merry-making and good luck. The authors, however, fail to indicate the element phallicism played in the origin of certain Egyptian and other symbols—the *crux ansata*, for instance, is certainly phallic, and, as such, is a most appropriate symbol of life and fruition.

The second part of the book is concerned with astrological symbolism

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# OCCULT REVIEW

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE INVESTIGATION OF SUPER-NORMAL PHENOMENA AND THE STUDY OF PSYCHOLOGICAL PROBLEMS.

EDITED BY RALPH SHIRLEY

*"Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri"*

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Contributors are specially requested to put their name and address, legibly written, on all manuscripts submitted.

VOL. XXI. FEBRUARY 1915 No. 2


## NOTES OF THE MONTH

A CERTAIN amount of correspondence has naturally reached me in regard to my little book of Prophecies, and the records of predictions inserted in the OCCULT REVIEW. Various psychic experiences and dreams, having a[wall]rent reference to the coming war, have been sent to me, [as] certain correspondents state that the great event had be[en obse]revealed to them beforehand. I have not thought well to [ere] publicity to statements of this kind generally, as, however [Jes]uine they may be, they lack that corroboration which is essential to their obtaining general credence. I have also intentionally left on one side the question of Biblical predictions, as being rather dangerous ground. It has been intimated to me from certain quarters that I have omitted some predictions of importance, and among these is named that of the Persian prophet, Baha'u'llah. He is widely quoted, I believe with reason, to have foretold a general European war, to be followed by an era of peace, though I cannot gather that his prediction was other than a very general one.

CORRESPONDENCE ON PROPHECIES.



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In an appeal dated October 4, 1914, his successor, Abdul Baha Abbas, alludes to Baha'u'llah's proclamation of fifty years ago, and his letters sent to the European rulers of that date warning them that the danger of a gigantic war menaced the Continent, and calling upon them in the name of humanity to take steps in time to ward off the threatened calamity. He is quoted * as stating that "the combustible materials which are stored in the infernal arsenals of Europe will explode by the contact with one spark," and that "the Balkans will become a volcano and the map of Europe will be changed." He feared "that the realization of universal war was inevitable," and though he seems to have given no dates, he foresaw the nature and cause of the war, if not with prophetic insight, at least with the prescience of true statesmanship.

A further question has been raised by the war, and this is the method of prediction from certain calculations based on the length of the passages in the Great Pyramid. A learned, but I am sure very misleading, book was written on this subject by the late Professor Piazzi Smyth. There have been also other books written on this subject, and it is only fair to mention that the Edgars' book on this subject fixes "the loosing of the devil and the end of the age of the Gentiles for the autumn of 1914." A new spiritual era, it is stated, is to follow a period of world chaos. This reference was quoted by Mr. Tudor Pole in a recent lecture given on "Some Deeper Aspects of the War" at the Caxton Hall, Westminster, on November 28 last. Another saying, which he quoted as being a well-known prediction in the Balkan peninsula, is to the effect that when the White Pope and the Black Pope should die during the same night, following this sign there would dawn upon humanity the Great White Day. The Black Pope is of course the head of the Jesuit fraternity, and it is not a little curious that Pope Pius X and the Jesuit Order died within two hours of each other.

THE BLACK AND WHITE POPES.

I have already inserted a letter in last month's issue dealing with a curious superstition with regard to the recapture of Constantinople by the Christians. Mrs. Powell (my correspondent) gives this tradition as it was told her at Constantinople. Another correspondent draws my attention to the fact that the story is narrated in a book dealing with the Fall of Constantinople by Chedomil Mijatovitch, late Servian Minister at the

* For Bahaist literature apply to Mrs. George, 32 Argyll Mansions, Chelsea, London, S.W.

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Court of St. James, whose interest in psychical matters is well known. The passage runs :—

> When the Janissaries broke open the principal door (of St. Sophia), the priests had mysteriously disappeared. A legend was afterwards spread that, at the approach of the Janissaries, one of the church walls near the altar miraculously opened to admit the priest carrying the sacred jewels, and closed again after he had entered. According to this legend the same priest will reappear, coming out from the same wall, to continue the interrupted service on the day on which an orthodox emperor re-conquers Constantinople from the Turks.

Another prediction to which I have alluded briefly is that of the Dominican André Bobola, who was murdered at Janow by the Cossacks in 1673. This Polish saint is stated to have appeared in 1819 to a monk in the convent of Wilna in Lithuania. An account of this strange apparition is given in a book to which I have already alluded, *Voix Prophetiques* (Paris, 1872). In telling the story the editor observes: "One might affirm that Poland is a country without a future, had it not been that the promises of Heaven have given us an assurance to the contrary." The monk of Wilna had made a special appeal to this Polish saint and, in answer apparently to his prayer, there appeared to him, just as he was retiring for the night, in the middle of his cell, a venerable figure wearing the costume of a Jesuit, who announced himself to be Father Korzeniecki, and bade him open the window, when he would perceive things that he had never yet seen. At these words the Dominican in amazement opened his window, and looking out perceived, not the narrow garden of the convent with its surrounding wall, as he anticipated, but immense plains stretching as far as the horizon. "The scene which is unfolded before you," observed the saintly apparition, "is the territory of Pinsk, where I had the glory of suffering martyrdom for the faith of Jesus Christ. But look again and you will learn that which you desire to know." At this moment, as the father looked out a second time, the plain appeared to him on a sudden covered with innumerable masses of Russian, Turkish, French, English, Austrian and Prussian soldiers, whom the holy man was able only partly to distinguish, fighting in a horrible melée, such as is seen only in the most sanguinary wars. The father understood nothing of this frightful spectacle, and turned to the blessed martyr for an explanation. "When," said the latter, "the war which has just been portrayed for your benefit shall have given place to peace once more, then Poland

THE BLESSED ANDRÉ BOBOLA.

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will be re-established, and I shall become recognized as its patron saint."

As the Dominican, rejoicing at the message but fearing nevertheless that he might be the victim of an illusion, asked for a sign of its reality, "It is I," replied the apparition, "who give you the assurance of all this. The vision which you have witnessed is real and actual, and everything shall take place as I have announced it. Now take your rest, but to give you a sign of the truth of what you have seen and heard, I will, before departing, leave an impression of my hand on your writing table." Saying these words, the saint touched with his hand the table of Father Korzeniecki, and immediately disappeared. On coming to himself the Dominican approached his table, and saw there clearly outlined the imprint of the right hand of André Bobola. He showed the marks on the following morning to the astonished monks, detailing the circumstances of his vision.

A SIGN FROM HEAVEN.

Discussion has arisen with regard to the exact locality of the places mentioned in the prophecy of Mayence, as those in the proximity of which the final battle was to take place. As to three of these there is no doubt whatever, the only place in question being that described in the fourth verse as *Bouleaux*. One of my correspondents writes that *Bouleaux* translated into German gives *Birken*,* and alludes to a place called Birkenfeld in the Palatinate. This, as a matter of fact, is too far away for it to have any bearing on the question. It will, however, be noted that there is a place called Berkum towards which an army located as indicated in the prediction would presumably be advancing. The subjoined map will make this fact clear. The places named in the prophecy are given, and also the position of Essen, alluded to in the prophecy of the Monk Johannes, is also shown. This is the locality "where Antichrist forges his arms." The words of verse 14 of the Prophecy of Mayence state (it will be remembered) that the victor shall on the day of the last battle "command seven kinds of soldiers against three to the quarter of Bouleaux between Ham, Werle and Paderborn." I merely put forward the suggestion with regard to Bouleaux in quite a tentative manner, and without authority, and if any of my readers can give me authentic information on the subject I shall be much obliged. I have been unable to trace the name on the map.

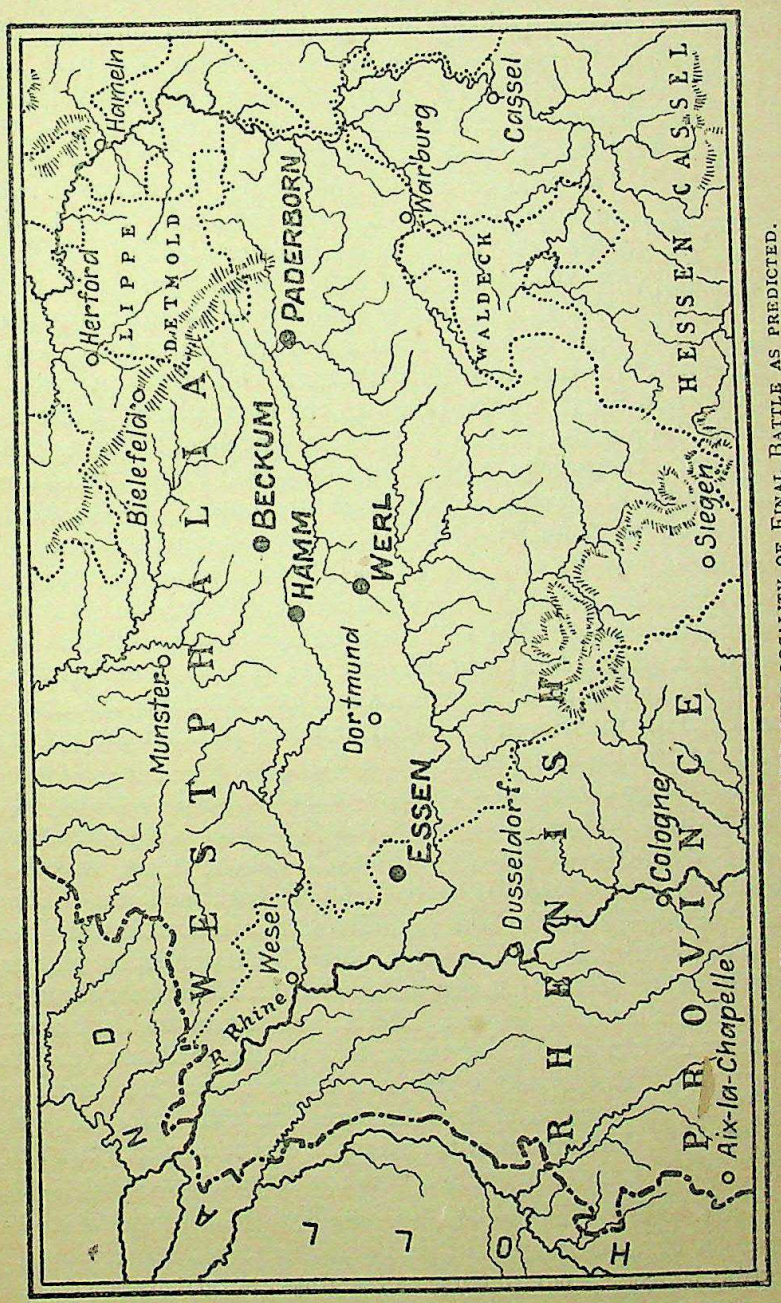
THE SITE OF THE FINAL BATTLE.

* The two words mean "Birches" in French and German respectively. —ED.

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MAP OF WESTPHALIA, ILLUSTRATING LOCALITY OF FINAL BATTLE AS PREDICTED.

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Another prediction which, however, only bears indirectly on the war, has been alluded to by me in an earlier number; this is the prediction of St. Malachi about the popes, and the Latin mottoes descriptive of their reigns. My remarks have led to some further inquiry on this subject, and I therefore give the last eleven Latin mottoes dealing as it is assumed with the eleven last popes destined to occupy St. Peter's Chair. This list commences with Leo XIII, who is described by the phrase "Lumen in Cœlo," a light in heaven. The late Pope Pius X figures as "Ignis Ardens," alluding presumably to his zeal and ardent piety. The reign of the present occupant of the Chair, Pope Benedict XV, is described by the phrase "Religio Depopulata," religion laid waste. Then follow in the order given "Fides Intrepida," undaunted faith; "Pastor Angelicus," the angelic shepherd; "Pastor et Nauta," Shepherd and Pilot; "Flos florum," flower of flowers; "De Medietate Lunæ," by the intervention of the Moon *; "De Labore Solis," from the labour (or travail) of the Sun; "De Gloriâ Olivæ," from the glory of the olive. For the last of the Popes the prophecy adds (I subjoin the translation only here), "In the last persecution of the Holy Catholic Church, Peter the Roman will sit (on the Pontifical chair). He will feed his sheep amid many tribulations, whereafter the City of the Seven Hills will be destroyed and the terrible Judge will judge His people."

THE PROPHECIES OF ST. MALACHI.

Sometimes these papal mottoes seem intended to convey the most striking incident in the Pope's apostolate. At others they seem descriptive of the Pope himself. Then, again, in other cases they give some characteristic of his term of office. Thus Pius VI, who was Pope during the French Revolution, is described by the motto "Peregrinus Apostolicus," the apostolic pilgrim or wanderer. Pius VI was carried off from Rome in February, 1798, and thrown into prison at Sienna. From thence he was successively removed to Florence, to Bologna, to Parma, and to Turin, and finally was taken across the border to Briançon and to Valence. In this latter place he died on August 24, 1799. His successor, Pius VII, had for his motto "Aquila Rapax," ravaging eagle, symbolic of the imperial eagle of Napoleon, at whose coronation

APPROPRIATE MOTTOES.

* This interpretation is given with some diffidence, but is, I think, probably correct. I have referred on the subject to Du Cange's "Glossarium mediæ et infimae Latinitatis," the leading authority on mediæval Latin. There is no such word in classical Latin.

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he was destined to attend, though he was not allowed to crown the Imperial despot, who placed the orb upon his own head. Another motto of a suggestive kind is that of Gregory XVI, 1841–1846, "De Balneis Etruriæ" (From the Baths of Etruria). Gregory XVI belonged to a religious order (the Carmaldules), whose parent monastery was situated in Etruria at a spot which once bore the Roman name of Balnæum, the Bath, the place having been formerly what we should now call a *Spa*. Pius IX, again, who was deprived of the temporal power, bore the motto of "Crux de Cruce," suggestive of the humiliation which his reign underwent. The mottoes naturally vary greatly in their appropriateness. Those who take them seriously will look for the final end of papal power after another eight pontificates, say in a little over a century from the present date. A future generation must be left to determine the precise value attaching to this celebrated prophecy.

One peculiarity of the present war, and I think a by no means surprising one, is that it has set so many people dreaming in an altogether abnormal and unusual way. Among other communications, I have received from a reader of the OCCULT REVIEW an account of the dreams of a young lady of her acquaintance, which commenced in the early spring of the present year, and have continued, I understand, up to date. Reaching me after the war had broken out, they cannot, of course, be taken as in any way evidential. Nor are they perhaps sufficiently precise and definite for us to be entitled to describe them as exactly prophetic. At the same time they are curiously illustrative of the symbolic way in which dreams seem half to convey coming events to our minds and half to withhold their interpretation. I think that this dream record is probably typical of many other dream-land experiences, and I hope it may be considered of sufficient interest to put on record in these columns even if it is in no way sensational in character.

A DREAM RECORD.

A young lady of my acquaintance (writes my correspondent) has had what must be described as a consecutive series of dreams—that commenced in the early spring of this year—and has continued up till the present time. The dreams are so curious that I only regret not putting them down as they were given to me—each one immediately after it was dreamed. The first one, of which I was told soon after last Christmas (i.e. Christmas 1913), was more of a vision than a dream proper.

The lady had retired to bed and was lying quiescent, but by no means asleep, when she had the impression of looking at a stone wall.

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SYMBOLICAL WAR DREAMS.

The stone wall faded away, and what at first appeared to her to be a luxuriant garden was shown, with trees and plants that are unknown in England. As she continued to look, fascinated at this beautiful garden, she perceived to her surprise that it was filled with graves surmounted by English tombstones. She was puzzled by the fact of the incongruity of this oriental garden or cemetery containing English graves. The garden faded and the wall reappeared. This occurred twice, after which all was a blank.

The next dream was of a street in a continental city. The lady especially noted the cobblestones common to such places. As she looked about her, she recognized that she was in the Avenue Louise—in Brussels—a place she knew well. A funeral was moving along the Avenue in the direction of the Bois. The curious thing about the funeral was that the cortège was drawn, not by horses but by a motor, at the back of which were effigies of large size, of bulls ornamented with garlands of coloured flowers, the class of thing that is common enough in a continental carnival but curiously out of place on a hearse.

The next dream was perhaps the most remarkable. The lady was again in a Continental town—again she observed the cobblestones—but on this occasion she could not locate what place she was in. She saw herself, so to speak, looking up in common with crowds of people. The sky was overcast with a dense black cloud, in the centre of which two monster eagles were fighting. As they fought, one, the smaller of the two, was killed and fluttered down on to its nest and there died. There was one point about this dream which is very curious. During the time the eagles fought, a device was shown of numerous coats of arms, but though the lady did her best to make these out, she was unable to do so.

The next dream was that this lady was sitting somewhere with a friend—a white cloud-like fog arose, and in the fog thousands of forms were shown rising. She said to the friend in alarm "What is this? Is it the end of the world?" to which the friend answered, "No, do not be afraid. It is only the vast numbers of dead that are being shown to us."

The lady had during this first period before the war quite a number of dreams that appeared to deal with nothing but horrors—streets of cobblestones running with blood, deaths and funerals. None of these were as clear and concise as the ones I have related, but all very impressive, and invariably portrayed as taking place in continental towns or villages. One that she had during this early period is well worthy of note. She dreamed that she and her mother were in France (the lady had spent a great part of her very early life on the Continent). She thought that she was there again and that her sister who is dead met them dressed in black and sternly warned them immediately to go back home. The place they were in was overcast, and everything appeared very dark.

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Now these dreams were all dreamed at least two months prior to there being any suggestion as to the possibility of a war. The dreams that she has had since are quite as interesting, but of course not as remarkable now that war is the centre of concentrated public thought.

The lady dreamed a short time before the report of the death of the Kaiser's fourth son Adalbert that she saw the Kaiser dressed entirely in black regimentals, even the helmet being entirely black, and the words presented themselves to her—that he had painted himself black—but whether this referred to private bereavement or the outrages of his army she had no idea or any suggestion to make.

Another dream following this one was that of a lion and lioness and cubs. The cubs appeared to fall down some precipitous place, upon which the lioness sprang upon them and devoured them.

The last dream the lady had was of some big iron gates being shown to her which were thrown open, and she saw written "THE WAY TO BERLIN."

This lady has never associated with mediums, nor has she any acquired knowledge of occult matters, as her family have a great distaste for the subject, and she has no theory as to her dreams, which come without any conscious volition on her part. She is evidently an extremely powerful natural medium, and coming events are projected on her subconscious mind as pictures thrown upon a screen.

Since these dreams were recorded the lady in question has had two more, both remarkable and to the point. Two days before the death of Prince Maurice of Battenberg she dreamed that she saw the Queen of Spain engaged in measuring out yards and yards of crepe. Nothing further was shown, but the picture was a very vivid one and made a deep impression on the dreamer. (It will be remembered that Prince Maurice was brother to the Queen of Spain.)

Again she dreamed, and this time it was of the sea. She was looking out over a wide expanse of water, when on the horizon she perceived a ship making for England. The sky was overcast, and, as she looked, a shaft of brilliant sunlight broke through the clouds and fell directly on the ship, and she read the word "Australia." This was some two or three weeks before the brilliant action of the Australian Navy in the destruction of the *Emden*.

WHEN THE WAR WILL END.

Questions have, not unnaturally, frequently been asked as to when the War is likely to end. I see that Mme de Thèbes, in her New Year's prognostications, to which I shall refer next month, states that she expects the War to be over some time between March and July. This is in accordance with the observations I made myself in the astrological section of the Book of *Prophecies of the War*. The most favourable time of all appears to be the months of June and July, and I very much doubt if the War,

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at its very longest, will outlast the propitious influences of this time. There is great diversity of opinion as to whether the War in Germany will eventuate in internal revolution or otherwise. My own opinion, for what it is worth, is that it *will* eventuate in revolution. The third quarter of 1915 may be overclouded by internal disturbances in more European countries than one, and the return of the Continent to normal conditions may thus be delayed. In alluding to the termination of the War, I must not be considered as making any forecast with regard to Turkey and the Balkan States.

A correspondent, Mr. James Charters, having seen the illustrations in the Christmas number of the OCCULT REVIEW, has sent me a very curious and apparently symbolic picture, which he drew and painted automatically only a few months ago. The picture in question is very elaborately coloured, but I am afraid I cannot undertake to reproduce any more coloured illustrations for the present, as the process is naturally an expensive one. I am therefore giving it in black and white, which will at least serve to show its curious and intricate design. I do not know how readers will interpret this strange tapestry, but its draughtsman claims to see in it the following: The Sun, Moon, and stars; birds of the air, fish of the sea, fowls and reptiles, representing the earth. Each thing, he says, has its mouth open, and they all seek to devour each other. Is it, we may ask, in some way symbolic of the present great European catastrophe? or, alternatively, is it a translation into symbolic art of Tennyson's line, "Nature red in tooth and claw"? Or, on the other hand, are we to take it as a vision of the primeval world; in accordance with the title given it by its artist, "In the Beginning"? I gather that Mr. Charters has never attempted anything of this kind before, and certainly, for a first effort, if I may so call it, the result is very singular and striking. As regards the interpretation, I take no responsibility. There may be those among OCCULT REVIEW readers to whom it will convey a totally pifferent message or meaning. Mr. J. Charters writes as follows with regard to it :—

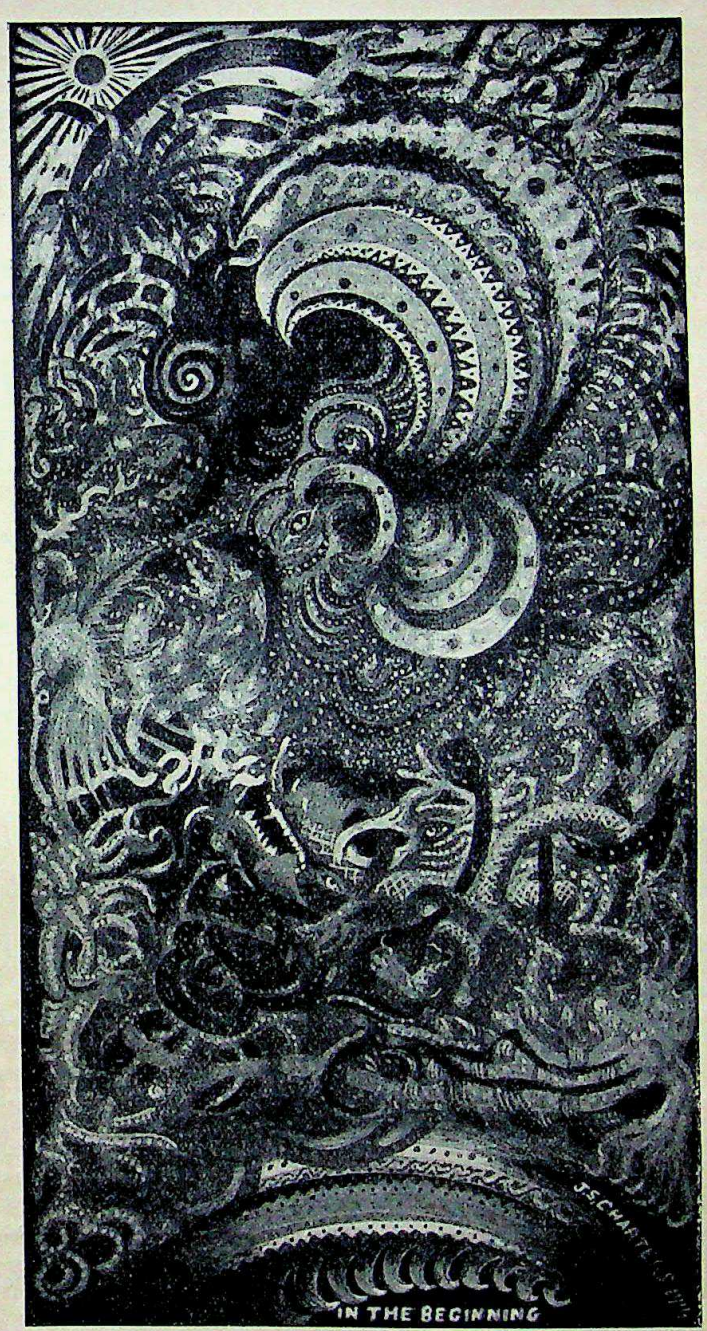
A STRANGE DESIGN.

I have sent on for your inspection a small psychic picture painted by me some few months ago. One Sunday evening I went by chance from Worthing to Brighton, and made my way into the Windsor Hall there, and during the service my eyes were drawn to what I thought the strangest painting I had ever seen. I tried in vain to make out what it was, for although it was beautiful, yet I could not make it out. [I take it that this painting was seen clairvoyantly.—ED.] When I retired that

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MR. CHARTERS' PSYCHIC PAINTING.



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THE STORY OF A PSYCHIC PAINTING.

Sunday night my brain was very active during sleep. I saw a number of struggling forms of things, I knew not what. The following evening, just as I was about to retire for the night, I picked up a small piece of card and commenced to draw something, not realizing what I was drawing, and continued from about 11 till 12.30. That Monday night my brain was even more disturbed in sleep than was the case the night before. On Tuesday night, about 11 o'clock, I again took up my card to finish my drawing, which I had completed by 12.30. I never corrected any part of it where my pencil made a mark, and it so remained till finished. Then commenced the painting in water-colour, always between 11 and 12.30 midnight. This occupied seven or eight evenings.



In the above group Miss Campbell is the second from the right in the back row. On the extreme left is Madame Leroque, the head of the ward.

My feelings at the time of painting the picture are impossible to describe. All I can say is that I felt as if I were leaving the earth. I could see nothing but my "finished" picture, even before I had started it. I had never to stop once to think of the next step to take. My brush could not have made a mistake even had I been sound asleep. From the centre of the picture I worked upwards. The sensations experienced were not of this earth; all was too peaceful. Then I worked from the centre to the bottom of the picture, and as I neared the foot of the picture so I drew nearer to earth again. I felt that keen disappointment we always experience after achieving some special thing which we have set our heart upon. When the picture was finished and I took down the message given me by spirit friends I felt quite disappointed. I should have liked it to have lasted for quite a long time. I never thought there was anything

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extraordinary about the painting until I happened to show it to a friend, who seemed greatly surprised at my having done such a thing. Seeing that he regarded it as something extraordinary, I had it framed and hung it in my bedroom for many weeks. One day I thought my people at home might like a photograph of it. I forgot to mention that when I took up my card to paint on it I never noticed that it was not quite square, and I had to take a mere shaving off one side. What was my surprise to find, on taking the photograph, that the negative brought out the picture absolutely as it was at first, larger on the top.*

This is the result of my first attempt at psychic work, but I feel that it will not be my last. I know that I am well guided by spirit friends,



In this group Miss Campbell is the third from the left in the back row. Dr. Grandhomme, the surgeon, is standing forward with his back to the window. The matron occupies the centre of the front row.

one in particular, who, whenever I long or wish for a thing, sends it to me. I have received most wonderful and impossible things in this way. I wish seriously for a thing, and forget it, and perhaps a month or even a year passes, but my spirit friends do not forget, and I receive it. My dreams are almost always three days previous to what takes place, and nearly always come true.

Pictures sometimes move on the walls when I enter a place. When I am about to hear very special news about any friend of whom I have a portrait, the photograph will not keep still, and will fall in an unaccountable manner on to the floor. In one case a friend of mine was prevented by a railway accident from keeping his appointment to dine with me. I could not keep his photograph still. I actually laid it on its back on the

* The reproduction given is taken from the original, not from the photograph.—Ed.

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mantelshelf, and started dinner alone, knowing that something had happened, when the photo flew to my feet from a distance of some seven or eight feet away. Next day I learned the news of the disaster, but my friend was fortunately NOT hurt.

THE RED CROSS HOSPITAL AT S. GERMAIN-EN-LAYE.

I made an appeal last month on behalf of the Red Cross Hospital (auxiliary) at Saint Germain-en-Laye, where Miss Phyllis Campbell, an occasional but valued contributor to the OCCULT REVIEW, has been nursing since the commencement of the war. I gave no particulars last month, which doubtless partly accounts for the rather scanty response of my readers. To-day I am making good this omission, and I much hope that those who are regular readers and can afford at least half-a-crown will be kind enough to lend a helping hand. I most fully recognize the scarcity of money at the present time and the numerous calls for help when there are so many, who are usually well off, but who now do not know how to make two ends meet, owing to financial losses due to the war. For this reason I have felt some hesitation in making the appeal. I would point out, however, that it is by no means the practice of the Editor to make such requests. My only excuse at the present time is the urgency of the need and the fact that those who help will undoubtedly contribute to the saving of the lives of many who have sacrificed themselves for their country's welfare, and indeed its security. I append two hospital photographs, giving convalescents, nurses and the doctor of "Salle C," where Miss Campbell is nursing. The contributions at the moment of going to press, which I beg to acknowledge with many thanks, are as follows:—

OCCULT REVIEW, £2 2*s.*; M. S., 10*s.*; M. L. L., 2*s.* 6*d.*; P. R., 2*s.* 6*d.*; J. F., 5*s.*; P. V., 3*s.*; Denise, 5*s.*; Sec., 5*s.*; S. P., 2*s.* 6*d.*; M. S., 2*s.* 6*d.*; H. K.. 2*s.* 6*d.*; T. R., 2*s.* 6*d.*

"THE PRINCIPLES OF TANTRA."

I am asked to draw attention to a new and important work by "Mr. Arthur Avalon," the *nom de plume* of an eminent writer on Indian religious philosophy. The book is entitled *The Principles of Tantra*, Part I, and is published by Messrs. Luzac & Co., at 10*s.* net. The aim of the work is to give an exposition of Hindu religious orthodoxy. A large part of the volume consists of a translation of a treatise by a learned Indian pundit, *The Tantra-Tattva*. Mr. Arthur Avalon enters very fully into the origin and date of Tantrik worship, and its essential characteristics, as distinguished from the accretions of subsequent ages.

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# DAVID PATTERSON HATCH*

## (A PHILOSOPHER OF THE SOUL)

By AN OLD FRIEND

WHEN there dies a man respecting whom popular interest is so aroused that the world desires to know more of him—of his human side generally too much is expected of those who really know. It is forgotten that the numberless intimate views of the character of our dead friend were given only to the eyes and ears he intended to confide in. And the death that closed the lips of permission, likewise should stand as a barrier to the eyes of curiosity. For from himself we have learned that nothing should be said of the dead that we would not say in their living presence. And those confidences of the living which we would not exploit, should remain sacred to the living dead. But, with propriety, enough may be said to indicate, in a general way, what sort of a man was this who is startling the world.

Many years ago the writer, as one of two clerks, entered the law office of Judge David P. Hatch in Los Angeles, and a number of years later, by his generous gift, became the successor to his practice. The business intimacy thus established extended over a period of nearly ten years.

Judge Hatch was a lawyer who did not practise law with his nose pressed down between the covers of his book. Rather his eyes looked out over its pages squarely into the face of Justice. He seemed to have had little need of law books, except as he used them to convince the court that he was right. His knowledge of the principles of law was remarkable. Almost it might be said that his memory was his law library. The ordinary lawyer learns caution from the uncertainties of the law, and prefers to "look up" the decisions before advising his client. To do otherwise is not commendable, unless a lawyer not only knows, but also knows that he knows. Judge Hatch always was able to advise off-hand; and I feel bound to credit him with this finality of conviction.

Generally he was at his office early in the morning—at or before eight o'clock. But he burdened his mind very little with routine or rule. His favourite maxim was: "Whatever is, is

* Author of *Letters from a Living Dead Man.* London: W. Rider & Son, Ltd. 3*s.* 6*d.* net.



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right." At first, in my unfamiliarity with the depths of his philosophy, I got the idea that he used this expression as the slogan of fatalism. But later I came to understand him as meaning only that everything results according to natural law; that man of his own free will does the act, and that God, or Nature, has foreordained the law that is always correctly applied to every act; so that always a correct result ensues.

Judge Hatch was one of the most uncomplaining of men. If a suspicion of pain on his face intimated distress, your anxious inquiry met the prompt and hearty response: "Couldn't be better'n live"—for the Judge often abbreviated his phrases. Being a typical Yankee from Maine, the word "law" was spoken "lor"; and "it wasn't so" became "'twant so."

Judge Hatch did not present to the world on Sunday any aspect of character or of conduct that he did not show to the world on Monday or Friday. His conduct of every day approached so closely the limits of his philosophy that, in my humble opinion, he taught it better by the acts of his daily life than by any word of mouth. He was less a hypocrite than any man with whom ever I had intimate association. He made no pretensions, and therefore had none to justify. More nearly he lived his philosophy than any preacher his creed. I say "philosophy," for to him creed and religion were but the lower steps of the pyramid, while the philosopher viewed the universe, and face to face talked with God, from the capstone.

With Judge Hatch in the prime of his career, law was practised as a profession. To-day it has become a business. Commercialism has driven the soul from it, and has hammered the remainder down to the level of book-keeping, efficiency and dictagraphs.

In our day the lawyer becomes alert and aggressive for clients and business—just short of printed advertising. But Judge Hatch's clients were of the kind he had "grappled to his soul with hooks of steel." Their goodwill was his constant and only advertisement.

As a human being, he made human errors, and had human faults; but as human errors and faults are so common, and this man's spiritual philosophy was so rare, we will prefer to consider this latter aspect of him, which almost completely characterized his last years.

Never was a man less of a toady; and few men were more approachable by friendship in distress. On one occasion I shall not forget, he neglected his office and its affairs, and devoted

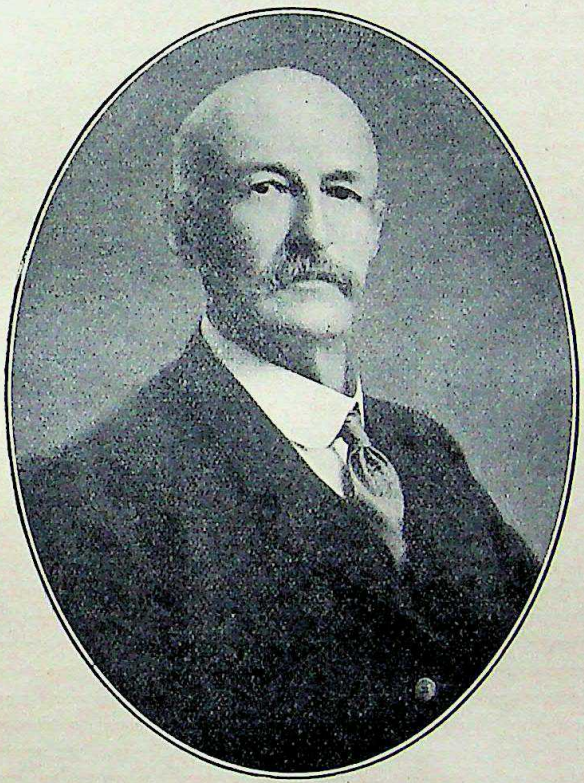
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several hours to a seedy-looking young man from his former home, for whom he went the round of friends in quest of employment—and he got him a job.

Some aspects of the man I never could understand. Outwardly he was as calm and serene as a majestic peak. Nevertheless, I believe, in his real self he was intensely nervous. Always I had the idea that his life was one of constant self-repression.



JUDGE D. P. HATCH.

I have seen him sitting in an attitude of apparent indifference and calm facial demeanour, confronting some grave perplexity, while his hands were shaking; giving the idea of quivering and rebellious nerves held in the grip of an iron will. I never heard him swear, but respecting such swearing as may be said to be employed to express emphasis and determination, he had no need of it, for, when occasion required, his face could look emphasis, determination and finality.

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He was as gentle in speech as he was kind in heart, but he could say "No" shortly and gently, and mean it for ever. Together for nearly ten years, the writer never received an unkind word from him; and, quite necessarily, had none to return. He seemed to be a man without stubbornness. If shown to be in error, he was as glad of the disclosure as he was prompt to rectify.

It is the writer's impression that his philosophic development did not begin seriously until 1896 or 1897, when he was about 50 years of age. But from that time onward, commencing with an abstention from liquor, meat-eating and smoking, gradually it took the form of subversion of body to will, intense philosophic meditation, study, and literary work.

For about seven years he served as a judge of the superior court of Santa Barbara county, near that of Los Angeles, in Southern California. He resigned his judgeship to practise law in Los Angeles. His clientèle was very diverse, ranging from some of the heaviest interests in Southern California down to the "charity work," much of which falls to the lot of every good lawyer.

To show what was thought of the man by his contemporaries, I am copying an editorial paragraph from the *Los Angeles Times*, the "Thunderer" of the West—a paper among the least likely of any in the world to indulge in fulsome eulogy:—

A GREAT MAN.

Former Judge David Patterson Hatch, who died in this city on Tuesday, was a remarkable man in many respects. While a just judge and profoundly learned in all law and practice, he was exceptionally versed in the deep philosophies of life. In these studies he had attained to a knowledge of universal law which, although natural to him, appeared as mysticism to those who had not followed his great mental strides. Many years ago he began the publication of a remarkable series of books under the Hindoo name of *Karishka*, the most noted of these being the famous novel, *El Reschid*. This is the story of a great master of wisdom. His works on the philosophy of the Hermetics and his *Scientific Occultism* have received a wide welcome from all students in that line of thought.

Judge Hatch's prevalent demeanour was calmly grave—not serious. Jocularity with him seemed to have been reserved for intimate friends and special occasions; otherwise, it was employed only as a courteous response to the gaiety of ordinary friendships. His nature was too deep and contemplative for more than occasional demonstrations of light-heartedness.

In philosophical discussions he could become intensely absorbed, so that often his mind sought expression faster than

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either his tongue or pen could travel. Sometimes this led to faulty rhetoric or spelling, the mind being too intensely engaged in its own operations to afford aid to a floundering tongue or pen. This did not result as a matter of ignorance, for the Judge was a learned man, a graduate from the law school of Ann Arbor, one of the most renowned colleges of law in the world. It was the Judge's mind that was learned, not his pen or merely his tongue.

In the old political regime in California, now passed away —the day of conventions and of the eminence of men of great political leadership—Judge Hatch was a power in the Republican party; but not for his own benefit. His help was sought and freely given on every hand. The humble wanted minor political places, and the greater aspired to higher honours; and his friends among both classes sought and commanded his unselfish aid. But, so far as I know, he asked nothing for himself, and generally he got nothing.

He had contempt for the pretensions of Creed, disliked talkativeness, despised hypocrisy, pitied liars, and hated—nobody.

He had a master mind for mathematics, his operations being largely and quickly mental. Did we begin together to figure out a problem, he would be writing down the result while as yet I was trying to recollect the rule and determine the method.

In about 1899 he turned over to the writer his office and its practice, and went into the mountains of British Columbia, in the Lake Kootenay region. There he remained for about five years, living the life of a hermit in close proximity to certain mining claims in which he was interested. While there he studied mining engineering through a correspondence school, and graduated. But, it is believed, his chief purpose in leading this hermitic life was to obtain a closer philosophic view of Nature, both physical and incorporeal; and there in the wilds of British Columbia took place his greatest development in spiritual philosophy. In this we are reminded of John the Baptist, whose prophetic voice was first heard as a cry from the desert; or of Mohamet, who is said to have sought the seclusion of Nature to gain power of soul in his coming contest with men; or even—and in becoming reverence I suggest it—of the sojourn of Christ for forty days in the wilderness for spiritual strength against the assaults of malice and ignorance, which finally conquered His human body.

On the return of Judge Hatch from British Columbia, he resumed the practice of law, for some time alone, but later in

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partnership with Mr. Warren E. Lloyd, a fellow in philosophic research.

And then came death; and the tenement he inhabited while among us, we laid away back into its native ground. And now we have his post-mortem memoirs reminding us that man has too long been satisfied with Faith, which is conviction without proof, and which has no permanent basis on which to rest, but is merely propped up by desire and longing which, being beyond present attainment, have become Hope—and Faith is only Hope realized in contemplation.

So for Judge Hatch on earth, Faith did not suffice. Like a lawyer, he sought Truth, whose basis is proof. And it may be found that Truth will oftener overthrow Faith than justify it.

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# BLACK MAGIC AND VOODOOISM IN AMERICA

By IRENE E. YOTE WARNER, British Astronomical Association, Société Astronomique de France, etc., etc.

HAVING given a general idea of black magic as practised in West and South Africa, I now hope to give a sketch of its ravages throughout America, and particularly the United States.

Europeans, for their own profit, engaged in the terrible slave-trade. Most of these unfortunate slaves were negroes captured or bought on the West Coast of Africa, and from thence shipped to America. With them they brought their religion, and also their adepts in the black art, and their knowledge of deadly poisons. Their descendants, now at liberty, have increased and multiplied in the United States and West Indies, and despite the influence of the Christian religion, and the efforts of the administrators of the law, their black magic (known as voodooism and obiism) still flourishes, and brings in much gain to the adepts of the cult.

In the West Indies very severe laws have been enacted against that form of black magic called obiism. The obi is a curse or spell put upon a person to wither and paralyse him by unusual sensations and superstitious terrors. To make the spell effective all sorts of strange things are used;—i.e. "earth gathered from a grave, human blood, a piece of wood fastened in the shape of a coffin, the feathers of the carrion crow, a snake's or alligator's tooth, pieces of egg-shell, and other ingredients!" If all these articles cannot be obtained, at least two or three are necessary to complete the charm.

The following description of an obi-woman's house in Jamaica may be of interest. The dwelling had a thatch roof, which was stuck with rags, feathers, bones of cats and other articles. In a large earthen jar were a quantity of round balls of clay of various sizes, white on the outside. They appeared to contain hair and rags, with feathers of all kinds, the whole being strongly bound with twine. Others were mixed with portions of the skulls of cats or set round with cats' teeth and claws and with human or dogs' teeth, also with glass beads of various colours. There



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were also egg-shells filled with a gummy substance, and little bags containing a variety of articles. Most of the incantations seem to take place at night, and in this they resemble the witches of Europe ; there also seems to be some connection with ancient serpent-worship, joined to that of the sun and moon.

An obi man or woman used to cause great fear amongst the negroes on a plantation, and so deep was the awe in which they were held that they were seldom denounced and delivered up to the law. The practice of obi is now made felony by law, punishable with death if poison has been administered, and by transportation when only the charm has been used. It is said that negroes can only be cured of their terrors by becoming Christians, for after baptism they believe the obi cannot affect them.

We are told in a *History of Magic*, by Ennemoser, that a Mr. Koster, after travelling in Brazil, related anecdotes of the Mandinga-man (much the same as the obi-man) in that country. One day an old negro came to Mr. Koster in a great fright and showed him a ball of leaves, about the size of an apple, tied up with a plant called *cypo*. He had found it under some boards upon which he slept in an outhouse, and said it was a *Mandinga*, which had been placed there to cause his death ! The ball was formed of five or six kinds of leaves of trees—of which the pomegranate was one—two or three bits of rag, and ashes composed of the burnt bones of some animals. Mr. Koster suspected one of two black women who were at variance, and thought also that the spell was meant for one of these women and not for the old negro. He sent for the suspected party and threatened to imprison her unless she confessed. She then said that the *Mandinga* was placed in the outhouse to make one of the negresses who used to clean it dislike her fellow slaves, and prefer herself above all the rest. The charm used was sometimes called *feitiço*, and the users of it *feiteçeros*.

Captain Besley, leader of the U.S.A. Exploration Expedition in South America, lately told a friend of mine that voodooism is very widespread in South America. In Bolivia and Peru there is a common belief among married women that if they are barren a curse has been put on them by some voodoo or a dead acquaintance. To counteract this they retreat into the woods for several days and gather the bark from a certain tree (I could not ascertain the latter's name) and crush it up with large stones. After this the barren woman returns to her village, casts the bark into a pool of water near by, and plunges into it, remaining there sometimes for hours. The idea is that the strong acids in the bark will

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purge and cleanse the woman's body from the curse. She returns to her husband, and it frequently happens that she has a child. Very probably—apart from the powerful psychic aid of *suggestion*—there is really some medicinal value in the bark used in the water, and therefore the subject is worth further research and the attention of the scientist.

The following narratives concerning voodooism as practised in the United States of America will serve to show how terrible this scourge has become in some parts of that vast country. I give the facts as they were told me by a friend who lived there some years ago.

"I was one day walking near the docks at Galveston, in one of those indolent moods caused by the great heat, when quite a fat woman, of the mulatto type, came up hurriedly. She was dressed in gaudy attire and had plenty of it on for such a hot day! Accosting me rather roughly, she inquired if I had seen a thin old man running that way. I replied that I had not seen him, and I inwardly pitied him if this woman should overtake him. Her dress was so preposterous and her excited manner so pronounced that I thought I would put myself out of the way and follow her to see what might happen! At a little distance off the old man, thinking himself safe from pursuit, emerged from a public-house, mopping his head. Alas, for his inopportune exit, for the pursuing woman almost ran into his arms! Then commenced such a scene as only a voodoo devoid of the common civilities of life can make. I kept at a respectful distance and wished I had not followed them! In a moment or two a crowd gathered and I took my place amongst them, when I heard such words as 'Pay me that seven hundred dollars you owe me! *Didn't I silence the woman?* You low-class villain!' etc., etc. With the crowd of people the voodoo appeared to gather more confidence, whilst the old man seemed to want to be annihilated. Presently something was muttered between them, and they moved off; as I afterwards learned, he had agreed to her conditions. I then button-holed one of the men looking on, and he, hearing my voice, looked at me and said, not unkindly, 'Ah! the Old Country! Yes, I will tell you the cause of the trouble, for you will never have heard anything like it across the water' (meaning England).

"'The old woman is a voodoo, and they are rather strong in these parts, and she has evidently removed a troublesome mistress of the man's, without payment.' In answer to my question, 'Do you believe in the voodoos?' He replied, 'Well,

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I guess I do, and so do the majority of people here, although we all profess to sneer at them!'

"I thought this man could give me much information, so we retired to a public-house, where we each had a bottle of lager-beer. He told me some strange experiences that he had had, and also had heard of in Galveston, and wound up by saying that the police were afraid to interfere, fearing a spell would be put upon them. The voodoos' services are to be bought for any case, from uniting a couple of lovers to that of murder. 'It is all a question of price,' said he, 'and if you pay the price you get the action accomplished—sure.' 'But,' said I, 'you surely do not believe that they take life?' 'Well, stranger,' he replied, 'I cannot prove it, yet there's not a man or woman in Galveston who does not believe it. We have some nasty reports hereabouts at times!'

"I took my leave of my friend and wended my way to the voodoo's rooms, and there she was, calm and sedate, as if nothing had happened an hour or so previously! Very well indeed were the rooms furnished, and one had the impression of luxury and plenty when entering them. She scrutinized me very closely, and I felt uncomfortable under her gaze, the more so as she said to me in a very gruff voice, 'Where have I seen *you* before?' I told her I had just arrived from the Old Country, where I had made my home; at which she appeared much interested and, as it seemed to me, unaccountably so. She had never been in England, yet she knew Regent Street, Piccadilly, and New Bond Street better than I did myself. She said, 'You do not have any of us over there?' and I replied 'No!' She then remarked, 'I was thinking of coming and starting in New Bond Street. Do you think I would do well there? Here we are overrun; there are so many in the business.' I assured her, bearing in mind what I had just seen and heard, that London would offer a great field—for the police, I added, under my breath! She seemed to take me very seriously, and, as I inferred from her remarks, had been repeatedly urged to go to London.

"Then she asked if she could render me any service, to which I replied, 'I am awfully sorry, but there is nothing to which I can turn your great skill to help me over at the present time.' This little speech seemed to flatter her, for then she quickly added, 'Isn't there a woman in your path causing you trouble? I could easily move her, even though she lived in Timbuctoo.' Presently a client came—a lady—and I had to leave, but before going she told me that this young mulatto woman who was waiting in the

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outer room, was a profitable client of hers, that she had already removed one husband out of her path, and that she was then engaged in drawing another to her.

"I assured her that the work seemed very interesting, and that, with her permission, I would like to see how it was accomplished. This she told me was an impossibility, for no one was ever permitted to see that. But when I pointed out to her that it seemed to me that she had to initiate disciples therein from time to time, to carry on this 'noble work,' she was like a cat watching the approach of a mouse, and I felt glad that there was some one in the next room! 'Oh, as to that,' she said, 'why didn't you mention that you wanted to become a voodoo all this time back?' This was a turn in the conversation for which I was not prepared, but I excused myself by saying that I was only passing through Galveston and was going on by the night car, and that I would return in a few days, when I would call upon her. I have never seen the monster since, and hope I never shall, for the nearest approach I can give to these beings is that of the character depicted in *Dracula*, by Mr. Bram Stoker—equally devoid of heart, of sympathy and of human affection.

"At my hotel that night I mentioned the incident of the day, and was told that, though it was unusual, it was not altogether unknown there. It was with a certain sigh of relief that a little before eleven o'clock I boarded a railroad car going to Washington, and thus shook the dust of Galveston off my feet!"

In answer to my request for another narrative concerning the voodoos in America, my friend told me the following remarkable story:—

"At Charleston, U.S.A., the cult of voodooism flourishes—or did, at the time of which I speak—and it is astounding to notice the gullibility of the public, their faith and confidence in this devilish work. I am bound to admit that the voodoos *do* accomplish much for which their clients pay them!

"About the time to which I refer a wealthy woman was arrested in connection with the death of her husband. Piecing the court's records together and referring to the local papers of the time, we found that this client had consulted a voodoo as to the possibility of removing her husband. The voodoo told her it *could* be accomplished, and if she was paid (I think) 3,000 dollars it *would* be accomplished. The woman paid 1,000 dollars down then, as a guarantee of good faith, and the hellish work was started.

"I pass over the details and the wringing of the neck of an

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unfortunate fowl, whose bloodshed apparently was to accomplish the deed! The details were most revolting, but in court it was admitted that the man died within three days, and though a doctor certified the cause of death as kidney trouble and weak heart, there is no doubt that it was accelerated, if not completely accomplished, by the villainous voodoo. At the hearing of the case—for much suspicion was attached to it, and it got into the courts—the voodoo woman, who was a mulatto, as they mostly are, fixed her evil eye and thought upon the judge, who after luncheon became so seriously ill that he was unable to go on with the case.

"Then the next morning the prosecuting barrister and counsel were both unable to attend because of severe internal illnesses, and it was evident to the "knowing ones" that the voodoo on trial was busily engaged in removing such as were antagonistic to her case. This state of affairs could not escape notice, and the presiding judge, who, though far from being well, endeavoured to attend the court, could not help being struck with the strange coincidence of the illnesses of the prosecuting side. He commented on it in open court, and said that although they believed that the woman was a party to their illness there was no law which enabled them to take cognisance of the power of the mind rightly—or wrongly—directed to the injury of a human being.

"The prosecuting barrister seemed very vindictive against the woman, and rightly so, for we heard incidentally that a relative of his had come under the sway of a professor of this cult. If I remember aright, this barrister died a short time afterwards from the most excruciating stomach pains imaginable. The woman was undefended so far as legal aid went, but so impressed her mentality upon all present that she was unanimously acquitted. Nevertheless they felt that they had all been hypnotized to bring in this verdict against their wills, and on emerging from the courthouse one heard a remark like this, when learning of the acquittal, 'Well, what else could you expect!' I have reason to believe that in later years law and order are gradually prevailing even against the machinations of the voodoos, and doubtless the hellish set will be eradicated from all Christian lands."

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# SIGNS AND WARNINGS

By REGINALD B. SPAN

AMONGST what are called superstitions there are a great many curious ones attached to certain families, to which, I have been told, the members of these families attach great importance.

In Ireland, for instance, we have the banshee which gives warning in a particularly eerie way before the death of any member of certain old families noted for their ancient lineage and aristocratic descent. It is quite a thing to be proud of, to have a banshee attached to the family, as it gives proof of distinction and pure Hibernian breeding.

The Irish, as everybody knows, are probably the most ancient race in the world, being descendants of the Phœnicians and Atalanteans—nations, in the Dawn of the World, noted for their knowledge of occult powers.

The Irish are pre-eminently " superstitious." The old legends and beliefs whose origins are lost in the mists of antiquity still cling to the Irish people and obtain credence even in this matter-of-fact age. The fairies still dance (for the Irish) on moonlight nights and take part in the affairs of human beings as they did in the days of yore, though to-day, with the advance of civilization and towns, they are constantly retreating into the wilder solitudes and making new haunts. The banshee still wails before the deaths of the scions of " good old Irish families," undeterred by the fact that it is the twentieth century—the age of wonderful material progress and mechanical achievement. I have obtained accounts of the banshee from people who both heard and saw it, and I have no reason whatever to doubt their word or intelligence. In each case the wailing noise came a few hours before the death of the person, and hovered round the house, sometimes rising high in the air, then coming right down. The appearance of it as indistinctly seen through the tree-tops was that of a hideous old woman of very small size with flowing grey robes and white hair streaming in the wind. The banshee is a fact—a positive reality which most Irishmen will never deny. It is of very ancient origin—in fact it would be impossible to trace its origin—you may go back a thousand years and still find it.

The Irish (whose daughters are the most beautiful in the



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world and whose sons are the bravest) are a queer mixture—combining a love of mysticism and romance with the most shrewd practical common sense and brilliant wit. There is a great deal more in their (apparently) foolish superstitions than most people would think, as any one who has studied these subjects knows.

Attached to the family of the Earls of Airlie there is a phantom drummer who announces impending deaths of the Ogilvies by beating a drum. For over two hundred years this warning has invariably occurred before any death in their family, and has been heard by many people.

There is a legend in a certain family that a single swan was always seen on a particular lake in the park before a death. A member of this family related that on one occasion the father, being a widower, was about to marry again. On the wedding day his son appeared very depressed, which gave cause for offence to the bridegroom, who expected all to be cheerful on such an auspicious occasion. He accordingly remonstrated with him, whereupon the young man told him that his distress and low spirits were occasioned by his having seen the death warning—the fateful swan—and he thought it might be a bad omen for the wedding. However, the warning was not meant for the father—as that night the son died unexpectedly.

In Lord Lyttleton's family the apparition of a dove frequently appears before a death.

Deaths are often predicted or notified by birds flying into a room. In my own experience I have known this to be the case, as robins flew into the house or houses of relations when my grandfather died, and also at the deaths of an aunt, an uncle, a brother, and just recently a cousin (who was killed in the Great War). Shortly before my aunt died, robins flew into my mother's house in South Wales and the houses of her brother and a sister at Eastbourne.

When one of my brothers died in Siam my mother in England was awakened by hearing three loud knocks on her room door. There was no natural explanation of the sound. Exactly the same thing occurred a few years later when another brother was killed in the Boer War. I also had a warning of my brother's death.

The howling of dogs—a peculiar wailing noise (quite unlike their natural howling)—is a sign of death. I have known dogs make this noise beneath the windows or outside the doors of sick persons, and, when driven away, they returned and began again.

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The persons died soon after. I have only once heard this peculiar howling myself, and that was when I was in one of the frontier mining camps in the Far West of America. I was awakened by the unearthly wailing noise of a dog. I thought at the time that it portended death, and the next day I heard that a woman had been murdered secretly in a building outside which the dog was howling. The dog did not belong to the house, and had no connexion with the woman who was murdered, nor could it have known of the murder, which was done so quietly that not a sound was heard by others in the house.

Lady Fanshawe in her memoirs relates that on one occasion, when she was paying a visit to Lady Honor O'Brien, she was awakened the first night she slept there by a voice in her room, and, on drawing back the curtains, she saw a female figure attired in white, with red hair and pale, ghastly aspect :—

" She looked out of the window (says Lady Fanshawe) and cried in a loud voice such as I never before heard : ' A horse ! A horse ! ' and then with a sigh, which rather resembled the wind than the voice of a human being, she disappeared. Her body appeared to me rather like a thick cloud than solid substance. I was so frightened that my hair literally stood on end. I pushed and shook my husband, who had been asleep all the time, and at last he awoke, and was much surprised to find me in such a fright, and still more when I told him what had happened and showed him the open window. Neither of us slept any more that night, but he talked to me about it and told me how much more frequently such apparitions were seen in that country (Ireland) than in England." This was a species of banshee, for the next day Lady Honor informed them that one of the family had died early that morning, and expressed a hope that they had not been much disturbed and frightened by the banshee.

This apparition always appeared when one of the O'Briens was about to die—sometimes making a wailing noise and wringing her hands, but always standing by one of the windows looking out. There was a legend about some murder connected with it.

One of the most extraordinary prognostics is that of a black dog which seems to be attached to certain families. Here is one instance of it :—

A young lady, a Miss P——, was sitting at work, well and cheerful and not at all disposed to hallucinations, when she suddenly saw, to her great surprise, a large black dog standing near her. As both door and window were closed she could not understand how it had got in, but when she got up to turn it out of

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the room it vanished. Greatly puzzled and thinking it must be some strange illusion, she sat down again and continued her work. Presently, happening to look up from her knitting, she beheld the same dog again in front of her, looking at her wistfully. Being now much alarmed, she rushed out of the room and told her mother, who laughed at the idea, and said she must have imagined it or been dreaming; but Miss P—— declared it was not an illusion, that she really had seen a dog. Then to humour her, Mrs. P—— said she would wait outside the door, and if it appeared again she was to call out. Miss P—— resumed her seat in the room, and very soon the dog appeared again, but when she called her mother the phantom vanished. That evening Mrs. P—— was taken suddenly ill and died. Before she expired she said to her daughter, "Remember the black dog!" It seems this dog had been seen years before at a death in the family, but the matter had been hushed up.

There is a family in Cornwall who are also warned of impending death by the apparition of a black dog. On one occasion a lady, newly married into the family and who knew nothing about the tradition, came hurriedly down from the nursery to ask her husband to come and drive a big black dog away which was lying on the child's bed, and which she felt too much afraid of to touch. When they went up the dog was not there—*but the child was dead.*

Sir Walter Scott, in a letter to Daniel Terry, dated April 30, 1818, and written from Abbotsford, gives an account of a curious death warning which he himself witnessed. The new wing at Abbotsford was then in progress of erection, and the famous novelist was living in the older part of the house. A man named Bullock had charge of the building and furnishing of the new rooms, and it was concerning his death that the strange manifestations occurred.

The part of the letter referring to it reads as follows:—

". . . The exposed state of my house has led to a mysterious disturbance. The night before last we were awakened by a violent noise, like drawing heavy boards along the new part of the house. I fancied something had fallen and thought no more about it. This was about *two* in the morning. Last night, at the same witching hour, the very same noise occurred. Mrs. S——, as you know, is rather timbersome; so up I got with Beardie's broadsword under my arm—

"Bolt upright,
And ready to fight.

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But nothing was out of order, neither can I discover what occasioned the disturbance. . . ."

On the morning that this letter reached Mr. Terry in London Mr. William Erskine was breakfasting with him, and the subject of their conversation was the sudden death of George Bullock, which had occurred on the same night and at the same hour as when Scott was roused from his slumbers by the mysterious disturbance here described. This coincidence, when Scott received Erskine's minute detail of the death of Bullock in Tenterden Street, made a much stronger impression on his mind than one would suppose from the tone of the following letter from Sir Walter to Terry a week later. He writes :—

" Were you not struck with the fantastical coincidence of our nocturnal disturbances at Abbotsford with the melancholy event that followed ? I protest to you, the noise resembled half a dozen men hard at work, putting up boards and furniture, and nothing can be more certain than that there was nobody on the premises at the time. With a few additional touches the story would figure in Granville or Aubrey's collection. In the meantime you may set it down with poor Dubisson's warnings, as a remarkable coincidence coming under your own observation." It appears that Bullock had been some time at Abbotsford and made himself very popular with old and young.

The following curious story is an extract from the Register in Brisley Church, Norfolk, where the original was placed by the Rev. Robert Withers, M.A., Vicar of Gateley, in the year 1706 :—

December 12, 1706—I, Robert Withers, M.A., do insert here a story which I had from undoubted hands, for I have all the moral certainty of the truth of it possible—

Mr. Grose went to see Mr. Shaw on the 2nd August last. As they sat talking in the evening, says Mr. Shaw, " On the 21st of last month, as I was smoking my pipe and reading in my study between eleven and twelve at night, in comes Mr. Naylor (formerly Fellow of St. John's College, *but had been dead fully four years*). When I saw him I was not much affrighted, and I asked him with all politeness to sit down, which he accordingly did, and for about two hours we talked together comfortably. Amongst other things I asked him how it fared with him. ' Very well,' he replied. ' Were any of our old acquaintances with him ? ' ' No ! ' (at which I was much concerned), but, he added, ' Mr. Orchard will be with me soon and yourself not long after.' As he was going away I asked him if he would not stay a little longer, but he

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refused. I then asked him if he would kindly call again. He made answer, ' No ! as I have but three days of absence and have other business.' "

*N.B.—Mr. Orchard died soon after. Mr. Shaw is now dead.* He was formerly fellow of St. John's College, an ingenious good man. I knew him there, but at his death he had a college living in Oxfordshire, and here he saw the apparition.

Colonel David Stewart, a determined disbeliever in what he calls the supernatural, relates in his book on the Highlands a remarkable warning of death. He states that one evening the son of a neighbour came to his father's house, and soon after his arrival asked to see a little boy of the family about four years old. He was shown up into the nursery, and found the nurse putting a pair of new shoes on the child, which she complained did not fit.

" Never mind," said the young man, " they will fit him before he wants them," a prediction which not only offended the nurse, but seemed at the moment absurd, since the child was in perfect health. He was later asked for an explanation of his remark, and then confessed that he had been foolish to have made it, but he had received a warning of the child's death and felt impelled to say something about it. Then he described how that afternoon, just as it was getting dark, he had seen a funeral passing over the wooden bridge which crossed the stream at a short distance from the house. He first observed a crowd of people, and on coming nearer, he saw a person carrying a very small coffin followed by about twenty gentlemen, all of his acquaintance, his own father and a Mr. Stewart being amongst the number. He did not attempt to join the procession, which turned off further on into the churchyard. He knew that his father could not have been there in reality as he had only just left him at home, so came to the conclusion that it was a death warning for the child, a conviction which was verified the following night, as the child suddenly expired after an hour's illness. This gentleman was not a seer, had no knowledge of such things, and it was the first and last vision he ever had.

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# NOTES ON TWO PLAYS OF PHILOSOPHICAL INTEREST

By H. STANLEY REDGROVE, B.Sc.

THE first of the two plays referred to in the title above is Mr. Thomas Hardy's *The Dynasts*, an abridgment of which has been staged at the Kingsway Theatre by Mr. Granville Barker. Of Thomas Hardy's epic-drama one cannot say less than that it is a great and notable work of art, even if it is not possible to accept its pessimistic philosophy of history and its suggestion that "the immanent Will"—

> . . . works unconsciously, as heretofore,
> Eternal artistries in Circumstance,
> Whose patterns, wrought by rapt æsthetic rote,
> Seem in themselves its single listless aim,
> And not their consequence.

But in attempting to stage this "epic-drama of the war with Napoleon, in three parts, nineteen acts, and one hundred and thirty scenes," Mr. Barker has attempted the impossible, and has naturally only partially succeeded, though the result is not without interest. The various supernatural spirits of the original work, personifications of different attitudes of mind, have been replaced by a chorus of two, and a Reader added to explain the play and fill in the gaps between the scenes. As a consequence of this, one is not quite sure whether one is witnessing a play or hearing a recitation. A few of the scenes—especially those representing Wessex life—are, I think, good; but many others lack realism and make only a one-sided appeal to the senses. The Epilogue has been partly rewritten, and is not wanting in a certain spirit of optimism—

> To Thee Whose eye all Nature owns,
> Who hurlest Dynasts from their thrones,
> And liftest those of low estate
> We sing, with Her men consecrate!
> Yea Great and Good, Thee, Thee we hail
> Who shak'st the strong, Who shield'st the frail,
> Who hadst not shaped such souls as we,
> If tender mercy lacked in Thee!

These words of the "Chorus of the Pities," modified in their



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effect by what follows in the original, strike a more final and lasting note in Mr. Barker's production. The play certainly makes one feel the futility of war—wherein men move artificially at the bidding of dynasts—and I note that the ironical remarks of the fourth citizen in the Guildhall scene of Part I are retained, wherein it is suggested that a man has but to do valiantly at war to be credited with every virtue.

The other play is entitled, *Savitri, or Love Conquers Death,* and is an excellent version of the famous Hindu legend of that title in the *Mahabharata,* by Mr. K. N. Das Gupta, based, I believe, on an already existing English version. A couple of performances were given early in the month at the Grafton Galleries, under the auspices of " The Union of East and West," of which mention has several times been made in these pages.

This is also a play of the inscrutable designs of the immanent Will. But here, Fate, represented by Yama, God of Death, appears in a kindlier, if nevertheless stern, guise. Neither Gaṇeśa, God of Luck, nor even Brahmā himself, we are told, could arrest the predestined death of Satyavan (" Soul of Truth "), husband of the all-virtuous and beautiful Savitri (" Prayer "). But love could achieve the otherwise impossible. The things of this world are only fleeting visions, but love persists through death to life—

> For a woman's troth abideth longer than fleeting breath ;
> And a woman's love abideth higher than the doom of Death.

It is truly said that " legends like these impart a moral instruction to the millions of India, the value of which cannot be over-estimated."

The play was produced under the managership of Mr. William Poel, and the caste included several well-known artistes. It is to be hoped that so charming a production may be many times repeated.

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# THE COMTE DE GABALIS

By GERALD ARUNDEL

A FAMOUS thinker once observed that mankind may be divided into two great classes—materialists and mystics. If he had said "triflers and truth-seekers," he would have been nearer the mark. In everyday life, as well as in history and general literature, we meet with those who live on the mere foam and bubbles of existence, and those who dive deep to find the treasures of Truth—those who see only the surface of things, and those who gaze wistfully and earnestly into the wide Profundity.

To the class of triflers belong the pleasure-seekers, some dedicating their time altogether to the titillation of the senses, others luxuriating as dilettantes in the lighter parts of thought and art. To this class belong those humdrum ordinary persons who are free from genuine originality, deep moral need and the spirit of inquiry, also those who combine intellectual and spiritual purblindness with impatient desire for the little artificial distinctions of the world, whose thoughts and feelings are concentrated in what Nathaniel Hawthorne calls the "solid unrealities" of life, and who, mistaking commonplace ambition for praiseworthy aspiration, vainly consider themselves more important than all other persons.

To the class of truth-seekers belong the scientists or intellectual giants, both those who would test everything with the touchstone of the understanding and those who are conscious of the Unnamables behind the symbols. To this class belong the mystics, whose spiritual senses are developed out of proportion to the strength and amplitude of their more ordinary faculties, who, in the universe of mind, rise easily to the purest ether, and who ever seek to grasp eternal substances beyond temporal phenomena. The great poets also belong to this category—those whose minds are peculiarly emotive, who seem to be all head and all heart at the same time, in whom the elementary passions are developed in an extraordinary degree, who express the thoughts and feelings of humanity in words that are more than words, and some of whom rise now and then to the dizziest heights of apparently super-sensible being. With these must be classed those other dreamers and thinkers who give vent to their innermost selves in beautiful forms, exquisite combina-



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tions of colours and enchantment of melodious sounds. There are a great many persons who, though having no claim to intellectual superiority, belong to the class of truth-seekers. To all appearance mere ordinary folks, they are yet more than mere ordinary folks; for at times they are deeply conscious of the essential significance of things, and, enjoying the most precious productions of bard and of sage, they can, as it were, make them their own.

It must not be forgotten that the trifler shows at times a gleam of the truth-seeker, and that many a truth-seeker can easily become a trifler. For human nature refuses to be rigidly classified, one individual character continually impinging on the domain of another.

In the work now before us, *The Comte de Gabalis*,* the author shows that he is really a truth-seeker, though not a truth-seeker pure and simple. At once dreamer, scientist, visionary, scholar, mystic, wit, preacher and man of the world, he is a hopeless enigma to the plain, matter-of-fact person. A Roman Catholic priest, and yet an advocate of liberty of thought; a bold investigator, and yet a believer in the ancient myths; a forerunner of modern evolutionists, and yet a confirmed occultist; desiring fame as a preacher, and yet fixing his gaze on the immutable things of a higher existence,—he is indeed worthy of careful attention. Notwithstanding the apparent contradictions in his mind and general character, he is not a pretender, not a self-mocker, not an intellectual libertine, to whom all thoughts and feelings are only thoughts and feelings, and each one agreeable in its own way. On the contrary, he is earnest, honest, truth-loving; and conscientiousness is evident in every page of his book. When we learn to see and understand him, all the inconsistencies vanish, and the various peculiarities of mind and of heart dovetail into one another. We have before us a real, massive man, clad in sacerdotal garb, with kindly, half-humorous countenance lighted up by quietly penetrating eyes, courteous in manner, subtle in disputation, learned, far-seeing, willing to give fair opportunity to an interlocutor, eager to convince the mind and satisfy the heart, now enjoying a superficial jest, now suggesting a profound truth, now analysing the analyses of physics, occasionally somewhat inclined to give himself up to a sort of spiritual ecstasy, now doing justice to a tasty meal, and pre-

* *Comte de Gabalis*. By the Abbé N. de Montfaucon de Villars. Newly rendered into English with Commentary and Annotations. Wm. Rider & Son, Ltd., 8 Paternoster Row, E.C.

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sently anticipating the conclusions of unborn scientists. That he is able to blend his orthodoxy with his biology, and his biology with his occultism, would show simple oddity of thought, were it not that his beliefs are based on personal experience as well as on elaborate reasoning. Most of his intellectual errors must be ascribed to his age. We suspect, however, that some of his religious doctrines and arguments would have been drastically condemned by the See of Rome, had they been set forth in detail before an œcumenical council for close consideration.

The son of distinguished parents, the Abbé N. de Montfaucon de Villars was born near Toulouse in 1635. In childhood and youth, he was remarkable for his liveliness, curiously mingled with hints of intellectual power and broken at long intervals by sudden spells of abstraction. He came to Paris in 1667, ambitious of fame as a pulpit-orator ; and certainly it seems that he was fully capable of reaching this goal. But Nature and Destiny had ordained otherwise. At first, esteemed for his gaiety, wit, humour, and eloquence, considered one of the best conversationists in the brilliant *salons* of the capital, he soon began to show that there was in him something much deeper, which his nearest friends had little suspected. His pamphlets in the cause of liberty of thought and the liberty of the subject —very unpopular themes in the shining and servile court of the proud French monarch—were loudly applauded by every true thinker, while his scientific speculations, far in advance of the time, now and then startled even recognized pioneers of progress. A Rosicrucian, in theory at least, he also wrote intermittently on those occult themes which were always dear to the members of that unique fraternity. By far his most popular work was *The Comte de Gabalis*, a semi-spiritualistic treatise, written somewhat in the manner of a novel, showing much independence of thought, much apparently wild speculation and much wealth of obscure learning. When journeying to Lyons in 1673 he died suddenly, and in circumstances that warranted suspicion of murder. If murder there was, the culprit may have been one of those gentle, kind-hearted followers of Christ, who hated all forms of liberty, and were eloquent defenders of the Inquisition, of thumbscrew, wheel, pincers, rack and burning faggot—one of those dear, loving preachers of the Word, who delighted to torture, maim and kill such persons as could be wicked enough to make use of their brains, and who must have regarded with peculiar aversion a Roman Catholic priest who was at once a profound mystic and a daring scientific inquirer.

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The *Comte de Gabalis* may be roughly divided into four parts. The first part deals with the Divine Principle in Man, the second with the Evolution of the Divine Principle, the third with Man's place in Nature, and the fourth gives a series of dissertations on undercurrents of meaning in the works and lives of certain philosophers and other remarkable persons, interspersed here and there with a variety of teachings on occult subjects. Villars writes on many of his themes in too cursory a manner. But it seems clear that he does not intend to give all the details of each subject; and we must consider the fact that the work was intentionally put together in the form of a series of conversations, all the noteworthy sayings coming from the lips of Gabalis, as the author calls his spiritual mentor. We believe that many of the observations must not be taken literally, that the book is meant to force the reader to think rather than to give dogmatic teachings. The aim of Villars was, as we conceive, to awaken the mystical philosopher that slumbers deep down in the innermost heart and conscience. The reader may disagree with the letter, and smile at many of the imaginative statements; but he cannot help being affected by the spirit of the work; he cannot help receiving such psychical impressions as are more precious than rubies, "sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb." Similarly, one may disbelieve in the Christian theory of redemption, especially as set forth by the Churches, and yet may receive much valuable edification from the singing of "Lead, kindly Light" and "At even ere the Sun was set."

We believe, nevertheless, that not a few of the Abbé's apparent vagaries will one day be recognized as simple scientific truths. We believe that, as man becomes more and more developed, intellectually and psychically, as he rises to higher and ever higher stages of existence on this planet, he will be continually discovering fresh and marvellous powers within him, he will apprehend new worlds around, above, and beneath him. In the language of our author, he "will become the Master of Nature, will be able to overcome the Elements and to hold converse with Supreme Intelligences."

Of course he gives us the old story of nymphs, undines, sylphs, salamanders and gnomes, and gives it as unadulterated truth. His belief in the existence of such beings may or may not have been deep and unquestioning. We are inclined to think, however, that many of his observations are made in a spirit of mystical symbolism, and, whether he speaks symbolically or not, we are certain that there are powers and meanings

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in the various elements of nature of which physical science is altogether ignorant.

One of his rules of life for the incipient philosopher will stagger a great many readers. "It is necessary," he says, "to renounce all sensual relationship with women." Such a vow of chastity is natural in a few special cases, but would be false and mischievous in the majority. Many of the greatest specimens of mankind, like the most ordinary people, must perforce ignore it, though, as we have indicated, it is quite in keeping with certain rare temperaments. That it is not absolutely indispensable, even to the mystically inclined, seems beyond all reasonable doubt.

Life is not all cloud, neither is it all clay. In the wilderness of human nature there are not only Ariels and Oberons, but also Calibans and Bottoms; and there must be something useful and good in Caliban, else he would not be there. The true representative of the race must have all the lights and shadows of his kind appropriately blended within him. At times he may appear outrageously materialistic, at other times incomprehensibly mystical. But he is not all-obsessed by a tyrannical mysticism, nor is he incapable of rising far above the instincts, thoughts and emotions of the worldly positivist.

Yet in the Abbé's words there is more meaning than seems evident at first. Cardinal Newman once said that, human nature being what it is, love of the Beautiful leads to love of the sensual. It is profitable to reflect on the circumstance that many of the best works of plastic art and many of the best poems in the world are indebted to sexual passion for much of their inspiration, their magic and charm. It is profitable to remember that this passion is inseparably connected with almost all the greatest theories and almost all the highest aspirations of man; and profitable it is to remember that the physically fruitless cravings and desires closely related to the sexual feeling, are not less natural, insistent and strong because condemned by moralist and legislator. Those cravings and desires are often discovered in mystics of the rarest type and in poets of the most exalted rank. Man is a vertebrate—emphatically an animal, as well as a thinking being and a never-ceasing aspirer. Let the student of human nature consider this with all that it involves, and such peculiarities will cease to appear anomalous. A being that is a paradox incarnate may well have Heaven and Earth mixed together in his composition. When we wish to see the god in man, we search for the philosophical poet: when we wish to see the beast, we search for the hot-blooded sensualist.

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It is reasonable to believe that, if man continue on this planet many hundreds of centuries longer, the day will come when, having advanced very considerably, having outlived his meaner self, so to speak, he shall enjoy a more sublime and significant life than the ordinary person of the present day can easily imagine. It is reasonable to believe that, if man shall attain his majority, he shall no longer propagate the species in the same manner as cattle do, but shall have a more lofty way of expressing his personal desire and of giving birth to a new generation. Up to now, men and women have made children simply by satisfying their carnal necessity. A husband and wife cannot reasonably come to an agreement as to what their next child shall be—whether a boy or a girl, for example, whether musical genius or mechanical inventor, whether dark-haired or hazel-eyed, or blonde, or fat, or thin. Notwithstanding much that has been written by way of elucidating the subject, they cannot reasonably make up their minds that their prospective child shall be a male, that he shall bear a resemblance to a particular relative, that he shall have certain specific peculiarities of disposition, and so forth. They satisfy their desire, and Nature does the rest. A child is born, whether they wished to have that particular child or not, perhaps in spite of their ardent wish for a very different child. So far as this is concerned, man is not a whit more favoured by Nature than the ox, the pig or the shark. But if man shall reach his full maturity, the day will come, we think, when husband and wife shall be able to satisfy themselves in some higher and even more joyful and thrilling way, when they shall be able to determine all the individual traits of their prospective offspring, when they shall know exactly who each particular baby is, and what his destiny has been in prior existences. In such an age, there will also be some legitimate and lofty mode of personal expression, which will serve as a sort of safety-valve for such sentimental cravings and desires as are now considered the hall-mark of individual depravity. The true representative of the race will then be above and beyond the present animal manifestations of the ordinary fleshly instincts. If human nature shall continue a million years longer, the Shakespeare of the ten-thousand-and-twentieth century may be, in a sense, the same Shakespeare that we know, but with all wild earthly cravings and desires developed, glorified, made immaculate by growth. If, as has been said, "error is but truth in the making," it is no less true that gross sensual lust is unspeakable beatific love in the making, and, speaking more broadly, evil is good in

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the making. We cannot say what good is in Caliban's nature till we see Caliban after a thousand years—with all his possibilities grown into realities, all his faculties and instincts in their highest possible state. If we saw him in the acme of his evolution, we might mistake him for Ferdinand's elder brother or for Prospero's inspirer.

And, turning over the leaves of this book, we meet with some statements on the Myth of Adam and Eve, which seem to sustain our views. "It was never the will of the Lord that men and women should have children in the way in which they do. The design of the Most High Craftsman was far nobler. He would have had the world peopled in a different manner. If wretched Adam had not grossly disobeyed God's command not to touch Eve, and had he contented himself with all the other fruits in the garden of pleasure, with the beauties of the nymphs and sylphids, the world would not have had the shame of seeing itself filled with men so imperfect that they seem monsters when compared with the children of the Philosophers. . . . The holy language makes use of these innocent metaphors to prevent us from having improper ideas of an action which has caused all the misfortunes of the human race. Thus when Solomon said, 'I will go up unto the palm-tree and gather the fruit thereof,' he had another appetite than that for eating dates."

When we remember that the man who wrote thus was also the man who anticipated Darwin, we cannot but attach more importance to his words than we should be disposed to do if these words came from a quidnunc in physical science. The author's views on the Soul, on Alliance, on the Idea of the Evil One, on Divorce, on Apollonius of Tyana, and on many other subjects, are also remarkably suggestive. Unfortunately want of space prevents us from giving them much attention. We will only say that some of them recall Swedenborg, and that they will interest all intelligent readers, even those whose disposition and mental bias are opposed to the spirit of occultism.

The additional commentary is now and then almost as absorbing as the context itself. It elucidates all difficult allusions with laudable thoroughness, throwing light on every subject that would otherwise be obscure and bewildering to the mere dabbler in cabalistic lore. On the whole, we recommend *The Comte de Gabalis*, not only to the spiritualistic student, but to all inquirers, nay, to all English-speaking book-lovers in every part of the world.

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# THE WELL AT THE WORLD'S END

By C. L. RYLEY

WHEN all the World is left behind,
And on the margin of the main
We stand and turn our eyes to find
The goal we travailed to attain—

If, underneath the beetling rock,
We find the Well of our desire,
Whose phantom image oft would mock
Our eyes amid the tracts of fire—

If, the High Quest at length achieved,
We drink the Water side by side,
And find the Voice, that we believed
In fear's despite, hath never lied—

And, laving weary hands and eyes,
We know ourselves transfigured there,
And, in the flash of that surprise,
Are mute to find ourselves so fair—

Then, when the World is left behind,
And o'er the Deep we gaze to see
The White Sail nearing with the wind,
To bring release to you and me—

Then, when the World is left behind,
How shall we turn our feet again
To thread anew the desert blind
That leads us to the haunts of men?

How shall we tread the common track,
How seek the way that we resigned?
How shall we bear to journey back
When all the World is left behind?



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# THE NEW CREATION

By REGINA MIRIAM BLOCH

IN a dream I beheld a darksome place where witches worshipped around the cauldron of the world. Their faces were drawn and haggish, their robes were grey, and, looking nearer, I saw they were the Fates whom Greece knew as the trinal Parcæ and the Norsemen as the Norns.

And lo! they chanted to the cauldron, "Arise, arise!"

And from its fumes there rose Moloch, the god of Assyria, spurting flame from his devilish lips and with the body of a burning child upon his molten hands.

And there came the figure of a Hebrew patriarch and smote down the Baal.

But again the witches gave their eldritch cry: "Arise, arise!"

And there appeared the Bull of Egypt, with his bellowing, the Pan of Greece, with his goaten beard, and Lucifer, close-eyed and swathed in crimson.

But then Christ approached them, white and still, with the cross uplifted in his pierced hand. And the Bull fell back into the tripod, Pan died with a shout as of voices over the waters, and Lucifer, too, was overpowered.

Then Christ faded, but again the witches wailed louder, bowing and circling and mouthing. The flames of the grizzly cauldron changed to green and saffron, and from them belched a creature more hideous than any that had gone before.

He had hooves of iron and a fair head crowned with blood-dappled spikes. On his brow was the brand of Cain, his eyes were the greedy eyes of the swine, his mouth babbled of lust and war and rapine and desire. Blood clotted his arms that held up the Bible upon the point of the sword. His body was bloated with blood as a vampire's; drunken with that wine of hell, he reeled up from the cauldron. And where he went, a flame shot over the land and devoured it, and there was the wailing of women, the groaning of men and the screaming of children.

And the Fates danced, howling, "*Anti-Chrestos! Anti-Chrestos! Behold the Superman!*"

And the churches crashed down and were not. And the



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houses clattered to ruin, the corn and wheatfields were consumed.

And the mighty Beast kissed the Bible upon the point of the sword.

But lo! there appeared before him a very little child that could scarce stand upon its feet. Beauteous and rose it was, and wreathed in the blossoms of peace. And it tottered through the blood and fire of the land and was unscathed.

And it said unto the blond Beast: "*O Brute of the Ages, I am the New World where thou art not. Thy reign of æons is over, thy scale hath kicked the beam; the dawn cometh, and it will be Light!*"

And behold! Death seized upon the Beast, and it sank down in the mire.

And the witches' cauldron brast, and the Fates sat alone, huddling up in terror before the little Babe.

## TO THE NEW TEACHER

By R. B. INCE

WHEN night is darkest dawn is drawing near;
Across the world the mantle of grim war
Like vampire's shadow rests, but from afar
There gleams a point of light unshadow'd, clear:
Long days of sorrow pass, of doubt and fear;
And though in heaven no upward sailing star
Heralds our groaning earth's new avatar,
Strange words are on the lips of saint and seer.

Quaint dogmas pass, veiled mysteries melt away,
But still the torch is held that leads and guides;
Pale starless night fades in the flush of day,
Deep whispers mingle with the murmuring tides,
And eager hearts e'en now are touched and stirr'd,
Waiting in silence for a Prophet's word.

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# CORRESPONDENCE

[*The name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, is required as evidence of bona fides, and must in every case accompany correspondence sent for insertion in the pages of the* OCCULT REVIEW.—ED.]

## THE NEW RACE QUESTION.

*To the Editor of the* OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—May I offer a suggestion in regard to this race question.

It is possibly true that more advanced egos incarnate in "uncongenial conditions," and that this is part of the process by which evolution proceeds. Each ego, which "overcomes the world," weakens the tyranny of its conventions over other souls. It blazes the trail for future evolution. Perhaps it is unwise to generalize at all—specially unwise to generalize upon insufficient data.

No real student of spiritual truth would regret the fact that the less evolved ego should receive a lift on the road through intimate association with the more advanced ego who accepts the responsibilities and cares of such parentage as may aid evolution. It would be difficult to imagine that even the devotee of music-halls, picture shows, etc., could be vitally connected with the "fully conscious" ego, and receive no benefit therefrom.

On the other hand, is there not a point reached when creative force can no longer be exercised on the material plane, having undergone the process of transmutation? On this line of reasoning the "marriage" of two such egos would not have in view the production of temporary material vehicles, wherethrough souls may function, but a unity of purpose in effort towards spiritualization of human systems as a whole. In such case would it not be abortive to attempt to bind such egos to the more material function?

The whole question of creative force and its use is closely allied to the question of material warfare. If an ego has reached the point of higher creative function, can it take part in the destructive action of war? When the Master was incarnate He said, "My kingdom is not of this world, else would My servants fight." Clearly—if we accept this—we must then realize that those who choose material warfare are not (as yet) definitely His "servants." May not the same principle be applied in regard to the physical use of creative force in concrete form?

There is need for caution in these profound questions—especially in "theosophical" circles—to avoid the crucial danger of our accepting astral shadow in place of pure spiritual verity.



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A wise man has said, "There is danger in the duty of another." To each man and each woman his or her *own* duty. Nothing but execrable woe can ensue from any attempt to bind or limit the ego from the uttermost expansion of its sphere—in accordance with Divine Law. On the other hand, never was there a time when the race stood in such need of unity and intercommunion between man and woman on the basis of their high spiritual destiny. The fate of the race hangs in the balance at this moment.

Yours faithfully,
"A."

*To the Editor of the* OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—With reference to the courteous letter by "Another F.T.S." in your December issue, may I be permitted to point out in respect to the questions which your correspondent raises, that apart from a very high state of evolution, if an ego chose all his incarnations in succession which included marriage, "he" would finish his necessary experience in this direction much sooner than an ego who lapsed now and then and so had to make up his experience in later earth lives? I am assuming your correspondent knows the teaching that every ego goes through the same number of matrimonial experiences (as "he" does with every other event), but it is up against the ego to more or less hustle or dawdle. It will be quite clear from the above that a fair number can arrive at a stage when they are free from the necessity to indulge in the somewhat limiting experience of marriage, but yet may be several incarnations off Mastership. Personally I am not in favour of the type of "love" which produces attachment to individuals, as from it arise limitation and its attendant emotional and physical maladies, while an equal regard for all gives harmony.

I do not consider that the egos whose personalities respond to the human stage of consciousness will be the parents of the 1st or 2nd sub-races of the 6th root race, as it would not be either necessary or interesting for them, their creative powers and instincts having been diverted into other channels. Again, although they could furnish a fine mental environment, the material affairs of the really advanced are nearly always verging on grinding poverty, or are so terribly unstable that it would be an indescribable crime to bring children back into incarnation amid such conditions—let the unthinking, the ignorant and the selfish say what they will. I may add that I have knocked about in different countries quite a good deal, and I have never found people who have arrived at what I call the human stage of consciousness in anything but very unsettled or poor worldly surroundings, so that even if they had the inclination, they would not reproduce their species.

I believe the early progenitors of the 6th root race will be a mild mixture of the child and the animal consciousness. There is a growing

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number of this type in our Society to-day, and they more or less worship the two theosophical leaders, and if Mr. Leadbeater's forecast of the early 6th root-racers is correct, either the child-animal consciousness type or their children would settle down unquestioningly among the Californian surroundings, which would be foolish or tawdry to the more robust type. The new "settlers" would be somewhat of the child type, in order to accept without questioning our leaders' teachings and textbooks, etc., without investigating for themselves, and again some of the animal stage in order to reproduce their kind without thinking whether they were satisfied with their own environment or not. I would add that I do not write this with any idea of mockery, but after much thought, as I have often wondered what use the increase in the "devotional type" was, as from an intellectual standpoint they are the talkers, emotionalists and the cliques, some of whom either do not know or do not hold to the good nourishing mental food which H. P. B. gave us.

Concluding, I would add that there is of course the problem of "mind-born" children, and of consulting the incoming ego by the future parents, the latter being a point of great interest if you could bring the consciousness through to the physical plane. Lastly, if the good robust Blavatsky teaching is referred to *re* marriage, readers will find a very fine paragraph in a *Key to Theosophy* on the subject.

Yours faithfully,

A. E. A. M. TURNER, F.T.S.

## THE NUMBER OF THE BEAST.

*To the Editor of the* OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—I am reading with the greatest interest your Notes on the prophecies connected with the present war.

In this connection I wonder whether you have seen a penny pamphlet which is being sold by newsagents, by "Iconoclast," entitled *Is the Kaiser the Beast referred to in the Book of Revelation*, etc. In reference to the 13th chapter of "Revelation," the concluding sentence runs :—

"Meanwhile it may be pointed out that the figure 666—*the number of the Beast—represents a total of* 18, *i.e.* 6 + 6 + 6, *which in turn represents the number of letters in the words 'Der Kaiser Wilhelm II,' a point of secondary importance maybe, but significant all the same.*"

This seems to me the weak spot of the booklet, which is rather interesting otherwise. The author's explanation may be ingenious, but surely inadequate as a solution of the strange text which has puzzled the world since it was written. Besides, why should we suppose that St. John the Divine thought in German? I know that occultists hold that there is great significance in numbers; and it

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seems more likely that there is some cryptic meaning in 666. I should be very grateful if you or your readers can give me any other solutions they know of concerning this subject.

I am, dear Sir, yours faithfully,
F. GRAY.

[The number 666 has been made the subject of all sorts of fanciful ideas. An ingenious student has discovered that the Kaiser went to war in the 666th month of his life.—ED.]

## A PREDICTION OF THE WAR.

*To the Editor of the* OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—May we in thanking you for this reproduction of our prediction of the War, in your little book of Prophecies and Omens of the Great War, also take the opportunity of calling your attention to the omissions?

We said in the 1913 Antares that Germany would strike England, France, or one of her smaller neighbours.

In Antares for 1911, written in the summer of 1910, we said: "The Editor feels that his accession to the editorship of this Almanac falls on the eve of a momentous period of History when two or more European nations will become involved in war. . . . Mundane astrology contains only a modicum of truth, and affords no clue to this mighty conflict between two of the most powerful nations the world has ever seen." In our 1912 Antares Almanac we said: "At any moment Germany or one of her Allies may spring at the throat of one of her neighbours, . . . thus the strong will plunder the weak. Mars has emerged from his 'blue tent above' and may at any moment mount his chariot, and then there will be a mighty clash of arms, and a battle such as the world has never seen." These predictions led to numerous questions from many readers asking when Germany would strike; hence our prediction, which has appeared in many newspapers in England and America.

Yours very truly,
*November* 19, 1914. EDITOR ANTARES.

## VISIONS OF THE ETHEREAL PLANE.

*To the Editor of the* OCCULT REVIEW.

I.

DEAR SIR,—I have read with interest the two articles on the Ethereal Plane appearing in your magazine, and as they embody two waking visions of my own, I venture to send these to you. They are as follows:—

One morning after breakfasting in bed I began to meditate on spiritual things, and found myself suddenly climbing a steep tower. It was dark, but through the loopholes I saw waving golden corn.

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Believe me, all the steps were gone. Painfully I climbed up and up until I had to draw myself onward by the narrow steps above my head. At last I stood outside on the battlements, and was met by a shrouded figure, clad in brown and violet robes, who drew me into his arms and rested me unspeakably. "It is our Lord," I thought to myself. He turned me round, and I looked over into the abyss, full of clouds of vapour, and knew I was safe from physical death. Again I was turned round to look on the other side. How beautiful was the landscape! Avenues of trees, green grass and streams of clear running waters. Crowds of people rushed down to welcome me, and I knew they were all I had loved or had touched by sympathy in my earthly life. Suddenly they parted on each side of a broad green pathway, down which moved a majestic figure in pure white with a veiled face. Then I *knew* He was my Lord, and I was loosed by my supporter and ran to meet Him until I lay at His Feet, full of love and thankfulness. . . . At that moment the servant entered my room, and the vision was gone.

II.

I found myself one evening, when sitting over the fire, walking up some broad white marble steps that swept from either side of a balustrade. The building was like the Taj Mahal, that I know well. The door that closed it was a white and yellow onyx. It opened before me, and I stood in a huge white marble hall, divided into courts by similar doors. The second was like an unpolished ruby, the third an unpolished amethyst, the fourth a sapphire, and the last an emerald, equally unpolished. I now stood in the apse of the great white hall, a rotunda, and seated on the marble throne was a huge white Figure, with the face veiled, equal in size to that of Moses by Michael Angelo in the Church in Rome.

I threw myself at the Feet in adoration, and again the Vision fled as my door was opened.

III.

One morning in bed, after meditation, I was conscious of following one of my "guides" up a staircase in black cindery rock. This ended in a huge amphitheatre as dark as it was large. "Look," I heard. "I cannot see," I answered, but soon became conscious of tiny white, naked figures fleeing before black imps. I was so sorry for them that I held out my hands and became conscious that my guide had turned back to the entrance, and I must follow. Three or four of the tormented figures clung to my dress and when I reached with them the staircase I saw white angels with mantles ready to throw over these naked creatures. I found myself with my guide there climbing further up the staircase of black cinders, and below me was vapour and rushing wind. We entered another amphitheatre as black as the last, though open at the top. "Look," I heard, and

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after a while saw tiny figures trying to light fires, which, as soon as they accomplished their desire, were blown out and trodden down by their companions. It was piteous to watch the vain efforts and the unholy glee of the combatants. I turned to my guide, who explained that these were the ambitious and envious, who had no thought of aught else save to destroy the work of others. Again, the interruption of my maid caused the vision to vanish.

"PAX."

(Let me state that I have not practised any development of clairvoyance, but only allow it to open my inner eyes, as pleases the Unseen Spiritual Guides.)

## DIVINATION BY THE BIBLE.

*To the Editor of the* OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—*À propos* of the use of the Bible in divination to which you refer in the November OCCULT REVIEW, it may be interesting to tell the results obtained—by the old Scots method of opening the book after prayer—at the outset of the war.

The first was Ezekiel xxv. 15, 16, 17: "Thus saith the Lord GOD; Because the Philistines have dealt by revenge and have taken vengeance with a despiteful heart, to destroy *it* for the old hatred [or, with perpetual hatred]; therefore thus saith the Lord GOD; Behold, I will stretch out Mine hand upon the Philistines, and I will cut off the Cherethims and destroy the remnant of the sea-coast [or haven of ships]. And I will execute great vengeance [better, vengeances] upon them with furious rebukes, and they shall know that I am the Lord, when I shall lay My vengeance upon them."

The second was Isaiah viii. 9, 10: "Associate yourselves, O ye people, and [or, yet] ye shall be broken in pieces; and give ear, all ye of far countries: gird yourselves, and ye shall be broken in pieces; gird yourselves, and ye shall be broken in pieces. Take counsel together, and it shall come to nought; speak the word, and it shall not stand: for God is with us."

However one may regard such sortilege the latter quotation might well be the inspiring motto of those called upon to battle with the forces of violence and evil incarnated in the Germanic confederation.

Yours, etc.,
READER.

## RATIONAL HYPNOTISM.

*To the Editor of the* OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—Since the publication of *Rational Hypnotism*, I have been so flooded with inquiries with reference thereto, and the time at my disposal for the answering of correspondents has been so limited,

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that I venture to request the favour of an opportunity of dealing in your magazine with certain of the questions raised.

A leading physician of the day was kind enough to remark to me before the work was published, that a point he particularly admired was the successful nature of my attempt to lift the whole subject out of the "abnormal." In recently perusing the Memoirs of M. Henri Stephan de Blowitz, the late famous French correspondent of *The Times*, I was much struck by certain passages which had so strong a bearing upon that point that, had I alighted upon them early enough, they would have found a place in *Rational Hypnotism*. In quoting, I shall draw attention by italics to the most significant remarks.

In dealing with his childhood Blowitz wrote: "*My memory, which all my lifetime has been my powerful and precious auxiliary, was formed almost entirely alone. It was innate and natural; it required no training.*

"In my father's room there used to be an enormous stick with a gold knob, which I always admired and envied. Every time I saw it I used to ask for it, and every time I asked for it I used to long to have it and keep it.

"One day my father said to me:

"'Listen; I will give you this stick if to-morrow you recite to me by heart the legend of "Kosros the Wise."'

"That was a way of getting rid of me, for the Hungarian legend of 'Kosros the Wise' is quite as long as Shakespeare's *Hamlet*, and Sir Henry Irving will tell you that twenty-four hours constitute a very short time in which to learn *Hamlet*.

"Nevertheless, the following day I went to my father's room, and without a mistake I recited to him all the wonderful legend.

"The stick with the gold knob became my property. I did not keep it; but, thank Heaven, I kept my memory" (*My Memoirs*, pp. 6, 7).

In April, 1872, M. de Blowitz was present with Mr. John Delane, the then editor of *The Times*, during an important speech of M. Thiers at Versailles. Delane remarked that it would be a glorious thing if *The Times* could outstrip the Paris journalists in reporting their own news. "When he had left," wrote Blowitz, "a wild idea came into my head. *Following an old idea which I still retain, I sat down and closed my eyes. I then strove to call up the image of the Assembly, with M. Thiers in the rostrum, and as I had listened very attentively to what he had said, it seemed as if I could hear him speaking and that I could write down his speech.*

"I went at once to the telegraph-office in the Rue de Grenelle. I obtained writing materials in an empty room. There I put into operation my mnemonic process. *Alternately I shut my eyes to see and hear M. Thiers, and then opened them to write out the speech for the wire.* I was able to recall and report all his speech, which was, of course, instantaneously transmitted to London. When Mr. Delane, next morn-

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ing, opened *The Times* in England, he found in it two columns and a half reporting the speech he had heard on the previous afternoon at Versailles" (*My Memoirs*, pp. 52, 53).

The Treaty of Berlin was published in *The Times* at the very hour that it was being signed in that city. This achievement, described as "the greatest journalistic feat on record," was accomplished by Blowitz. Through a shrewd expedient he had obtained all of the treaty except the preamble. As a special favour the Comte de St. Vallier read the preamble to him once, slowly and distinctly. "I thanked him *and took leave*," states Blowitz, "and reached the station a few minutes before the train started." Some of Blowitz's colleagues having assembled to bid him farewell, he assumed, at the risk of giving offence, a particularly gloomy and stern demeanour, merely saluting them politely. "*I was afraid*" (he explains) "*of forgetting the preamble if my attention were diverted by conversation.*" Directly the train had passed the outskirts of Berlin, Blowitz said to his secretary: "Take pen and ink; I am going to dictate something," and then dictated the preamble (*My Memoirs*, pp. 152, 153).

On my hypnotic hypothesis, Blowitz was accustomed to "naturally" assume that condition which when "artificially" obtained is termed "hypnosis." Admitted that Blowitz was exceptionally well endowed, and that he had an almost life-long practice of the right method, I have on many occasions obtained, by hypnotic artifices, a just as astonishing, if not more astonishing, recollection—yet without the slightest increase of suggestibility.

Though hypnotism should not be confused with suggestion, the latter is of great service in the induction of hypnosis, and that is one reason why I do not consider that the use of the eyes by a hypnotic operator is practically identical with that of other bright objects. Facial expression is capable of doing much towards inspiring confidence; and even suggesting the appearance of certain phenomena. I have succeeded in numerous cases in inducing almost instantaneous hypnosis by gradually changing my facial expression in accordance with "the special indications of the case."

It is commonly supposed that the digestive organs are accustomed to picking out the good and rejecting the bad, irrespective of the materials supplied. That naïve idea is responsible for a vast amount of ill-health. Were the idea correct, poisoning by food would be impracticable. The fact that the kind and amount of diet have an enormous influence upon health must be apparent to persons intelligently interested in the welfare of infants and the lower animals.

Ill-health is sometimes due, primarily, to weakness of some single part of the body. In such instances the physiological law should be heeded—Parts used grow; parts unused wane; parts abused resent the ill-treatment. Spinal curvature, prolapsus uterus, and a host of other conditions, demand methodical exercise, combined in many instances with certain dietetic measures.

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The reason why it is no uncommon thing for me to successfully treat patients thitherto accounted incurable is that I am not the slave of any system, but act in accordance with the adage: "Where the wound is, the plaster must be." A considerable proportion of my patients have previously tested mere psycho-therapeutics, and found them seriously lacking.

What correct voice-production is to singing, hypnotism (attention-training, -development, and -utilization) is to education in general. It was as a professor of singing and elocution that, with the aim of making good certain deficiencies in the educational (drawing-out) methods then at my disposal, I undertook the investigation of hypnotism. I found it of great value, but by the study of diet I was able to still further perfect matters. Judicious diet materially helps in the preservation of the voice, and is capable of completely preventing colds—those serious drawbacks to the ordinary singer.

This line of study has been, however, of another great use to me. It has enabled me to recognize the correct niches for the various branches of hygienic medicine. When I had little more than voice-culture and other exercise to utilize, I was instrumental in effecting many remarkable cures. The addition of hypnotism considerably increased the number; but with diet added, the number of even difficult cases is reduced to a very small percentage.

Yours faithfully,
J. LOUIS ORTON.

52 BEDFORD STREET, STRAND,
LONDON, W.C.

## TWO VISIONS.

*To the Editor of the* OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—Could you or will any of your readers give me an explanation of the two following visions:—

1. "I saw a table with a lighted lamp on one corner, and on the other corner was a lighted candle with my wife bending in front of the lamp." The lamp, candle and table I recognized as my own.

2. "I saw in the corner of my bedroom a dark grey cat lying in a curve watching me closely."

I remain, yours truly,
R. G. C.

JAGERSFONTEIN,
ORANGE FREE STATE, SOUTH AFRICA.

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# PERIODICAL LITERATURE

THE magazines which reach us from India have several points of interest, both within and without their primary design of presenting the philosophy and religion of the East, with eastern writers as their mouthpiece. *The Kalapaka* has a study of spiritualism in connection with the theory of reincarnation, and it would seem that in India, as in France, there is a clear distinction of opinion on the subject. *The Hindu Spiritual Magazine*, now in its ninth volume and a creditable production within its own measures, sets aside reincarnation altogether, or manifests at least no faith in the doctrine. *The Kalapaka*, on the other hand, is so far concerned with the affirmative side that it is inviting co-operation for the collection of evidence on the subject—but whether speculative and philosophical or alleged recollections of anterior states does not appear. Meanwhile, it lays stress upon *Le Livre des Esprits* of Allan Kardec, and reminds us of a curious thesis in an altogether curious book which has almost passed out of recollection, the *Startling Facts in Modern Spiritualism*, by Dr. N. B. Wolfe. He was a trenchant writer of his period, and his facts are a long record of manifestations on the part of a Napoleonic group of "controls," among whom was included the famous Marshal Ney and other yet more illustrious personages. He is said to have testified (*a*) that Napoleon I was a Roman Emperor at the period of the Christ-life in Palestine, and (*b*) that he would again take flesh and appear as the Saviour of France in the early part of the twentieth century. *The Kalapaka*, taking this communication with high seriousness, suggests that the coming King is already in the world, but is too young to take part in the present war, which may, however, be prolonged, "and the final solution of the whole problem" may be found "by the mighty genius of reincarnated Napoleon Bonaparte, who will again reconstruct the map of Europe." Were our contemporary of Southern India more fully acquainted with the record of Dr. Wolfe and his communicating spirits, it might have speculated in more tentative terms. He was promised the materialization of Napoleon for several hours in broad daylight, and that he should address a public assembly, but when the pledge was due for fulfilment the good doctor passed unexpectedly away. . . . Of quite another order is a striking article in *The Vedic Magazine*,



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which tends to show by elaborate tabulations that, while Moslems and Christians are substantially on the increase in India, the Hindus are a dying race. In one district their extinction at the present rate of diminution will be complete in a hundred years.

We had occasion to notice last month some varieties of mendacious opinion which had found expression in a particular issue of *The Open Court* on the matter of the Great War and on the clean white slate of Germany—politically, intellectually and morally more than all—in respect of responsibility. The crime of the ages was fixed upon England only. Another issue is before us, and another point of view, not that it is characterized by novelty, though it has names attached to it which have passed with many for greatness. As on the previous occasion, there is Haeckel, to whom Rudolph Eucken is added—the biologist who is an anti-religionist, and the philosopher and Vedandist who has spoken to us much and often on idealism, life and religion. It is a curious marriage enough, and it has come about for the purpose of a pathetic appeal on the part of two German professors, who address the American Universities, imploring them not to give credence to slanders concocted by enemies. The real responsibility for the war does not rest upon Germany, nor even on England: "it was Russia alone that gave a critical turn to the event, and Russia alone is to blame for the outbreak of the war." Last month we had Haeckel's hysteria on the "blood-guilt" of England, Russia being categorically set aside. Possibly the intervention of Eucken has brought about the *volte face* of his senile partner. Howsoever this may be, the wail of the pleading before us certifies that if only the Universities of America will acknowledge that the crime is with Russia, these two notable witnesses promise on their part to be comforted. Their hope meanwhile for such a desired consummation is based on the fact that at least the institutions in question are aware what German culture means to the world. A verdict, as it happens, has gone forth from a wider court of judgment, for the world itself has been learning at first hand what is signified by the said culture. Paul Carus is multifarious in his mental occupations, and his *cacœthes scribendi* is incurable. His *vexillum belli* is inevitably in evidence once more, and by the help of German-made documents he shows to his satisfaction that "poor Belgium" is entitled to no sympathy for the German breach of neutrality, because her people did not "behave like peaceful citizens," and let the invaders go through, and because their hostility "presupposes a widespread propaganda against Ger-

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many." Carus is not a person whose opinion signifies on any side of any subject whatever, and we do not suppose for a moment that he will produce more impression in America than he would produce here, supposing that *The Open Court* circulated in England. We note that he has just issued a "holiday edition" of "Truth and Other Poems," of which we had not heard previously. Unhappily, his verses are bad, and we doubt whether his version of truth is likely "to perplex the sages"—as Lord Byron suggested in the case of Wordsworth.

*Theosophy in Scotland* has a paper on Mysticism in connection with the present crisis, which is regarded as a challenge by the writer, as it has been held by others previously. It is perhaps scarcely fair to remark critically upon what is said to be merely notes, but it is not a very good paper. It registers that "the mystical experience is the experience of a fundamental fact of our being," but with little indication as to what that experience may be. One point, however, is scored—that in Mysticism our relations to man are not less important than are our relations to God. This is true, and the writer suggests truly that the fact is lost sight of too often. He might have gone further and shown that the union with God, which is the true end of Mysticism, presupposes an union of hearts with all mankind in the love and the service of all. Love is the one path, and the fruition of love is the term: it is from the root of love in the things which are seen that we go up into the love-born realization of things unseen by the eye of sense. We agree cordially that the present natural crisis is "a call for service, both on outer and inner spheres."

There are two advantages for which our friends of *The Progressive Thinker* must feel thankful occasionally—one is their immunity, in common with all journalism, from intellectual responsibility for opinions expressed by contributors, and the other is a consequent disinclination of fellow-journalists to reflect upon sporadic unwariness in giving publicity to certain papers. We believe that Mr. Charles Dawbarn is a frequent contributor to the columns of our contemporary, and that he is above all a progressive thinker. Now, he does not happen to fall within the normal field of our appreciation or criticism, but as it was impossible not to be arrested by the title of his recent disquisition—"Speck Ego in Spirit Return"—so it seemed worth while to ascertain what it was designed to convey, and hence these words of marvelling. Though five columns have failed to elucidate the point, we did not go unrewarded in certain

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other respects. We learned that the spectroscope not only bears witness to a wondrous identity of substance throughout space, but discovers intelligence "working amidst timeless limits." Presumably, the experts have made themselves a secret society to keep this knowledge from the world. Presumably, also, its independent discovery led Mr. Dawbarn further—through such vistas indeed that, finding his ego indestructible, he has arrived at these amazing inferences: (1) That he was never created; (2) that "he is in existence everywhere, at the same time, within his own limits" (*sic*, literally and actually); and (3) that in some sense which Whitman would have called "ecstatic and undemonstrable" his ego is "in actual manifestation through several forms"—also at the same time. There is a certain joy in nonsense, but it lies within measured bounds, and as the chartered libertinism of editorial non-responsibility has also its limits, one wonders whether a presumably serious journal, however progressive, is entitled to print with impunity such extracts taken *verbatim* from the Book of Bedlam.

Mr. D. Rogers, writing on "The Idealist's Point of View," in a recent issue of *Light*, dwells on a conviction which actuated the saints of old, namely, that "pain, struggle and difficulty" are both necessary to mental and spiritual development. Now, it is precisely this conviction which lies at the root of the ascetic life and doctrine. The lengths to which they were carried led beyond all relation to life and sanity, but there was this substratum of truth, and Mr. Rogers commands our entire sympathy when he says that "human character can never grow in a hot-house atmosphere." Matthew Arnold spoke long ago of the hard ascent to eternal life, and this also is true in the sense that we build up our own spiritual individuality by slow degrees only, not without labour and zeal. Our concurrence is due also to Mr. Rogers for his conception of a Deity "Who works not from without but from within; through the life-forces of the universe, including the spirits of men." In these days of stress *Light* is evidently seeking, and not without a measure of success, to keep in touch with the great issues, and is manifesting signs of its vitality in consequence.

The last number of *Modern Astrology* contains, among other interesting matter, the horoscope of the Crown Prince of Germany. The rising sign is Sagittarius, and the Moon, which is hyleg or life-giver, occupies the ascendant. The Sun is besieged by two malefics, Saturn and Neptune, the Sun, Saturn and Neptune being all within thirty-two minutes of a degree of exact con-

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junction. This very striking position falls in the sign Taurus, ruling Ireland, and it is noteworthy in this connection that the Crown Prince of Germany was born on the day on which the Phœnix Park murders in Dublin created such an immense sensation in the political world of that time. Uranus and Mars are the only planets elevated above the earth, and the horoscope is an extremely evil one. The prospect of a crown is remote in the extreme, and the figure contains the signs of grave reverses and even the possibility of a violent death. The father and children are both threatened. The influences at the present time, and again in the spring, are markedly evil. Other features of topical interest in this issue are the progressed horoscopes of the rulers of Europe. The striking figure for the winter quarter is also given.

The most interesting feature in *OM, alias* the *Occult Messenger*, and one that will appeal most strongly to the student of chiromancy, is the reproduction of the right and left hands of Lord Roberts. The lines are very well and clearly brought out, and Mr. de Kerlor, the Editor, is widely recognized as an authority on this fascinating science. By the way, we wish we could persuade the Editor not to publish his guess horoscopes. That of Lord Kitchener in the last issue is impossible, if for no other reason because the subject, had he been born at the time given, could never have risen above obscurity. There are other reasons which, we think, render Lord Roberts' horoscope, published in this issue, quite out of the question. Amongst these we would indicate the presence of the Sun and Venus in the Seventh House, which suggests that the success of his career came from this direction. In addition to this, Lord Roberts is far from being a type of Aries. We would suggest without any great confidence that about the last degree or two of Virgo might have been rising, with the Sun in the ascendant, in trine with Mars. Probably Lord Kitchener was born under Scorpio. Another feature of this issue is a critical discussion of the Kaiser's features, not even excepting his moustache, which will appeal strongly to physiognomists.

As we go to press a copy of *Antares Almanac* for 1915 reaches us. The Almanac is published at 6*d.* by the Rexo Publishing Co., 18 Bride Lane, London, E.C. A great deal of the matter in the Almanac is devoted to what its editor describes as the New Aspects—the relations of the planets which have not been generally recognized in Astrology. There are also some Notes with regard to the War and its duration, and the horoscopes of the leading sovereigns of the world.

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# REVIEWS

ON THE TRACK OF TRUTH: Thoughts and Jottings by the Way. By Charles F. Moxon. Demy 8vo, pp. 364. London: J. and J. Bennet, Ltd. Price 6*s. net.*

CHIEF among the external characteristics of this volume are its plain sense married to modesty of expression, and if there were no higher claims, at least one of Mr. Moxon's readers would have been drawn by these alone. However, there are independent merits. The papers on "Destiny and Freewill," on "The Spiritual Element in Nature," and on "Heredity and the Ego" are entitled to a better description than that of thoughts and jottings, though it is accurate as regards the shorter pieces in the volume. I do not, however, like Mr. Moxon, regard reincarnation as, in the words of Joseph Glanvil, "a Key to unlock the Grand Mysteries of Providence in relation to man's sin and misery." It is not, in any case, the only key, and the symbolical expression does not connote for me an universal law. Mr. Moxon takes the opposite view, and has found therein not alone his consolation in chief, when looking on the world and life, but a light under which to study his own inward nature and retrace the history of his soul. His presentation of the subject is not the less free from a dogmatic quality of conviction. In one place, indeed, he speaks of it almost as a sequence of suppositions, results of reasoning by way of analogy and deduction, partaking somewhat of "the nature of circumstantial evidence." His views on this account will be not less welcome to the more militant champions of the question, and as outside these the number of persons who, in one or another sense, feel themselves concerned with reincarnation are probably increasing from day to day, Mr. Moxon should be sure of his audience. They on their part will make his acquaintance to their profit, while for those entirely outside the particular circle of belief, it by no means follows that the writer has no message. He has pursued the quest of truth and has gathered some things by the way which should not be without service to others on the same track. It would not be easy in these days to meet with a more wholesome book.

A. E. WAITE.

L'ÉSOTÉRISME DE PARSIFAL. *Par* Lotus Péralté . . . *Suivis d'une traduction littérale du Parsifal de Richard Wagner.* Paris: Perrin et Cie. Crown 8vo, pp. iv + 218. Price 3f. 50c.

THE present literal translation of the *Parsifal* is, so far as I know, the first which has been made in France. Lotus Péralté is a pseudonym to all appearance, but he or she whom it conceals has done the work to good purpose. It has interest as another attempt to read in a personal understanding to the surface sense of the poem. After all it may—here and there—be not so far away from the author's intention, for Richard Wagner was also tinged with occultism. On the historical side—as regards Templars, Trouveurs and Minnesingers—it reflects Eugène Aroux, who himself reflected Gabriele Rossetti, and is not history but the figments of a dreaming mind? So are we told that the Knights Templar transmitted the "experiences of



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the Christian Spirit" and the "history of the interior and dramatic phases of human consciousness." It is perhaps a little surprising that this kind of *esotérisme* is still possible in France. In the present case it is joined to a very slight knowledge of the Graal literature. On the side of interpretation it is easy to distinguish the influence of Dr. Steiner, more especially as to the Blood shed at Calvary. For the rest, the Holy Graal is "the Human Cup which expresses man in his highest essence." King Arthur is the "solar source" of "sensorial life," and the companions of the Round Table are "cosmic sources of sensitive forces." If this kind of thing is the meaning of the Mass on Mount Salvateh, give me the simple Low Mass said by the humblest priest in the poorest church of this city.

A. E. WAITE.

THE CLEAN HEART. By A. S. M. Hutchinson. London: Hodder & Stoughton. Price 6s.

MR. HUTCHINSON has written three books: *Once Aboard the Lugger, The Happy Warrior, The Clean Heart.* The first made us expect, the second made us wonder, the third set us deeply thinking. And what better medium than the OCCULT REVIEW for a prophecy? Mr. Hutchinson may, like Wriford, go right ahead and conquer, determined of the end, and forge for himself a great name and place in the literature of the twentieth century. A critic has said of *The Clean Heart* that "There are times when any reviewer feels the inadequacy of language," and we acknowledge our debt to him—an American—for so phrasing our own attitude to this remarkable story. It is unique from beginning to end: unique in the dramatic, unique in characterization, unique in construction, unique in conception. Puddlebox is a marvel of imagination; Wriford a masterpiece. The psychology is truly prodigious and accurate; the narrative immense. More we cannot say, nor do we want: the reader will fill the gap with his own wonderment. To properly appreciate *The Clean Heart* would need many pages. We urge an instant purchase. X.

PREHISTORIC LONDON: ITS MOUNDS AND CIRCLES. By E. O. Gordon, Author of "Life of Dean Buckland," "St. George, Champion of Christendom," etc. With Appendices by the Rev. John Griffith, Author of "Edward II in Glamorgan." London: Elliot Stock, 7 Paternoster Row, E.C. 1914. Price 10s. 6*d*. net.

PROBABLY no more enthusiastic writer than Mrs. Gordon (who by the way is a sister of the eminent naturalist, the late Frank Buckland) has ever sought to penetrate the mists of the remote past and to connect the silent evidence of prehistoric monuments with the living testimony of tradition—"the surest of all evidence," said Lord Beaconsfield, "for tradition cannot be destroyed."

The three lengthy chapters into which "Prehistoric London" is divided, deal respectively with the Religion, Race, Language, and Literature of Pre-Christian Britain, its Open-air Sanctuaries and Places of Assembly, and its laws and statutes The latter the author refers to a Trojan source, quoting Sayce and Schliemann's researches as affording evidence of the kinship of Britons and Trojans. The high ideals and deep learning of those priests and priestesses of the mystic Circles, as revealed in the Druidic Triads; the intense occultism of their ceremonies; the wonder-

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ful, unwritten music that has come down to us from Keltic harpstrings; the deep reverence of the Gorsedd prayer;—all bring back a time which stands in silent but eloquent contrast with the fierce unrest, the blatant godlessness, of so much that passes for enlightenment to-day. One can do no more than merely hint at the scope of this fascinating book, which is enriched by twenty-two fine illustrations, and congratulate its author on having enabled modern readers to visualize so vivid a picture of life in Druidic Britain, this:

"shining gem, set in the silver sea."

EDITH K. HARPER.

THE HOUR OF OPPORTUNITY: By Orison S. Marden, Author of "He Can who Thinks He Can," "Every Man a King," etc., etc. London: Messrs. W. Rider and Son, Ltd., Paternoster Row, E.C. Price 1s. net.

THE POWER OF PERSONALITY: By Orison S. Marden, Author of "An Iron Will," "He Can who Thinks He Can," etc., etc. London: Messrs. W. Rider and Son, Ltd., Paternoster Row, E.C. Price 1s. net.

AN IRON WILL: By Orison S. Marden, Author of "Every Man a King," etc., etc. London: Messrs. W. Rider and Son, Ltd., Paternoster Row, E.C. Price 1s. net.

MR. ORISON S. MARDEN'S indefatigable literary "output" is in itself an illustration of the efficacy of the gospel he so ardently proclaims. In the three new books by this popular author, recently published by Messrs. William Rider and Son, Limited, the high level of his particular quality is maintained throughout. There is the same atmosphere of buoyant breeziness, the same apt illustration of his text by anecdotes of "real people," and the same abundance of sound practical counsel which never bores the reader by degenerating into sermonizing. The first of this triplet of volumes, *The Hour of Opportunity*, is an elaboration of the ancient Greek legend, which was embodied by the famous sculptor Lysippus—a contemporary of Alexander the Great— in the form of a statue representing "Opportunity," a boy in the flower of his youth, with winged feet, thick curls clustering on his forehead, but the back of his head without hair. Hence the familar aphorism "Take Time by the forelock." The oldest allegory known to Greek Art, it is brought right up to date by the author, who rings the changes on it like an "Air Varié" by Mozart, in eight chapters severally entitled "Are you ready for it?" "What the Employers say," "Do you Know a Good Thing when you see it?" "Seizing the Forelock," "Fit and Misfit Opportunities," "All There," and "He Missed It at Last."

"The Education of the Will is the object of our existence," declared Emerson—that "Greek head on Yankee shoulders" as Lowell called him in his *Fable For the Critics*—and Mr. Marden has exemplified this comprehensive truth in the seven chapters of *An Iron Will*, uniform with the foregoing. Both of the last-named volumes were prepared with the assistance of Mr. Abner Bayley, while in the third, *The Power of Personality*, the author has been assisted by Miss Margaret Connolly. Doubtless to the latter

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combination we must attribute the feminine touch, apparent in the many details relating to dress, manners, appearance, and all that goes towards conveying a correct estimate of personality to the keen observer, which are embodied in such passages as : " In this fiercely competitive age, when the law of the survival of the fittest acts with seemingly merciless rigour, no one can afford to be indifferent to the smallest detail of dress or manner or appearance that will add to the chances of success : " . . . " Extra care as regards personal habits and general appearance is as a rule indicative of a certain alertness of mind which shows itself antagonistic to slovenliness of all kinds," and many another bit of sound wisdom driven home in the eight chapters comprising the book. In the concluding chapter, " Personal Magnetism," great stress is laid on the early training of children, for " it is possible to help every child to develop qualities that will make him popular and magnetic—a genuinely unselfish, noble man or woman. It is so easy to train the child when its nature is soft and plastic, when it is so quickly responsive to impressions, to be agreeable, pleasing, attractive ; to acquire the qualities and habits, the graces of manner and personality, that win and hold hearts." The intuitive graces, in short, of which our great Laureate was mindful when he wrote that—

" Manners are not idle, but the fruit
Of royal natures and of noble minds."

EDITH K. HARPER.

THE FOUNDATIONS OF LIFE.
SPIRITS AND THE DESTRUCTION OF SAN FRANCISCO.
HEAVEN AND HELL.
DREAMS AND VISIONS.
PARADISE.
THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH.

By John Ball, M.D. San Francisco : 2876 Twenty-Fourth Street.

THIS series of pamphlets constitute one of the most remarkable pronouncements of free-thought which has been made for some time past. It is remarkable in that the material hypothesis is relegated to its proper place in the scheme of thought. While not forsaking the real, Dr. Ball insists upon the importance of the realizable, in which he includes all psychic and spiritual experiences. Almost every line of his writing contains an aphorism, while sound teaching, untrammelled by conventional form and orthodox views, permeates the entire series of his works. Occasionally, he is dogmatic and at times badly instructed, as when he writes :—

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DREAMLAND SPEECHES ON HOMELAND PROBLEMS: The Practical Psychology of Life. By Henry Fox, M.A. (Cantab.). London: The Power Book Company, 58–59 Bank Chambers, 329 High Holborn, W.C. 1914. Price 1*s.* net.

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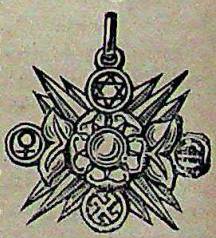
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E. M. M.

THE UNKNOWN GUEST. By Maurice Maeterlinck. Translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. London: Methuen & Co., Ltd. Price 5*s.* net.

THE Editor dealt with the Free-will and Time parts of this book in the December issue of the OCCULT REVIEW. It remains, therefore, to review the psychical part.

M. Maeterlinck writes of phantasms, psychometry, and the subliminal self—which last-named is our "unknown guest"—and is always bright and interesting. To readers of this magazine, however, he probably has little to offer that is new, in these chapters, for his cases are mostly quoted from the S.P.R. *Proceedings*. But his chapter on the Elberfeld Horses strikes a different note; for he investigated them himself, travelling to Elberfeld specially for the purpose. In our present state of mind, it is natural that we should view the German owner of these animals with extreme distrust. Probably M. Maeterlinck himself now feels a certain regret that he gave Herr Krall such an unqualified certificate of honesty. But certainly there seemed no evidence of fraud, nor has any been discovered by the psychologists who have pilgrimaged to Elberfeld from all over Europe. The horses extract the square roots of numbers written on the blackboard, indicating the answer by hoof-scrapes: and they do it with marvellous speed, beginning to scrape almost as soon as the last figure is written. M. Maeterlinck thinks they have subliminals which get at the answer intuitively, as with mathematical prodigies, who do not consciously calculate. And he thinks that, with proper development, horses might make very good mediums—might see and report the future, for instance. This makes us ponder as to whether there may not have been something more than has hitherto been suspected about the sacred cats of ancient Egypt. Cats are perhaps better "psychics" than horses; we remember that Algernon Blackwood's Dr. Silence took his cat to the haunted house to act as seer. But of course Dr. Silence "isn't evidence." Still, those Egyptian cats . . . they may have been mediums—trained seers into occult realms. And the North American totem-animals may originally have attained their sanctity similarly. The whole thing is very suggestive, and experiments ought certainly to be made in this direction. It stands to reason that there must be psychic potentialities in the huge animal kingdom, which we have hitherto hardly guessed at. M. Maeterlinck has done good service by drawing our attention to this unexplored territory. Incidentally it may be remarked that he blunders rather badly in classing astrology with clairvoyance (p. 48). The explanation no doubt is that he knows nothing about the former. Indeed this is obvious, for he humorously alludes to the terror with which mathematics always inspired him, and astrology is purely mathematical.

J. ARTHUR HILL.

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CHIVALRY AND THE WOUNDED. By E. M. Tenison. London: L. Upcott Gill & Son, Ltd., Bazaar Buildings, Drury Lane. 1914. Price 1s.

THIS little volume deserves high praise in that it is a short but very able and interesting account of the Knights Hospitallers from the founding of their order in Palestine in 1014 with a Christian Hospital "for sick or weary pilgrims," their subsequent sad expulsion from the Holy Land and arrival in Cyprus, Rhodes and Great Britain, down to their final surrender of the island of Malta by the last and perhaps only unworthy Grand Master von Hompesch, the faint-hearted German, to the victorious Napoleon in 1798—and their re-creation in modern Europe on ancient and original lines adapted to modern needs and requirements.

It is a record of close on five hundred years of great deeds, heroic achievements, self-sacrifice and high-souled endeavour—a record that is being carried on to-day in the same spirit by our brave ambulance corps, upon whose members the mantle of the dead Grand Masters appears to have fallen. It is a history of men vowed to a life of austerity and saintliness, who gave up their lives and their possessions to the service of mankind.

To all those who are not acquainted with the origin of the order of St. John of Jerusalem, we confidently recommend this little book, to purchase which will aid the St. John Ambulance fund, and further benefit a great work, inspired by dead heroes of the past.

VIRGINIA MILWARD.

THE TRIPLE PLY OF LIFE. By Minnie B. Theobald. London: G. Bell & Sons, Ltd. 1914. Price 3s. 6d.

THE writer is already known to us as the authoress of some very striking allegorical tales, but in the present volume under review she gives us a collection of essays on familiar subjects, dealing with them with considerable originality and a happy terseness and clearness of expression.

The triple ply of life she informs us is the blending of Art, Science and Religion, subjects hitherto believed to be irreconcilable, her view being that we shall only attain the highest grade of religious life when all three work harmoniously together.

In these dark days of anxiety and fear her essays on "Courage" "Optimism and Pessimism" should prove acceptable. We must admit we read them first and found them very helpful and satisfying. Many of us are suffering badly from the gloom that the "dark siders," as Mr. Blatchford calls them, appear so much to enjoy.

M. B. Theobald's conception of Fate as our friend and not our master is a fine one.

These essays alone would redeem the book for ever from any charge of mediocrity, but there are others equally interesting and suggestive.

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LIFE, DEATH AND IMMORTALITY. By the Bishop of Edinburgh. Price 2*d*. R. Scott, Paternoster Row, London, E.C. While the title of this booklet is sufficiently indicative of its contents, the author's name is a guarantee of the adequacy of the treatment of the theme; it is vital, living, sincere and convincing.

THE FULFILMENT OF PROPHECY IN OUR DAY. By J. J. Brown. Price 1*d*. R. Banks & Son, Racquet Court, London, E.C. Harmonizes the present crisis with the conclusions of Prof. Piazzi Smyth, who saw in the ascending and descending passages of the Great Pyramid an epitome of the course of human evolution. Curious and interesting.

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# OCCULT REVIEW

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE INVESTIGATION OF SUPER-NORMAL PHENOMENA AND THE STUDY OF PSYCHOLOGICAL PROBLEMS.

EDITED BY RALPH SHIRLEY

*"Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri"*

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## NOTES OF THE MONTH

OF all forms of religion, probably Sun Worship is the most universal, and this for very obvious reasons. The fact that the Sun is the visible source of light and life must inevitably suggest itself to the most primitive types of humanity, while at a later stage of its development the human race will not fail to see in it a symbol of a Divinity in whom it recognizes the source of all created life. Humanity will then read for Life the vital spirit of man, and for Light the source of all knowledge and wisdom, and will accept accordingly a higher interpretation of the primitive belief. Indeed, in every religion of the world light is taken as the symbol of Wisdom or of Truth; while darkness typifies its opposite, the evil that inevitably takes its birth in ignorance of the Divine Way. Thus Jesus Christ told his disciples, "I am the Light of the world," and the author of St. John's Gospel declared that "in the beginning was the Word"; that "in Him was Life, and the Life was the Light of men"; that the "Light shone in darkness, and the darkness comprehended it not." The Christ of whom John spoke was "The true

SUN WORSHIP.



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Light, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world." When in the narrative of Genesis we are told that God created the heaven and the earth, it is stated that "the earth was without form and void, and darkness was on the face of the deep." The first divine fiat after the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters was expressed in the words "Let there be Light," and it is further added that "God saw the Light that it was good." In the same connection we may recall that the last words of Goethe, after a life spent in the pursuit of wisdom and knowledge, were a cry for "Light, more Light."

This parallelism between light and good, darkness and evil, runs like a mystic thread through all the religious beliefs of all the nations of the world. Through this symbolic figure we realize the essentially negative character of evil, inasmuch as darkness has no real existence in itself, but is merely an expression indicating absence of light. Thus those nations which were not avowedly Sun-worshippers, par excellence, still recognized by type and by figure the spiritual significance of the solar orb; so much so, in fact, that the Roman philosopher Seneca actually says: "You may call the creator of all things by different names, Bacchus, Hercules, Mercury, etc., but these are only different expressions for the same Divine Being, the Sun."

CHRISTIANITY AND SUN WORSHIP.

Even at the present day the Christian Church has identified the greatest of its festivals with the celebration of the worship of the Sun God, Mithra, whose feast day was December 25, when the Sun once more begins to increase in light after the darkness of the winter solstice, and has adopted as its sacred day of the week the day of the Sun God. This Christmas festival itself in one of its names perpetuates the fact of its origin. The feast of Yuletide is the feast of Haiul or Huul, a word which, says the author of *Sun Lore of all Ages*, still signifies in some languages the Sun, and is doubtless allied to our own modern English word "wheel"—a word symbolical of the Sun, the spokes of the wheel representing the solar rays.

A further significant fact in relation to the connection between Christianity and Sun-worship is the eastward position which Christians assume when reciting the Creed, a clear survival from the rites of the Sun-worshippers. The followers of Mithra invariably turned towards the East in worshipping their divinity. The ancient Egyptians worshipped the God Serapis, and Serapis was identified with the Sun. Mr. King states in his *Gnostics and their Remains* that "There can be no doubt that the head of Serapis,

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marked as the face is by grave and pensive majesty, supplied the first idea for the conventional portraits of the Saviour." Mr. King adds that the Imperial Russian Collection boasts of a head of Jesus which is stated to be very ancient. It is a fine intaglio on emerald. "And this," our author observes, "is in reality a head of Serapis seen in front, and crowned in Persian boughs, easily mistaken for thorns, though the bushel on the head leaves no doubt as to the real personage intended."

ORIGIN OF TRADITIONAL LIKENESS OF JESUS.

It is well known that there is no authentic record of a portrait of Jesus, and it is freely stated that the Christians took the paintings and statues of the Sun-gods Serapis and Apollo as their models, to supply this deficiency. It seems indeed strange that not one of the gospels gives an inkling or a hint of Jesus' personal appearance, or facial characteristics—not even the disciple whom Jesus loved breathes a word on the matter. We have to wait till the days of Justin Martyr (circa 150–160) for the first observation on the subject. This Father of the Church is far from complimentary, and speaks of his Master as "without beauty or attractiveness and of mean appearance." Clement of Alexandria (A.D. 200) goes even further, describing him as "of uninviting appearance and almost repulsive." It is, however, not improbable that there was no authentic tradition on the subject even then, and that these unfavourable observations owed their origin to the prophet's description of the "servant of the Lord" regarded in the light of a prophecy of the Messiah, as described in Isaiah liii. 14, in the words, "Like as many were astonied at thee, his visage was so marred, more than any man, and his form more than the sons of men."

Early Roman emperors, when the faith of the ancient gods of Rome was falling into discredit, and when fresh gods were being introduced from the East, from Egypt, from Persia, and from Syria, and were taking their place among the divinities of the Roman Pantheon, cultivated in especial the worship of the Sun God—whether as the representative of the Syrian Sun God Baal, the Persian Mithras or the Egyptian Amen-Ra, mattered not. The idea of the Sun as the symbol of divinity was adopted alike by the Emperor Aurelian and the Emperor Julian, and was, in fact, favoured in preference to Christianity by the great Constantine, who, however, sacrificed his personal religious predilections on the altar of political expediency, in favour of the Christian Deity. Almost, it seemed at one time, that this mystical conception of the Sun, symbolical of the Great

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Central Sun, the source of all life and all human consciousness, would not only completely supersede the early pagan faiths, but would also carry the day in opposition to St. Paul's blend of Gnostic Christianity and the personal worship of the Christ incarnated as Jesus of Nazareth.

Events, however, were destined to favour a more anthropomorphic conception of the divine nature, and Julian's premature death removed such obstacles as the arbitrary power of the ruler of the Roman world might place in the way of the evolution of religious beliefs in this direction. The higher conceptions of Divine Perfection have always been combated by the stronger counter-fascination of a God who could respond to, because he understood and sympathized with, human needs. Man has ever looked for a God to whom he might pray. The Greek and Roman gods, slight though their sympathies with humanity might be, were sufficiently anthropomorphic to be susceptible to the influence of the appeal of humanity. The Greek and Roman philosopher recognized that behind all the gods to whom temples were erected stood One greater and higher than all, One who was as far, nay, farther removed from the gods themselves than these gods were from human ken, One who expressed in Himself that unity of conception and design which the discordant ambitions alike of gods and of men were impotent to impair. But this God, if such there were, was, they felt, inaccessible to the human cry. Earth and its inhabitants equally with the countless hosts of heaven might bear his impress, but He would ever remain to them like the inexorable wheel of fate, like the laws of Nature themselves, unalterable by human effort, immovable by human petition. Thus man has ever looked for a God made after his own image. He has ever sought to worship his own "giant shadow hailed divine." The Sun perhaps above all other visible phenomena symbolizes these inexorable laws of Nature, this changeless course of human fate, which man was powerless to stem. The great Central Sun, Source and Father of all creation, of which our own Sun was but a symbol, might indeed be recognized by the intellect, but the supplication of his votaries could touch Him not at all. Is this perhaps the reason why the nations who have been first and foremost worshippers of the Sun are the exception and not the rule? And why, when nations have learned to worship the Sun they have generally worshipped him under some human personification, as Amen-Ra, or Phœbus Apollo, or the Baal of the Phœnicians, or even as

THE NEED FOR AN ANTHROPOMORPHIC DEITY.

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Hercules of the many labours, and have lost sight of the Sun itself, the symbol of divine unity, in the human heroes of their own history, whose doughty exploits have led to their lives being identified with the solar cycle?

We may thus trace two different trends in the human race, in their attitude towards the divine—the one part looking for a God who expresses to them the entire cosmic conception, and the most unattainable ideals of power and perfection, a God, in short, to worship from afar; the other and far larger part looking for one who can understand and be moved by human emotions and human need for sympathy. It is obvious that the latter of these will awaken most readily, if not indeed alone, the response of the human heart. The force behind the latter conception led accordingly more than any isolated historical event, such as the death of Julian, to the triumph of Christianity. For, after all, a religion which contains that spiritual potency which alone can wield the vast masses of mankind, must demand something more from its votaries than a mere intellectual admission, than the acceptance of any cosmic fact, however stupendous. Man indeed may become a sun-worshipper in days to come, as man has been in the history of the past, but the sun-worshipper will never die for his divinity.

And yet for all this it has never been possible to eliminate the idea of Sun-worship from any of the religions. The Christian invokes the "Sun of Righteousness," and the Christian poet apostrophizes Him in the lines—

> Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
> It is not night if Thou be near.
> Oh, may no earth-born cloud arise
> To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes!

Nor does he fail to see in the daily rising of the Sun a symbol and allegory of the Resurrection of the soul after death, and a guarantee of the truth of his faith in immortality. The mystical interpretation of Christianity endorses the same conception and maintains that God is the Sun of the Soul whereof the physical Sun is the hieroglyph, as the physical man is of the true eternal spiritual man. The solar myth has been offered as an explanation of countless mythological stories and semi-historical legends. The lives and deeds of Hercules, Samson, King Arthur, Jesus Christ himself, have been interpreted in terms of solar allegory. The mystic has seen in the phenomena of its course a correspondence with the actual history of the perfected

UNIVERSALITY OF THE SOLAR MYTH.

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soul, and has averred that "It is because the soul's history is one and this a history corresponding with the Sun's that all those who have earned of their fellows the supreme title of Saviour of men have been invested with it and been represented as having exhibited the same phenomena in their own lives." The cross itself has been described as a solar symbol. This idea is adopted by the authors of *The Perfect Way*, in the following passage—

> For, as says the Master, expounding the secret of Messiahship, "Ought not the Christ to suffer these things, and so to enter into his glory?" Yes, for this Cross of Christ—the spiritual Phoibos—is made by the Sun's equinoctial passage across the line of the Ecliptic—a passage which points on the one hand to the descent into Hades, and on the other to the ascent into the kingdom of Zeus the Father. It is the Tree of Life; the Mystery of the Dual Nature, male and female; the Symbol of Humanity perfected and of the Apotheosis of Suffering. It is traced by "Our Lord the Sun" on the plane of the heavens; it is represented by the magnetic and diamagnetic forces of the earth; it is seen in the ice crystal and in the snowflake; the human form itself is modelled upon its pattern; and all nature bears throughout her manifold spheres the impress of this sign, at once the prophecy and the instrument of her redemption.

Writing on this subject in *Esoteric Christianity*, Mrs. Annie Besant observes that the "Solar myth is a story which primarily represents the activity of the Logos in the Cosmos, and secondarily embodies the life of one who is an incarnation of the Logos or is one of His ambassadors." "Born at the winter solstice after the shortest day in the year, when the sign Virgo is rising above the horizon, he is thus 'born of a virgin.'"

> Weak, feeble, as an infant is he, born when the days are shortest and the nights are longest, surrounded with perils in his infancy—but he lives through all the threatening dangers and the day lengthens towards the spring equinox till the time comes for the crossing over, the Crucifixion, the date varying with each year. The Sun God is sometimes found sculptured within the circle of the horizon with the head and feet touching the circle at North and South and the outstretched hands at East and West—He was crucified. After this he rises triumphantly and ascends into heaven, and ripens the corn and the crops, giving his very life to them to make their substance, and through them to his worshippers.

It may be noted that the Sun God is crucified when the Sun enters the sign Aries, the sign of the Ram or Lamb, "The Lamb slain from the foundation of the world," i.e., not merely slain on Calvary two thousand years ago.

The relation of Sun-worship to astronomy was naturally very close, and the evidence of this is seen in what remains to us of the ancient temples dedicated to Sun-gods. Thus in the case of the celebrated temple of Amen-Ra, at Karnak, Egypt, which is the most magnificent specimen of a solar temple extant, every

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part is, as Sir Norman Lockyer observes,* "built to subserve one special object, that is, to limit the light which fell on the front of the temple into a narrow beam, and to carry it to the other extremity of the temple into the sanctuary, so that once a year, when the Sun sets at the solstice, the light is passed



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THE TEMPLE OF AMEN-RA, KARNAK, EGYPT.

without interruption along the whole length of the temple, finally illuminating the sanctuary in most resplendent fashion, and striking the sanctuary wall." "The ray of light," says the

* Cited by Mr. W. T. Olcott in *Sun Lore of All Ages* (Putnam's, London and New York).

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professor, "was narrowed as it progressed inward from the opening towards the sanctuary by a series of doors ingeniously arranged that acted as the diaphragms of the telescope tube in concentrating the light rays. The reason for this was that the temple was virtually the astronomical observatory, and the idea was to obtain exactly the precise time of the solstice: The longer the beam of light used the greater is the accuracy that can be obtained." The subjoined illustration, which appears in *Sun Lore of all Ages*, gives a few of the columns of the temple, which covers about twice the area occupied by St. Peter's, Rome, the whole structure being immensely greater than that of any modern cathedral. Another celebrated temple of the Sun in the Western Hemisphere was that at Cuzco in Peru, the remains of which are still to be seen at the present day. Of this it is said that the roof was formed of timber works of precious woods plated with gold, and the precious metal was so prodigally lavished on the interior that the temple bore the name of the Place of Gold. "The doors opened to the East, and at the far end, above the altar, was a golden disc with human countenance, shaped to represent the Sun, and studded with precious stones. It was so placed as to reflect at certain seasons the first rays of the rising Sun on its brilliant surface, and as it were to reproduce the likeness of the great luminary."* In the times of the Incas Sun-worship was the state religion of Peru, and remained so until Pizarro overthrew the temples and crushed the national religion. Sun-worship was also the essential feature of the early religion of Mexico, and it is stated that even to this day the inhabitants of the interior, as they go to Mass, perpetuate their ancient faith by throwing a kiss to the Sun before entering the Church.

SUN-WORSHIP AND ASTRONOMY.

SUN-WORSHIP IN MEXICO AND PERU.

In connection with my monthly contribution to the long list of prophecies relative to the present war, I think I ought to draw attention to a prediction cited in the OCCULT REVIEW, June, 1913, in reference to the anticipated capture of Constantinople. The prophecy is attributed to a Russian monk, whose name, I believe, was Thosmas, and whose birth date is given as 1778. After visiting Constantinople he published for the benefit of the Greeks the following prediction: "When," he said, "you see a thousand ships round and near the islands,

* *Sun Lore of All Ages.*

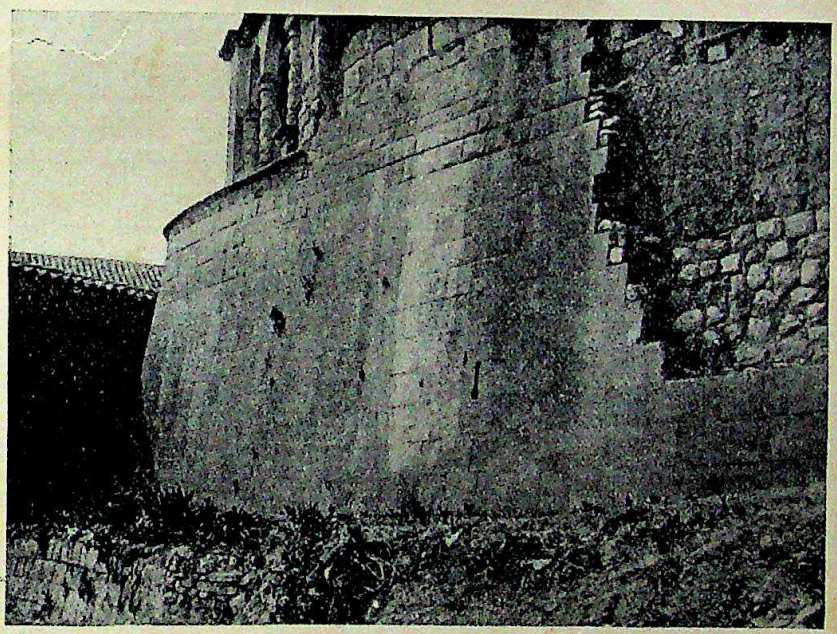
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PREDICTION OF THE FALL OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

then let the young and old fly to the mountains from the sword of Antichrist, and when the allied kings are marching on Constantinople, then sufficient blood will flow for a lamb to swim. Happy will be those who survive these events. The Turks will be divided into three parts :—The first will perish in the war ; the second will retire to Asia ; and the third will be converted to Christianity and remain in Europe. No one who hears me now will see this, but their children may." The prediction in question is specially noteworthy on account of its



THE RUINS OF THE TEMPLE OF THE SUN, CUZCO, PERU.

allusion to the "sword of Antichrist." This is, as far as I am aware, the only other prediction with the exception of the celebrated one of Brother Johannes, about which there is so much dispute, wherein the leadership of Antichrist is specifically alluded to.

From the ever-lengthening list of the prophets of the present war I ought not to omit the name of Professor Cheslav Chinsky, a Russian astrologer whose forecasts appeared in the *Birzhevyia Viedomosti* (*Stock Exchange Messenger*) on New Year's day, in 1910, 1911, and 1913. In the first number referred to the Professor drew attention to the threatened danger to Russia in

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Austria's aggressive aims, but maintained that with the aid of France and England and with Italy remaining neutral victory would crown the Russian arms. The warning was repeated in 1911, Professor Chinsky observing that "there is danger for us from Germany and Austria. Germany besides is a danger to the entire world. The Prussians will attempt to conquer Great Britain and destroy Russia, but the alliance of Russia, France, England and Japan will bring Germany to her knees on a mountain of dead bodies." In 1913 he stated again: "The stars indicate that Austria will start a terrible European conflagration. Austria will become dismembered eventually, although she be but a marionette in the hands of an able manipulator. The year 1915 will mark the commencement of great events. Berlin will give the signal for the beginning of a dreadful war. There will be enormous slaughter of human beings, but the slaughter will mark the last attempt of Prussia to dominate the world, for after the war the German Empire will cease to exist as such. I see new and mighty coalitions come into existence. On the one hand Great Britain, Russia, France, and the Balkan Union, on the other Austria, Germany and Turkey. Rumania and Italy will remain neutral for a long time and will not join in the struggle unless they are assured that they are on the side of the victors. I see the sign of the cross placed on St. Sophia, as well as the end of the Turkish Empire. Greece, having remained outside the Balkan Union, will occupy many islands that were formerly under the Turkish dominion." I am indebted to the *Evening Standard* (March 8) for the reproduction of these extracts, which certainly show shrewd foresight on the part of the Russian astrologer, who, it may be mentioned, has since the beginning of the war made a further series of predictions, but the special interest of the forecasts given lies in the fact that they had all appeared in print by New Year's Day (old style), 1913.

A RUSSIAN PROPHET.

In various quarters it has been maintained that the verses from *The Queen's Wake*, by James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, published in 1813, and entitled "The Vision of Bonny Kilmeny," are to be interpreted as a prediction of the great war. I think while I am once more on the subject of prophecy it may be well to reproduce them in the original Scotch. With a little trouble my readers will probably be able to transliterate this into modern English. They are certainly not a little curious.

Scho saw arunde her, fayir unfurlit
Ane haff of all the glowing worild

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Quhair oceanis rowit, and ryveris ran
To bunde the aymis of sinful man.
Scho saw ane pepil ferse and fell,
Burst fra their bundis like feindis of hell;
The lilye grew, and the egil flew,
And scho herkit on her revening crew.
The wedois wailed and the reid bluid ran,
And scho threitened ane end to the race of man;
Scho never lenit not stoode in awe,
Quhill claught by the lyonis deadly paw.
Oh! then the egil swinkit for life
And brainzelled up ane mortyl strife;
But flew scho north or flew scho suthe.
Scho met with the goul of the lyonis muthe.

With ane mootit wing and wefu mene,
The egil sochte her eiry again;
But lang may scho cour in her bloody neste,
And lang, lang sleik her ounded breste,
Afore scho sey ane ither flychte,
To play with the norlan lyonis mychte.

I published last month a list of rebirths communicated to me by a valued correspondent, among which figured that of the German Kaiser as the Roman Emperor Nero. This identification seems generally to have been accepted, but it is not a little remarkable that the resemblance between the Kaiser and another Roman Emperor, whose date is not a generation before Nero's, is far closer and more exact. Only six years after the Kaiser came to the throne attention was drawn to the extraordinary parallel between the Emperor William and the Roman Emperor Caligula, by the publication of a pamphlet by Professor Ludwig Quidde, entitled, *Caligula: A Study in Imperial Insanity*. Professor Quidde's pamphlet claimed merely to be an historical treatise, but so exact was the parallel between Caligula and the Kaiser that the pamphlet created an immense sensation and enjoyed a quite phenomenal sale. So widespread was the discussion which it aroused that the Imperial authorities at last took the extreme step of prosecuting the learned Professor for *lèse-majesté*. The Professor's defence was complete. He was able to cite the Latin authorities, Suetonius, Tacitus, and others, in justification of the historical accuracy of the statements made, as applied to the Emperor Caligula, however applicable they

CALIGULA AND THE KAISER.



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might also be to the tenant of the German throne. Foreseeing inevitable defeat, the Public Prosecutor was reluctantly compelled to withdraw the charge, but no one was left in any doubt as to the person against whose shortcomings and eccentricities the daring treatise had been directed. The incidents of the last few months having inevitably drawn attention to the glaring defects of the Kaiser's character and temperament and to the dangers resulting from his ill-balanced mental equilibrium, my publishers have thought the moment opportune to issue an English translation of this celebrated pamphlet, under the title of *The Kaiser's Double*. This curiosity will be published immediately at the price of one penny (post free 1½*d.*).

With reference to the purchases for the Auxiliary Hospital at Saint-Germain-en-Laye, I shall be dispatching these in a very few days' time. The items, as far as they are at present settled, will be as follows:—

| | £ | s. | d. | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 Surgical Dressing Table . . . | 3 | 18 | 6 | |
| 1 Adjustable Leg Rest . . . . | 1 | 9 | 6 | |
| 1 Ordinary Leg Rest . . . . | 0 | 6 | 6 | |
| 1 Invalid Adjustable Chair . . . | 1 | 19 | 6 | (probably). |

It seemed to me advisable to abandon the idea of dispatching a case of surgical instruments, owing to the expensiveness of these, and to the fact that the money supplied is not sufficient for the purpose.

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# PSYCHIC PHENOMENA AMIDST THE WARRING NATIONS

## A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF PSYCHIC INVESTIGATION, AS CONDUCTED BY THE NATIONS OF EUROPE NOW AT WAR

By HEREWARD CARRINGTON

EACH nation has its own special and particular method of investigation of things psychic—just as it has a distinct school in art, in literature and in orthodox science. Each one approaches these problems from an entirely different angle, and studies the facts from varied points of view. The present war will doubtless put a stop, for the time being, to all such research; men who would ordinarily be engaged in investigations of this character are now at the front, fighting for their country and their flag. The grim realities of life and the horrors of war have eclipsed all else; speculative and theoretical work must be put aside for the time being; metaphysics finds no place on a battle-field.

At the same time, it must not be forgotten that the present war will come to an end at some future date; and the occupations of life—even the most dilletante ones—will again find their adherents. A résumé of what the various nations have accomplished in this little-known field may serve to bring the facts "up to date," therefore, and place before the student the evidence as it stands to-day. One other factor must not be lost sight of, however, and that is that psychic research is the only science which attempts to answer the question: What is man's future? Evolution studies his past; the more orthodox sciences study his present—man himself and his environment; psychic research attempts to investigate his future. And to many of us there is no reason why this inquiry cannot be conducted in precisely the same scientific spirit as pertains in all other branches of knowledge. It is no more "superstitious" than are they—rightly understood.

FRANCE.—French investigators seem to specialize, for the most part, in the phenomena of so-called "magnetism." I do not mean by this physical magnetism—related to electricity—but "human magnetism"—thought to be present in the human



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body, and capable of being radiated from it, into space, upon occasion. This is the "Magnetic School," finding its centre in the "Magnetic Society" of France. It does not proceed along the lines or employ the psychological methods of either the English or American Societies; nor the physical and physiological methods employed by the Italian investigators (to be detailed later). Its method of approach is somewhat as follows:—

These investigators believe that the majority of these so-called "psychic phenomena" can be explained by means of powers hidden in man—the supernormal use of the Will, and the existence and use of this magnetic "fluid," resembling life or vitality. A combination of these two explains the facts. (It is interesting, and also curious, to note that these were the two factors employed by the mediæval magicians, and also by witches, and said to lie at the basis of their manifestations.) But the modern school has established its belief upon strictly scientific principles. Thus instruments have been devised which automatically check the externalization of this force, when directed by the will; experiments have been conducted in the "externalization of sensitivity," as it is called—in which the power of feeling is projected beyond the normal limits of the body, etc. Healing is also accomplished by these means. Photographic plates have been impressed by these psychic emanations; sensitive chemical and electrical instruments have been constructed to catch and detect them, etc. In fact, all the methods of modern science have been brought to bear upon the problem, in the attempt to prove scientifically the real existence of this "fluid," and its power to affect material objects. This—and the application of delicate instruments—is the chief distinctive work of note of the French investigators.

Upon the psychological side, they have specialized in the study of the "collective mind"—the mentality which is (apparently) formed and manifested at séances. The majority of the French observers do not believe that the intelligence which manifests at the ordinary spiritistic séance is the spirit of a departed person. They believe, on the contrary, that it is a sort of collective composite mentality, formed from the minds of those present, and consolidated into a single Unit, which represents a Mind of its own. It is well known that there is a special "mind of the crowd." They believe that this is a real thing, and that, on a lesser scale, the same Thing is created at séances. The study of how this mind is generated, in what it consists, how it mani-

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fests itself, etc.—points too technical for discussion here—have occupied the French observers for some years.

GERMANY.—Psychic investigation is less general in Germany than in France, owing doubtless to the naturally orthodox or materialistic trend of the people. Still, there is much to interest in various fields. The famous "thinking horses" of Elberfeld are, of course, German, Elberfeld being quite close to the Belgian border. These horses—which are able to read, write and calculate complicated mathematical problems—are so well known that I shall not do more than mention them here. Even more extraordinary is the famous educated dog Rolf, of Mannheim, Bavaria, capable of figuring, receiving lessons in geography, of writing letters on his own initiative, and performing other actions which appear even more incredible! I shall not dwell upon the facts in this case here, since they are so remarkable they cannot call for belief, unless the facts are given in detail. I have mentioned them only to show that in Germany "animal experimentation" of this character occupies a large share of the psychic student's attention.

Then, too, "dowsing," or the finding of underground water by means of a twig held in the hand of the water-finder, has been studied at great length by various scientific committees, and the conclusion arrived at that the main facts are undoubted. Water can be located in this way when every other means has failed. The committee, when last heard from, was concentrating its attention upon the actual underlying causes involved, in the hope of discovering them. Whether the explanation be physical, physiological or psychological remains to be seen. Opinions differ!

But the most dramatic and extraordinary evidence that has come before psychic students for many a long day hails from Münich. Here Baron von Schrenck-Notzing, who is also a physician—well known for his writings on hypnotism and abnormal psychology—has brought forward evidence of the most extraordinary and striking character. For four years past he has carried on a systematic investigation of so-called "materialization" phenomena. He has published an enormous work on the subject, which has created a stir throughout the length and breadth of the land. His "medium" has apparently succeeded in producing, under the most stringent conditions, forms, or parts of forms, which have been photographed, and even moving pictures taken of their gradual development and disappearance! Cameras were placed inside and outside the cabinet; the light

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was good; the séances were held in Dr. Schrenck-Notzing's own house or laboratory; the medium was medically searched and examined before and after each séance. Occasionally the medium gave the séance completely nude—as a test—to prove that nothing was concealed about her. Nevertheless complete forms issued from the cabinet, and a peculiar slimy, cold substance, which Dr. Schrenck termed "teleplasma," issued from the medium's body, and was seen and felt by him. Naturally, the publication of such facts lead to a bitter controversy, and this was still going on when the war broke out, and effectually ended it for the time being!

AUSTRIA.—Southern Austria and the North Balkan States constitute, of course, the home of the "Vampire." The peasants of these countries still implicitly believe in the reality of such gruesome beings, which leave their newly-made graves, to come and suck the life-blood of those still living. Terrible stories are told of these creatures—as also of werwolves, black magicians, etc.! It is earnestly to be hoped that, some day, a committee of psychic investigators may be appointed, which will thoroughly investigate these stories, and ascertain what truth—if any—there be in such narratives.

The real *scientific* work in this field, which Austria has contributed, has been the interpretation of dreams, and the exploration of the subconscious mind, as elaborated by Sigmund Freud, of Vienna. He argued, in his remarkable work, that most dreams represent a suppressed wish, and that many of them have a sexual significance. He has also contributed much to the systematic symbolic interpretation of dreams. While much of his work is disputed and suggests an attempt to prove a particular hypothesis rather than to ascertain the true bearing of the evidence, some of it is doubtless sound.

RUSSIA.—In certain educated circles in Russia, "spiritualistic phenomena" have been very carefully and scientifically studied. Count Alexander Aksakof spent practically his whole life on this subject, and has published an enormous work in two volumes, *Animism and Spiritism*, which may well be considered a classic. Count Solovovo—hon. secretary of the English Society for Russia—has also contributed a number of careful studies, and in particular carried out some very curious experiments with a medium (now dead) named Sambour, who had the power (apparently) of passing "matter through matter" in a mysterious way! For instance, the sitter and the medium would take one another's hands; they would not let go for a

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second. In the dark, the medium would then succeed in "threading" a chair on to the arms of the sitter—that is, in passing the chair on to the extended arm—as one would normally hang it on a peg. The hole in the chair was too small for the medium's body to pass through; the hands were never released; the lights were only turned down *after* the hands were so held. Short of the actual miracle, one can only assume some exceedingly clever trick, plus much cleverness of deception; but though this medium was worked with for a number of consecutive weeks, his secret was never discovered.

Far and away the most important work in the field of psychic investigation, however, has come to us from Russian Poland, where Dr. Ochorowicz has been experimenting for a number of years with a young medium, named Mlle Tomczyk, who passes into trance, and in that state has the power, apparently, of moving solid objects without contact; of impressing photographic plates merely by placing her hands upon them; of causing her thoughts to be photographed; of projecting her "etheric body," so that it can be photographed, and even more marvellous things. These phenomena, many of them, seem well established—as Dr. Ochorowicz is known not only as a careful and cautious student, but one who has a thorough knowledge of the difficulties involved, and has spent a number of years experimenting with the same subject. Two committees of Polish scientists investigated and endorsed his facts. (Some of these I have reviewed and explained in an article in the *New York Times*, July 28, 1912.)

GREAT BRITAIN.—The work of the English Society for Psychical Research is well known the world over. Its members include as many eminent scientists as are to be found in any learned body in the world; its investigations are always made with extreme caution; its treatment of the subject-matter is eminently sane. The chief interest of this Society, for a number of years past, has been the detailed psychological study of the automatic writing of certain mediums—such as Mrs. Piper, Mrs. Holland, Mrs. Forbes, etc.—who have apparently produced striking evidence of the influence of "spirits" of the departed. Direct personal evidence is studied; also what has come to be known as "cross-correspondences"—that is, the experimental verification of the same facts through two or more mediums; independent receipt of information through several mediums, unknown to one another; securing of literary and scientific material beyond the conscious powers of the medium; obtaining

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of the contents of sealed letters, written by members before death, and only opened after their contents has been given through the automatic writing, etc. It will be seen at once that their work has been almost entirely along the psychological—rather than the physiological or physical—lines; they have dealt mainly with the *mental* problems, and chiefly with the evidence for survival. This has received very adequate, yet cautious treatment. In addition, dreams, apparitions, haunted houses, premonitions and similar phenomena are constantly being examined. The English Society has been unfortunate in its investigations of the "physical phenomena"; and recent experiments have again proved inconclusive. Those who are interested in the mental manifestations—and particularly in what evidence there may be of a scientific character for the persistence of the human soul after bodily death—will find this problem treated more fully by the British Society than anywhere else. The evidence is, of course, far too lengthy and prolix to even summarize here.

ITALY.—Italy, on the other hand, seems to breed physical mediums; they appear indigenous to the soil! The famous Eusapia Palladino comes from Naples; Sordi, Carancici, Politi, and other "physical" mediums all hail from Italian shores. The work in this country has naturally turned very largely upon the detailed study of these mediums—mainly from the physical and clinical point of view. Thus, Lombroso and Morselli, the eminent psychiatrist of Genoa, both studied mediumship from its physiological and pathological sides. After establishing the fact that certain persons can produce what appear to be physical miracles, they studied the psychic medically, during, before and after the production of these phenomena. In this way, many remarkably interesting facts have been brought to light. Thus, we have learned (what we should have guessed already) that practically all mediums suffer from mental dissociation; many of them are hystericals; some present remarkable pathological symptoms. All this, of course, does not affect their mediumship—save that it shows the connection between abnormal and supernormal phenomena (a point which I personally have always contended for very strongly). Outside of Lombroso, practically none of the Italian group of observers are spiritists; they believe, rather, in the supernormal powers of the subconscious, plus the ability of the medium to "externalize" a semi-fluid substance from the body, and mould this in space, to resemble a human figure. In this way they attempt to account for the "materializations." Psychical research, in Italy, is almost entirely devoted to the *physical* phenomena.

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BELGIUM.—Belgium has produced few scientific investigators! A remarkable series of experiments was made some years ago, in a private family, and the results published. They dealt with the phenomena of so called "materialization," or the creation of phantom forms. The sitters were not professional mediums in any sense of the word. Professor Delbœuf, of Liège, devoted many years to this subject, and studied induced hallucinations, hypnotic phenomena, the cure of warts by suggestion, the appreciation of time by somnambulists, etc. Maurice Maeterlinck is also a student of these questions, as his recent book on *Death* will show.

HOLLAND.—Dr. Frederick van Elden, founder of the first hypnotic clinic in that country, is an active worker in these problems, and has made the name of Holland famous by his original work. For fifteen years he has experimented with his own dreams, and apparently succeeded, finally, in freeing his "dream-body" from his physical body, during sleep, and projecting it—causing it to take journeys in space on its own account, and see and hear things actually transpiring at a distance. His paper, published in the *Proceedings* of the Society for Psychical Research, is extremely interesting and profoundly suggestive. He believes that he has now gained such power of control over this body that it can affect other people, move material objects, etc. If this be true, it will, of course, cause a profound change not only in our belief as to the inseparable tie between body and mind, but also as to the causes of dreams.

In Holland, too, Drs. Matla and Zaalberg van Zelst, two Dutch physicists, have contrived several delicate instruments by whose aid, they believe, they are able to get into direct communication with the spirits of the departed without the aid of a "medium" at all; that is, the instrument itself will act as a medium—an intermediary—and render direct instrumental communication possible. They are well known as careful physicists, and their arguments are certainly plausible.

It is unfortunate, to say the least, that the present war will put an effective stop to this investigation—at least for the time being—just when conclusions were being reached and facts of far-reaching significance obtained. As Sherman said: "War is Hell!" At its conclusion, let us hope that we shall be a little nearer "Heaven" than before—both by reason of a lasting peace, which will thereby be enforced; and by reason of the spiritual advance which mankind will then have obtained—largely owing to these very despised and ridiculed "psychic phenomena."

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# TO TWILIGHT GREY

By GERALD ARUNDEL

ONE morn—a golden morn in spring—
I sat beneath that ancient yew.
He came—'twas not imagining—
I speak of Shelley whom we knew.

'Twas this same heath—'twas that same tree,
And such a golden morn as now.
I sat and dimly mused on thee,
Beneath that green, bird-haunted bough.

I saw him first with mental eye,
And then with eyes of flesh I saw—
Clear, radiant, bold, serenely high—
Sublimely free from earthly flaw.

'Twas Shelley's self—I felt and knew—
The bright, the beautifully brave—
Bard, thinker, wand'rer, rebel, who
At last went down in Spezzia's wave.

'Twas Shelley's self, whose sweetest song
Was snatched from loftier spheres above—
The harpist in Thought's mighty throng,
True child of Freedom and of Love!

'Twas Shelley's self—I saw his hair,
Dark-bright, half-curling o'er his head;
I saw his stag-like eyes, and there,
Such dreams as ne'er were sung or said.

I looked awake into his face;
Awake I spoke to him; and he,
In soundless words of mystic grace,
A heaven of knowledge gave to me.

I heard, but not with ears of clay,
A song of things no words may tell—
To thee more clear than clearest day,
Now free from Time's far-reaching spell.

We knew him well in ages gone.
Perchance thou knowest him now. Then, say,
Since that wild hour he left our sun,
What life is his, O Twilight Grey?



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# THE RELIGIOUS SYMBOLISM OF THE SWORD

By G. M. HORT

IN the Apocalyptic vision of the Opening of the Seals, the Rider on the red horse—the mystic Representative of the Spirit of War—was given power to take peace from the earth, and re-consecr as the emblem of his authority and office, a great sword. Modern realists, in describing modern warfare, might have to substitute for this emblem a siege-gun or a bomb-laden Zeppelin, but the paths of realism and symbolism are sufficiently far apart; and, in popular parlance no less than mystical thought, the sword remains the symbol, *par excellence*, of war and war-like deeds.

It is the fate of all such symbols to cast, as it were, a super-natural shadow. Their very simplicity invests them with a strange terror, from which no effort of thought can separate them. The sword has played a curious and significant part in Religion and Magic; and its history (or, at any rate, that part of its history with which this paper is concerned) belongs to the Borderland between the two worlds.

The primitive sword must have owed its existence to a primitive dreamer of dreams. In other words, it must have revealed itself to the man who had sufficient clairvoyance to recognize it, where it lay, dormant, in its bed of stone, like a warrior in an enchanted slumber. It took shape under the hand of the man who was capable of realizing that stones had *souls* of their own; and that the *soul* of a weapon-shaped flint was, in all probability, a weapon. Animism, the faith of the early world, taught, of course, that there was a living principle in everything; but the first sword-maker needed to be an animist who put his faith into practice. Instead of merely accepting the dogma of the dormant living principle, he sought a means of freeing it from its bonds, and attaching it to his own service.

The sword once made, decoration and elaboration of it followed as a matter of course, and as part of the ritual of appropriation.* A weapon which bore the impress of its owner's

* The gradual evolution of the perfect sword of tempered steel must here be taken for granted, as belonging to its more technical history.



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individuality was the weapon which was most likely to identify itself with him and to strike its best in his quarrels. A mystic sympathy existed between the sword and its wearer; and the weapon lived, and moved, and had a being. We speak of "magic swords," as if they were exceptions to a rule; but, strictly speaking, though traditions have clustered round a few particularly famous swords, a magical significance and importance belonged to the sword *quâ* sword. It had an influence of its own, as definitely malignant or beneficent as a planet's.

The manner in which the weapon was treated was even thought to decide the fate of the person whom it had wounded. For instance, to cleanse the sword carefully and promptly, [illegible] to anoint it with oil, tended to heal the wound, or, at least, to give some chance of recovery.

The capture of an enemy's weapon excited a peculiar joy. It also excited the desire to win the dangerous weapon over to its captor's service by placing it under the influence of the captor's own gods, and within the charmed circle of their sanctuaries.

It was with this aim in view that those much miscalled people, the Philistines, hung up the armour of the dead King Saul in the temple of Ashtaroth. Bywords though they are for inartistic common sense, this action of theirs was, really, very mystical.

The Israelites, on their part, consecrated weapons in the House of Jehovah, and gave them into the keeping of the Chief Priest.

This comes out with sufficient clearness in an incident in the history of David, who, fleeing from the wrath of Saul, asked the priest Ahimelech to give him a weapon. The narrative suggests that he expected a choice of many; but the Chief Priest had, as it happened, only one just then in his keeping. This one was, however, of peculiarly happy omen for the suppliant, being no other than the sword of the famous Goliath of Gath, which had brought its possessor to his end in the Valley of Elah, when he fell by David's hand.

"Behold, it is here, wrapped in a cloth behind the Ephod. If thou wilt take that, take it. . . . And David said: There is none like that. Give it me" (1 Sam. xxi. 9).

Perhaps it is possible to trace in this a faint foreshadowing of the chivalric investiture, which was so much concerned with the presentation to the new knight of a consecrated weapon. And again we seem to have a Christian mediæval variant of it

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in the story of that mysterious sword, hidden so long in the little church of Fierbois, behind the altar of St. Catherine, but not hidden from " the grand melancholy eyes " of another virgin-saint, whose fate it would be one day to gird it on.

In the haunted woods of Domrémy, under the fairy oaks, the Voices that spoke with Joan the Maid spoke often of this sword. The sworded Archangel himself came to her in dream after dream, and set it in her reluctant hand.

And, at last, when her fate is upon her, when the Voices will no longer be denied, she sends a messenger back to her old home to fetch the weapon, describing the place where he will find it. That and no other shall hang by her side. So long consecrated to God, her instinct tells her that it will not betray His quarrel now, whatever may have been its previous history.

One reason for the anxiety displayed by the Christian Church to dedicate the sword to God is, of course, to be found in the early pretensions of the sword to be itself a divinity.

Gibbon has given us an impressive word-picture of the ceremonial worship of the weapon among the Scythians, of the great altar of faggots, surmounted by the upright naked blade; the prayers and prostrations; and the animal and human sacrifices, which bathed the altar in blood.

In the first instance, this worship was undoubtedly paid to the War-God or Spirit of War; but, in the time of Attila, it seems to have become a kind of King-worship, and to have associated itself not only with the person of Attila, but with the supernatural origin of his sword.

According to one story, this weapon had fallen from heaven; but it is in a less crudely miraculous version that we get the real mystic touch.

A herdsman of the Huns, afield with his beasts, observes that one of the heifers is wounded in the leg, and follows the track of her blood through the long grass, till he sees, where the track ends, a point as of a weapon protruding from the earth.

He digs out the blood-stained blade and carries it to Attila, who accepts it as a sign from heaven, and of his divinely appointed, though sufficiently revolting, task.

But, as we have said, the worship of the sword was, primarily, the worship of a War-God; or, as some of us will prefer to think, a War-Demon.

In later times, when Christian warriors showed such passionate and personal love for their swords, the old pagan deification

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of the weapon was ominously remembered; and it was declared that the familiar spirits which now haunted the swords, and had become the close comrades of the warriors, had been conjured up by the evil incantations of that unlawful worship.

In any case, no doubt was felt about the demons' presence.

It was because he believed so firmly in the indwelling genius of his weapon that the chieftain could be trusted not to violate any oath he had sworn upon it. He was constrained by fear of the vengeance of the insulted spirit.

Significant in this connection is the folk-tale of the young Irish Chief, Cormac, who wishing to capture some badgers, went to their warren and adjured them to come out. The prudent badgers—(who, like all the animals of the folk-tale, had the intelligence of humans !)—suspected his real intentions, and were deaf to all solicitations, until the young man swore by the weapon he held in his hand that he would do them no hurt. That he should violate the weapon-oath was unthinkable for the badgers, who came out accordingly, and were all slaughtered by the faithless Cormac.

This offence so scandalized the community that Cormac was banished by his father, and acquired a shameful nickname —" the dishonourer of the spear."

Shakespeare remembers and makes use of the sword-oath,—in *Richard II*, where the king demands that the banished nobles, Norfolk and Bolingbroke, should " lay on his royal sword their banished hands " and swear not to meet and plot treason in their exile; and in *Hamlet*, where the Prince will not be content with the many promises of Horatio and Marcellus to say nothing about the Ghost, until they have sworn secrecy by his sword.

But, of course, by Shakespeare's time the sword had become a Christianized symbol, and also very often bore on its pommel the ancestral arms of its owner, which gave it a practical importance in his eyes, as a pledge of good faith.

We return to the primitive warrior and his weapon. The devotion he felt for it was accentuated by an inevitable awe, which made him (in accordance with the well-known law of Magic that to give a thing a name is to acquire a certain authority over it, and deprive it of some of its independent power ! ) careful to bestow on it a title of his own choosing. Plutarch says that the heroes of the Cimbri inscribed their swords with mysterious characters, and gave them names to inspire terror in their opponents. But this is so true as to come short of the truth !

The heroes also desired to strike a certain terror into the

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indwelling genius of the sword—the spirit which might otherwise have proved stronger than the hand of the sword-wielder.

It was the destiny of the early heroes to possess, each, an heroic sword—to control, that is, a more powerful spirit. So the tales of the making of a hero's weapon link themselves, particularly, with the other world, and the processes of what the Irish call "strong magic." The famous "Volsung" or "Balmung" which Siegfried won from the Nibelungs, was forged by Wieland, the divine smith of Scandinavian legend, a supernatural person who submitted all the weapons of his making to occult tests, and endowed them with gifts according to his will.

The sword of Ogier the Dane was a secret gift from the Fay Morgana, and is said to have struck wonder into the heart of the Emperor Charlemagne, when he made Ogier a knight, and girded the sword upon him.

As for the renowned Excalibur, we all remember that it was wrought by the powerful water-spirit, popularly known as the Lady of the Lake.

> Nine years she wrought it, sitting in the deeps,
> Upon the hidden bases of the hills.

We may note, in passing, the mystical significance of the time mentioned—thrice those three years which, in the ordinary case, sufficed such wizards as Wieland for the making of a magic sword.

Again, the sword of Archibald Douglas—we do not know its name—is described as having been forged for him by fairy-lore. To judge by the Earl's nickname—Tyneman, or the Man of Loss—it was not part of the magic virtues of this sword to bestow success in battle. But it gave eerie warning of the approach of any enemy by drawing itself from its scabbard of its own accord.

> Thy father's battle-brand of yore
> For Tyneman forged by fairy-lore
> Did, self-unscabbarded, foreshow
> The footstep of a secret foe. *

In connection with the unscabbarding of a sword, there existed an early belief that this, if ceremonially done, would give the weapon power to relate its own history.

Thus it happened in the story of a chieftain of ancient Ireland, Ogma by name, who, after a victory, found on the field of battle

* *The Lady of the Lake.*

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the sword of Tethra, a chief who had fallen in the fight, and unsheathed and cleaned it.

Then the sword, whose name was Orna, told all the great deeds that had been done by it. "For it was the custom of swords of that time, when unsheathed, to set forth the deeds that had been done by them." *

We can readily understand with what difficulty the warrior-converts to Christianity were persuaded to give up their reliance on such magic weapons. As a matter of fact, they were not, in the majority of cases, to be persuaded at all, and the pagan weapons had to be converted along with them, laid on Christian altars, and sanctified by special prayers. Christian mottoes and charms were also, in many cases, engraved on the hilts; and, by a still happier device, the hilt itself was made cruciform, so that the persistent custom among Irish warriors of sticking the blade into the earth and addressing some prayer or incantation to it before going into battle, was rendered not only harmless but meritorious,

Lecky has pointed out the natural association that exists between Religion and War; how victory in battle woke feelings of gratitude in the conqueror, and, under favourable circumstances, might lead to his conversion. In the case of Constantine, indeed, we know that the Cross itself was used as the instrument of victory, and appeared as the sword from heaven. But popular tradition preserved the truth which the teachings of Christian priests had impressed so deeply on the simple people—the natural antagonism, that is, between Christianity and bloodshed. Among the Irish there long lingered the baptismal custom of leaving the right arm of a male child untouched by the holy water, that being unchristened—and so, obviously, more in union with the pagan spirit that lived in the sword!—it might be able in battle to strike a more deadly blow. Again, the custom of burying the chieftain's sword in the tomb with him clearly belongs to the older faith, and symbolizes the awakening of the sword's soul along with that of its owner—not for the golden calm of a life in Paradise, but for more combats and conquests on earth.

Thus it is with Arthur—the place of whose enchanted sleep is, indeed, variously given, but on whose condition after death the traditions are unanimous.

In their sepulchral cavern he and his knights sit by a table of stone, whereon lies a horn, and the sword Excalibur. When that horn sounds, and that sword is drawn from its scabbard,

* Joyce, P. W.: *Social History of Ancient Ireland.*

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all will wake. More than once, some bold adventurer, wandering into the vault and laying hands upon the sword, has heard around him the clang of armour and the stir of half-roused sleepers, before, thrusting the sword back into its sheath, he has fled in terror to the upper air again. But the hour of the hero's waking is not yet; and we may remember, for our comfort, that that hour is traditionally associated with the end of all wars. The mission of Excalibur, therefore, is to be one of peace!

The same belief, so far as the enchanted sleep and future waking go, attaches itself to all dead warriors, whose fame was great enough—to Charlemagne, and Roland, and Amadis. Also the Serbian hero, Kralyevitch Marko (with whom some of us have recently made acquaintance in Monsieur Petrovitch's charming volume, "*Hero-Tales and Legends of the Serbians*) is, like the rest, "not dead, but sleeping with his great sword plunged to the hilt in the rock beside him."

He is waiting for the appointed hour to rise and re-establish the mediæval empire of his nation; and is, indeed, reported to have appeared in the late war with the Turks, at the head of Serbian troops whom he led to victory.

(Aye! And, if we may be allowed the opinion, even more recently than that!)

With this deep-rooted world-wide belief in the return of heroic warriors is probably to be associated the emotion excited by comets and other celestial portents. In all the tales that have been handed down to us of these appearances we find that to our forefathers they presented one inevitable form and likeness —that of an unsheathed weapon.

It was "a blazing sword" that hung over besieged Jerusalem; over doomed Constantinople; over the Eternal City herself, before the coming of Alaric the Goth.

And in A.D. 1527, we hear of a terrible blood-coloured comet, wherein was the representation of an arm holding a sword.

For the devout, such portents symbolized the sword of God; and Pope Callixtus III, at war with the Saracens in A.D. 1456, was able to hail the appearance of a cruciform comet as a happy and appropriate omen. But in popular speech these starry swords had one significant name. The people called them "the souls of heroes," and, either consciously or unconsciously, saw in them the eternal identification of the warrior with the weapon which had done his great deeds and into which his spirit had passed.



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# ORKNEY SUPERSTITIONS

By ALEXANDER KENNEDY

IN the North, among the rural classes, superstition dies hard. Caithness, Sutherland, and the Highlands in general, still contain a very considerable percentage of individuals who implicitly believe that there are in almost every community one or two members who are capable of exercising diabolical powers so malign and uncanny that their existence is derogatory of the highest interests of the district wherein they reside—that, in short, they are persons to be shunned, talked of in whispers, and looked at askance. Even sedate Orkney, with its hard-headed wide-awake islanders, is not yet quite free from the taint of this strange superstition, and around the peat-fires of an evening, one may still hear up-to-date stories of the uncanny "ploys" of modern "witch-wives" recounted by men and women who as firmly believe in the reality of these things as they believe in their own earthly existence. This is not overdrawn statement, but positive fact, which any unbiassed observer could easily verify by experience.

Of all the untoward happenings laid to the credit of the present-day "witch," perhaps none is better known or more widely bruited than that which results from the iniquitous process popularly termed "fruit-takin'." According to common account, this process of "fruit-takin'" is rather peculiar. Its operations, of course, are confined to the humble but indispensable cow! As soon as ever an animal is "forespoken" by the malignant witch, its daily yield of milk is found to mysteriously fall off in quantity, or, in the event of the supply remaining unaffected in this regard, the quality will be found to have undergone a change, with the painful result that when churning-day comes, churn as one likes, the butter absolutely refuses to put in an appearance. A sad pass, yet not irremediable, as the local "wise woman" would be prepared to vouch!

In this connection we lately heard recounted a rather odd story. The yarn will doubtless be considered by some to be a trifle "tall," but it is just a sample of scores of others that go the rounds, the details of which are freely accepted by many a douce Orkney body as positive articles of faith. In this case the



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owner of the " fore-spoken " animal was a canny crofter's wife, whose belief in witchcraft was established on the strength of the experience, and is as implicit to-day as ever it was. Having churned one morning for the greater part of an hour, and still perceiving no sign of butter, she naturally found herself at a sad pass for an explanation, never having experienced, in all her pretty extended career as a crofter's wife, the unsatisfactory dénouement that was the result of this particular morning's strenuous churning. As luck would have it, just when she was in the midst of her rueful cogitations, an old woman having the reputation of being a " wise body " came in, and to this aged worthy the much-perturbed crofter's wife laid bare the burden of her woes. Thereat the " wise body " went to the churn and carefully surveyed the contents. Her pronouncement somewhat startled the good-wife of the house : the " fruit " had been evilly filched from the milk ! Did she suspect any one ? Was anybody ill-disposed towards her ? Well, the crofter's wife admitted that she had quarrelled recently with a reputed " witch-wife," but it hadn't struck her that that had anything to do with the " stickit " condition of the unchurnable milk. But the wise body immediately assured her that the whole thing was as clear as day, and that, in short, her malign enemy the " witch-wife " was at the bottom of the entire matter. Nevertheless, a remedy could be afforded. And the douce old body went on to explain that if a bit of one of the offending " witch's " nether garments could be obtained on the sly, and thereafter burnt under the " fore-spoken " cow's nose, the " fruit " would be regained in full, while all that then remained to be done to effect a complete " cure " in the contents of the churn, was to draw a little new milk from the cow and mix it therewith. Only half-persuaded, but nevertheless determined to give the method a trial, the mistress of the croft ultimately got hold of the required bit of garment whereon to base her operations, and, strange though it may appear to the " uninitiated," these were carried out with the exact result indicated by the old woman !

Of course, the methods used to regain stolen " fruit " were legion once upon a day, and many of these, though now considered impracticable, are still preserved in the folk-lore of the islands. A favourite way of restoring the " virtue " to the milk of a " fore-spoken " animal lay in securing a small quantity from a cow belonging to the witch and mingling it with that of the bewitched or enchanted beast, and it is certainly not time out of memory yet since farmers' wives have been known to

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sneak surreptitiously to the suspected person's byre with a view to covertly "getting back their own" in the shape of a half-bottle of "healthy" milk. Indeed, this is still considered to be, in the bulk of cases, the best and most satisfactory method, and is perhaps to-day held in higher esteem as a "workable" process than any of the more absurd and complicated forms of remedial agency.

In most of the islands there are to be found individuals credited by the more superstitious with the gift of "overlooking" hens, ducks, crops, and, in fact, land- and sea-gear of every description. This peculiar species of belief seems to have as its hypothetical basis the old doctrine enunciated in the theory of "the evil eye," and, indeed, appears to have much in common with the "fruit-takin'" process dealt with above. But there is this great difference, that while the "fruit" is supposed to be spirited away by a more or less lengthy series of incantations and spells, the circumstances attendant on "over-looking" are more casual in nature, and the process seems to depend for its success on some curious, inherent power in the "over-looker." Indeed, there are to-day a good many crofters and farmers in the more outlying islands who, when completing, say, the purchase of a cow from certain so-called "over-lookers" or witches, sedulously make it a point never to take full and final charge of the animal until they have cut the tether or leading-rope and left the unlucky end with the seller, thus securing surety of perfect freedom for themselves and their purchase from the evil influence of the reputed agent of his Satanic Majesty! Instances of this sort are not nearly so isolated as one would casually think. Perhaps we are not putting the estimate too high when we affirm that fifteen per cent. of the Orkney peasantry still have a more than hankering belief in the all too terrible possibilities of witchcraft as a mercenary means of wiping out old scores; in the opinion of two or three, "touch cauld iron" is still a serviceable utterance, and one which on occasion ought not to be neglected, if the highest welfare and proper felicity of the community is to be thoroughly safeguarded!

A great many fishermen in the North, all along the coast from Banffshire to Shetland, are confirmed believers in the power of "witches" to regulate the "catches" under certain circumstances. In truth, it is not stretching the point too far when we affirm that many hardy followers in the trail of "King Herring" make it a studied duty to judiciously propitiate the votaries of the Black Art with seasonable presents of meal, potatoes, money,

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etc., prior to initiating the season's labours on the briny! Similarly, a goodly number still appear to be obsessed by the idea, although it is doubtful if they would admit it, that it is possible to "purchase a wind" from certain so-called witches, and thereby secure a speedy and pleasant passage to the scene of operations. Of course, such a thing as point-blank "purchase" is to-day unknown, but that the bargain is often made tacitly, and under the cloak of a spurious benevolence, there is now and then no lack of confirmatory evidence.

It is quite clear, then, even to the knowledge of the most inobservant, that to-day the belief in witchcraft as a dangerous social reactionary force is almost as strong in certain quarters as it was in the more sanguinary days when mutilation and fire was the final goal of every poor suspect, no matter how blameless and innocent of communication with the Prince of Darkness she may in reality have been. Such lingering beliefs seen to be the natural concomitants of the evolution of society all the world over; and they have not, so far, at least, as Orkney is concerned, been entirely swept away before the cleansing flood of advancement.

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# A STRANGE TALE FROM SUSSEX

## SHORT STORY

By SYDNEY H. KENWOOD (B.A. Cantab. et Londin.).

THE following story was told by an ignorant Sussex labourer, whom I knew well, and who had, as far as I know, never been more than a few miles from the remote village in which he was born. The tale is so startling that few will think it true; but it is incredible to anyone who knew him to suppose that the hero invented it. He was, as I have said, an ignorant labourer; he might even have been called extremely ignorant; and imagination is not one of the gifts common among the Sussex peasantry. I have set down the facts as told to me, the name being the only fiction as far as I am concerned.

Henry Hogbin was a cowman on a farm in Sussex. He was a man of excellent character and well known as a sober, industrious and efficient hand. Having been associated with cow-keeping all his life, he was well acquainted with the peculiarities and perversities of cattle, and well able to deal with such difficulties as they arose. No one was more convinced of his competency than Hogbin himself, and it was a rude shock to the honest fellow when he found himself powerless to remedy the refusal of his best cow to give milk.

Naturally, he was at first full of hope, and even of assurance, that his rustic science would soon put matters right; but he tried in vain all the remedies known to him. Then Hogbin stooped to ask advice—not of neighbours, for he had his own peasant pride; but of distant farmers and their cowmen. Whatever they recommended he duly tried, and to no good effect.

Despair began to invade the heart of Henry Hogbin. Men of his breed and training do not easily give in: some of us would as soon have Sussex men by in the hour of danger as the most reliable and canny Scots ever sung of by gushing poets. But here he was up against the most unyielding thing in nature, a fact: and the fact was that he was beaten, and with the proverbial slowness of his race he was beginning to know it.

He was going rather sullenly about his work one day when a quavering voice hailed him. It was the oldest inhabitant,



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a person of extreme debility and questionable reputation, who was leaning on the yard gate.

"Mornin'," piped the old man; "how's dat dere cow?"

"Oo told *you* about the cow?" said Henry ungraciously. "No business of yourn, I rackon."

"'Taint none o' yourn nuther, seems so!" retorted the village elder, "seein' as you can't do 'er no good."

Hogbin was silent, crushed by truth and the lack of suitable repartee.

"If you bain't a fool you're purty bly of one, not to come an' ax *me*," continued the old man; "an' it's only because yer grandad and me was friends, like, that I've come to you. Now you do what I say. You go into dat dere cow-shed with dat cow and stay dere all night, an' *whatever you see*" (this with tremendous emphasis) "pick it up an' stick it in the maxin. Mind you, *whatever you see.*"

The "maxin" is the Sussex manure-heap. So much, of course, Hogbin fully understood; but the rest of the old man's meaning was Greek to him. He ran after his aged adviser and begged, even humbly, for further light; but he could extract nothing more.

Hogbin walked slowly back to his work, reflecting on his failure and its probable effect on his reputation. After all, he thought, he had exhausted all orthodox resources, and nothing remained but to try the strange advice of a doddering old man. Strange advice it was, indeed; but though plenty of people could be found to call the oldest inhabitant a "bad lot," none had ever been heard to suggest that he was a fool. The prevalent idea was, in fact, that he was "leery"—which term suggests a rogue, but a clever one.

When night fell Hogbin fell also—to the temptation of following the apparently absurd counsel and putting it to the test of experience. He made his way to the shed in which was the rebellious cow, and took his seat on a milking-stool. As yet the night was dark, and in the gloomy byre he could see nothing; but presently the moon rose, and he was able to make out the dim shape of the animal, the window, and some few other objects. This seemed to be all he was likely to see. The old man had said "whatever you see." Did he mean him to pick up the cow, the shed, and any other articles lying to hand, and stick them in the maxin? Hogbin laughed rather bitterly at his own joke. At any rate, it would do to twit old "grandfer" with on the morrow. He got up stiff, disgusted and sleepy. He would have no more

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of this nonsense. How could he have been such a fool? What would——

*Ting-ting-ting!*

What on earth was that? An unaccountable sound, evidently out in the yard. It was continuing, too, and coming nearer. Hogbin stole to the door and looked out.

The moon was shining brightly now, and but for the mysterious *ting-ting*, the yard looked normal. There was nothing to account for the noise, which, however, did not cease.

Ah! what was that?—something moving, certainly, in the shadow, moving towards him and the cow-shed. Soon, if it came nearer, it would be in the moonlight, and he would see.

*Ting-ting-ting!*

It *was* nearing; it *was* coming into the light; now it was there!

*It was a manure-fork walking!*

Hogbin would have run if he could, but terror held him spellbound for a while. Then he acted, impelled probably as much by a dim feeling that this marvel had some connection with his trouble as by personal bravery. He ran forward, seized the fork, which struggled like a live thing in his grasp, and stuck it deep into the "maxin." Then he turned and ran to his home, some distance away.

Next morning he went to the yard with a deep conviction that he had fallen asleep in the cow-shed and dreamt the whole thing.

Not so. Waist-deep in the maxin was an old woman. Hogbin recognized her as an inhabitant of his village.

The cow, he said, thenceforward gave milk as usual.

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# DRUIDISM AND MAGIC

By DUDLEY WRIGHT

THERE is practically no authentic information as to the character of the studies of a Druidical initiate during his long novitiate, a period of twenty years, which was spent in the depth of the forest, but it may safely be assumed from the reliable evidence available of Druidical practices, that instruction in magic formed the principal item in the curriculum. The word "Druid" in Celtic signifies "a wizard," and the translators of the New Testament into that language have accordingly rendered "Simon Magus" as "Simon the Druid." In Ireland also the art of magic is called Druidity, and the magician's wand is known as the Rod of Druidism. The Irish Druids are declared to have been a kind of sorcerers and to have been in league with the demons of paganism, and able, through their agency, to do good to their friends and work mischief upon their enemies. They were credited by the people with the power of transforming men into stone pillars by magic, and this credulous belief in their powers made the Druids as great as, if not greater than, any other priesthood in either ancient or modern history. They were held in such veneration by all classes that no public affairs were transacted without their approbation.

According to legendary lore the Druids could, by their magical powers, create clouds and mists and bring down showers of fire and blood. St. Patrick, on his way to Tara one Easter Sunday morning, chanted a hymn beseeching God to protect him against the spells of women, smiths and Druids. The invention of this wish is credited to a Leinster Druid, named Fullon, who lived some centuries before the Christian era. In a contest which the Druids had at Tara with the celebrated Irish apostle they are said to have caused snow to descend by means of their magical incantations. In the life of Senán mention is made of the use of charms and spells by the Druids. Coel, brother of Senán, was ordered by King MacTail of Húi Figente to command his brother to leave his territory. Coel met with his death on the way to perform his errand. When MacTail heard the news he was angry, but his Druid said to him: "Thou needest not be anxious about this, for I will take a charm to



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him and he shall either die or leave thy land in possession.' The victory, however, did not come to the Druid. In the story of *The Retreat of the Sons of Mile* we read: "The sons of Mile submitted to the judgment of Amairgen. They returned by the way they had come, and, going on board their ships, withdrew from the shore to the mysterious distance of nine waves, in accordance with the judgment of Amairgen. As soon as the Tuatha De Danann found them launched upon the sea, their Druids and the people began to chant magic poems, which caused a furious tempest to arise, so that the fleet of the sons of Mile was driven far out to sea and dispersed." St. Patrick could, however, meet charm with charm. It is stated that when the Druids sought to poison him he wrote over the liquor in which the poison had been placed—

Tubu fis fri ibu, fis ibu anfis
Fris bru natha, ibu lithu, Christi Jesus,

and declared that whoever pronounced these words over poisoned liquor would receive no injury. Among other things the Druids have been credited with the power to drive a man insane simply by flicking a wisp of straw, known as *Dlui fulla*, in his face.

Belief in witchcraft can be traced back to Druidism, and some of the practices attributed to witches, after all traces of Druidical worship and practice had died out, are exact reproductions of the practices attributed to the Druids by earlier writers. Many authorities have, indeed, asserted that the Scottish witch is the direct successor of the Druidess. According to Pomponius Mela, the Druidesses of the island of Sena could grant fair winds or raise tempests, and, in 1792, the author of the *Statistical Account of the Hebrides* stated that in the island of Gigha it was believed that by performing certain ceremonies at a fountain there persons thus initiated into its mysteries could cause the wind to blow from whatever quarter they desired.

Every Druid wore around his neck, encased in gold, what was known as "the Druid's egg." Pliny in his *Natural History* gives the following account of it: "There is besides a kind of egg held in high esteem by the inhabitants of Gaul, unnoticed by the Greek writers. It is called 'the serpents' egg'; and, in order to produce it, an immense number of serpents, twisted together in summer, are rolled up in an artificial folding by the saliva of their mouths and the slime of their bodies. The Druids say that this egg is tossed on high with hissings and that it must be intercepted in a cloak before it reaches the ground. The person who seizes it flies on horseback, for the serpents

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pursue him till they are stopped by the intervention of some river. The proof of this egg is that though bound in gold it will swim against the stream. And, as the magi are very artful and cunning in concealing their frauds, they pretend that this egg can only be obtained at a certain time of the moon, as if this operation of the serpents could be rendered congruous to human determination. I have indeed seen that egg, of the size of an ordinary round apple, worn by the Druids, in a chequered cover resembling the enormous calculi in the arms of a polypus. Its virtue is highly extolled for gaining lawsuits and procuring access to kings; and it is worn with so great ostentation that I knew a Roman knight, by birth a Vocontian, who was slain by the Emperor Claudius for no cause whatever except wearing one of these eggs on his breast during the dependence of a lawsuit."

In Scotland the Druids' egg was known as an adder stone, and it was in great reputation for the foretelling of events, the working of miracles, the curing of diseases, and the gaining of lawsuits. In reality this wondrous egg was nothing more than a bead or ring of glass, such as have been frequently found in the Isle of Anglesey.

The potent adder stone
Gender'd 'fore th' autumnal moon:
When in undulating twine
The foaming snakes prolific join;
When they hiss and when they bear
Their wondrous egg aloft in air,
Thence, before to earth it fall,
The Druid, in his hallow'd pall,
Receives the prize,
And instant flies,
Follow'd by th' envenom'd brood,
Till he cross the crystal flood.

*Mason's "Caractacus."*

Every Druid also carried a wand. The wand of the British Druids was taken from the oak, but that of the Irish Druids from the yew. At the present day in Rome it is a common practice, when Catholics approach the confessional, for them to receive a touch on the head from a wand which the priest holds in his hand. In this way also the priests of Isis blessed and exorcised.

The gift of prophecy was also believed to be a power in the possession of the Druids. Several instances are related in the ancient Irish manuscripts of the exercise of this power, and they are similar to the many recorded instances of modern clairvoyant predictions. Before St. Patrick went to Ireland his advent was

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foretold by the Druids Lucait Mael and Luccra (or Lochru) in the following words—

> Adzheads (tonsured heads) will come over a furious sea :
> Their mantles (cowls) hole-headed :
> Their staves (croziers) crook-headed :
> Their tables (altars) in the east of their houses :
> All will answer "Amen."

The birth of Ciarán of Clonmacois, an Irish saint, was foretold by Lugbrann, the Druid attached to the court of King Crimthann, who predicted concerning Ciarán—

> He healed Œngus' steed
> When he lay swaddled in a cradle,
> From God that miracle to Ciarán
> Was given.

The narrative continues : "On a certain day the horse of Œngus, son of Cremthann, died, and he felt great sorrow. Now when Œngus slept, an angel of God appeared to him in a vision, and said this to him : 'Ciarán, the son of the wright, will come and bring thy horse for thee to life.' And this was fulfilled ; for, at the angel's word, Ciarán came and blessed water, which was put over the horse, and the horse at once arose out of death."

This power of prophecy was also shared by the Druidesses. There were certain sisterhoods, the members of which did not perform priestly functions. These Druidesses divided themselves into three classes. The first took vows of perpetual virginity, and lived together in communities separate from the world. The second married, but spent the greater part of their time in religious work. The third became servants in the temples and to the Druids. It was a Druidess that foretold to Diocletian, when he was a soldier in Gallia, that he would be emperor of Rome. Diocletian was amusing himself one day in casting up his accounts when his hostess, a well-known Druidess, thus addressed him : "In truth, sir, you are too covetous." "Well," replied Diocletian, "I shall be liberal when I come to be emperor." "You shall be so," answered his hostess, "when you have slain a boar." Diocletian, struck with this answer, applied himself from that time principally to the slaughter of boars, without, however, reaching the empire ; but, at last, bethinking that the equivalent Latin word for boar, *aper*, might refer to Aper, Numerian's father-in-law, he put him to death, and was chosen emperor in his stead. It was also a Druidess who said to Alexander Severus as he was setting out on his last campaign, the

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expedition in which he was assassinated by his own soldiers: "Go on, my lord, but beware of your soldiers." Before setting out on the great expedition against Ulster, Medb, queen of Connaught, went to consult her Druid, and just before the famous heroine Derdriu (Deirdre) was born, Caithbu prophesied what sort of a woman she would be.

The Druids would also appear to have been practisers of the art of psycho-therapy. According to Lady Wilde: "The priests and magi of the ancient Druids possessed a wonderful faculty of healing. They were able to hypnotize the patients by the waving of the wand and, while under the spell of this procedure, the latter could tell what was happening afar off, being vested with the power of clairvoyance. They also effected cures by stroking with the hand, and this method was thought to be of special efficacy in rheumatic affections. They also employed other remedies which appealed to the imagination, such as various mesmeric charms and incantations." Many of these charms were retained even after the introduction and adoption of the Christian religion. The professors of medicine held a high and influential position in the order, and occupied a distinguished place at royal tables, next to nobles, and above the armourers, smiths and workers in metals. They were also entitled to wear a special robe of honour at the courts of kings, and were always attended by a large staff of pupils, who assisted the master in the diagnosis and treatment of disease and the preparations necessary for the curative potions.

The Druids were inordinately attached to augury and divination, one of their methods being the custom of casting stones into water and counting the number of circular ripples formed. Other methods were the Druid's wheel, sneezing, examination of tree roots, the howling of dogs, and the singing of birds, particularly the croaking of the raven and the chirping of the wren. When St. Kellach, bishop of Kellala, was about to be murdered, the raven croaked and the wise little wren twittered. After the deed was perpetrated the birds of prey came scrambling for their share, but every one that ate the least morsel of the saint's flesh dropped dead. Both Pliny and Cicero bear testimony to the Druidical practice of sortilege or divination.

Belief in fairies was also known to the Druids. The hero Cuchulinn, on his return from the land of fairies, was unable to forget the fairywoman, Fand, who had enticed him thither. He was given a potion by some Druids which not only banished all memory of his adventures, but rid his wife, Emer, of the

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pangs of jealousy. Another story runs that Etain, the wife of Eochaid Airem, high king of Ireland, was, in a former existence, beloved of the god Mider, who again sought her love and carried her off. The king had recourse to the Druid Datan, who asked for a year in which to discover and hunt up the couple. By means of four yew wands engraved in Ogham characters he was successful in his mission.

With regard to the future life the Druidical belief was akin to the modern spiritualistic belief. The Druids asserted the progressive life of the spirit in its march through the worlds, but they added to this doctrine a belief in re-incarnation. They looked upon the body after the spirit had left it as a "torn envelope," a name which they applied to the remains of a warrior. Of hell they had no notion, and they were ignorant apparently of the orthodox heaven. Lucian in *Pharsalia* sums up their belief in the following words: "To your minds, the shades bury themselves not in Erebus' sombre regions; but the spirit hies straightway to other worlds, there to animate other bodies. Death is but the midway of a long life. They are happy, these men that know not the supreme fear of the grave: hence their heroism in bloody battle and their scorn of death."

Trial by ordeal was known to and practised by them. O'Curry in his *Manners and Customs of the Ancient Irish* gives one example of this practice: "A woman to clear her character had to rub her tongue on a red-hot adze of bronze, which had been heated in a fire of blackthorn or rowan-tree." Walking on red-hot coals was a frequent practice at their annual festivals, and we are told by Marcus Verro, a Roman author, that the Druids had an ointment with which they besmeared their feet when they walked through the fire. It was customary for the lord of the place, or his son, or some other person of distinction, to carry the entrails of the sacrificed animal in his hands and, walking barefoot over the coals three times after the flames had ceased, to carry them straight to the Druid who waited close by the altar. If the nobleman escaped harmless it was accounted a good omen, but if he received any hurt it was deemed unlucky, both to the community and himself.

St. Patrick is said to have destroyed all these magical sciences, which were aggregated under the generic term of *eladain druidechta*, but they seem to have flourished long after his time, and in the life of St. Columba there is mention of an argument maintained by that saint against a Druid.

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# HAUNTINGS IN BELGIUM

By ELLIOTT O'DONNELL

IF Belgium contains many battlefields, she also contains many haunted localities, which is not a matter of surprise, seeing that ghosts hover in the wake of bloodshed and violence, to which they are generally a sequence; but there are other phantasms in Belgium in addition to, and apart from, those of soldiers and their victims, phantasms that re-enact cruel deeds done at all times—done in the black era of the Unholy Inquisition, and done in ages far less remote.

All Belgium's tragedies have not been in the broad view of the world, as in the present great war. Many have been enacted in secrecy, and in such secrecy that were it not for the grim visitants from the other world, they would never be suspected of having taken place.

Belgium for its size can testify to having seen more homicides —more deeds of cruelty and rapine—than any other country in Europe, and on that account it can point to many more hauntings.

Prior to the war I was engaged in collecting accounts of ghostly happenings on the Continent, and have now selected a few of these that have come from Belgium. As Bruges appears to be the most haunted town in Belgium, I will refer to it first.

The moment one leaves the clean, well-lighted thoroughfares of the new part of Bruges, and enters the cobble-paved, narrow precincts of the older portion, there is a something in the atmosphere, in the hush and solitude, that whispers in the ears of even the least imaginative among us, "All is not of the material, of the physical HERE."

Some years ago Mrs. Vertue, a friend of mine, whilst on a lengthy annual visit to the Continent, decided to spend a few days in the town, and arriving there about the second week in September—the time of year when spontaneous psychic phenomena are, in all probability, of most frequent occurrence—put up at a small hotel, not far from Van Schellen's celebrated old Dutch café. What happened during her stay there can best, perhaps, be related in her own words.

"I felt," so she remarked in her first letter to me, written



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on September 11, but not apparently posted till the 13th, "th- there was something queer about the place the moment I crossed the threshold. One may, of course, attribute the sensation solely to the antiquity of the place—to the low ceilings, with their huge, ponderous cross-beams; to the narrow diamond-paned glass windows, through which the light struggled with difficulty, to the black oak of the broad staircase, and of the floors and wainscoting, to the dark, massive furniture. Had it been part of the scheme of the architect to preclude air and light he certainly could not have succeeded better, for the gloom, especially in the remote angles and passages, was intense, and the closeness of the atmosphere such as to make me want to throw all the doors and windows open. And yet it was something over and above all this that attracted and repelled me; a feeling not easy to analyse, a feeling that I had never experienced before, and which for that very reason was all the more striking.

"It became less noticeable, however, after I had been in the house for awhile, and I soon forgot all about it in the interest generated by the novelty of my surroundings. My bedroom overlooked the street. It was a long, low, rectangular room with dormer windows, the walls were draped with imitation tapestry of a very startling design, the bed was a huge four-poster. I never was afraid of being alone at night, and in spite of the strangeness of the room, I got into bed quite unconcernedly and fully prepared to sleep soundly until the morning.

"I awoke with a start to hear a cuckoo clock in the house strike one. The room was full of moonlight, and every object as clearly discernible as if it had been day. A feeling of intense exhilaration seizing me, I got up, and going to the window, threw it wide open and leaned out. My eyes immediately encountered the gaze of some one peering up at me from immediately beneath the window sill. The face I looked into was long, narrow and swarthy. It had a pointed beard and a long moustache, very much bewaxed at the ends. The eyes were dark, and as they met mine they smiled sardonically. I have never seen such an evil smile. I drew in my head sharply, and when I looked again the man had disappeared. I got back into bed, but I could not sleep, and on seeing the proprietress of the hotel in the morning, I mentioned the incident to her, adding that I hoped there were plenty of police about.

"'You need have no alarm, madam,' she said, 'the man you saw is quite harmless, merely a poor half-witted fellow who occasionally wanders abroad at night.'

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"She said this in the presence of one or two other guests, and I caught them exchanging glances.

"That night I again got out of bed, and on going to the window saw the same figure. This time I endeavoured to take a snapshot of it, but it disappeared the moment I got the camera fixed on it, and I obtained no result.

"The following night I went to supper with some friends at the *Hotel St. Antoine*, and did not leave till close on one o'clock. A Mr. Kirkwood saw me home, and whilst we were walking along, I told him of my experience on the preceding nights.

"'It's about now that the queer man appears,' I observed, and my heart gave one or two thumps when, on turning a corner, we arrived within sight of the hotel. The moonlight was just as much in evidence as on the former occasions, but there was no sign of any figure. Mr. Kirkwood escorted me up to the door and was saying good-night when a hand suddenly gripped hold of my shoulder, so sharply that I gave a little cry of pain.

"'Whatever's the matter?' Mr. Kirkwood ejaculated. 'I hope you're not ill?'

"'Who is that behind me?' I demanded.

"'Behind you?' Mr. Kirkwood repeated, in astonishment. 'Why, no one! What do you mean?'

"'Nothing,' I said faintly. 'Only—just for a moment I fancied some one caught hold of me.' I then bade him good-night and entered the hotel.

"In the morning I looked at my shoulder. There was a bruise, such a mark as would have been caused by fingers.

"I left the hotel at noon that day and put up at a boarding house in the new part of the town. On my telling one of the visitors where I had been staying, she exclaimed—

"'Did you see the ghost?'

"'The ghost!' I cried, pretending to laugh. 'Don't tell me the place is haunted.'

"'Why, didn't you know?' she said. 'At the time of the Spanish occupation of the town, one of the Spanish inquisitors lived in the house, and had dungeons excavated, where he condemned countless poor wretches to hideous tortures. Some of these dungeons are still in existence, and are used as cellars for the storage of anthracite, wood and other articles. They are generally reputed to be badly haunted—haunted by many phenomena, but chiefly by the phantom of a very sinister-looking man, supposed by some to be the Grand Inquisitor himself. This apparition is usually encountered on the steps leading to



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the cellars, but has been seen standing in the doorway of the house, and several people who have stayed at the hotel declare they have felt him grip them by the shoulders, just as his material counterpart might have gripped the unfortunate Flemish Protestants three hundred and twenty years ago, when he arrested them and hissed in their ears, "The Holy Mother has need of you." '

" 'And these stories are really current?' I observed.

" 'Yes,' she said, 'they are known to every one in the town, nor have I heard them merely from strangers, for several of my friends have stayed at the hotel and have experienced one or other of the manifestations.'

"I then told her what had happened to me."

One of the favourite punishments inflicted by the Inquisition was the "walling up" of the victim after he, or she, had been subjected to the tortures of the rack, fire, or something equally painful. Sometimes a steep hole was dug in the floor of the dungeon, the prisoner put in it in a standing position; and the hole then carefully roofed over with a big slab of stone, securely cemented down. Sometimes a hole was knocked in some obscure corner, and the victim placed in it, and bricked up. Of places that have witnessed such tragedies there must be scores in Bruges. They are invariably haunted, and the hauntings are of the most unpleasant description.

Two ladies, who were staying in an hotel in Bruges some months before the war, described to me their experience there on the night of their arrival.

"We awoke about two o'clock almost simultaneously," they said, "to hear the door, which we remembered was locked, suddenly open. We nudged each other nervously, and lay and listened, whilst some heavy body crawled over the floor past our bed and made a great clattering in the corner of the room near the window. The movement was accompanied by the most unpleasant smell—smell, perhaps, is too mild an expression, we should say stench—which ceased the moment the noises ceased. One of us then struck a light, and we both sat up and gazed around. Nothing was to be seen. The furniture was quite undisturbed, and on trying the door we found it locked. The same thing happening the following night, we left the hotel, but not before two of the servants confessed to us that the room was haunted, presumably by the phantasm of some one who had once been interred alive in the wall."

In an old church in the same town, away down in the crypts,

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Hauntings are stated to occur every night and to be of the most varied description. One of the phenomena is a hand—the very beautiful hand of a woman—that comes out of one of the stone supports of the crypt on the stroke of one, and after clenching its long fingers as if in great agony, disappears. Another phenomenon seen there is a hooded head that rises through the floor, and after remaining stationary for some seconds, sinks out of sight again.

Those who have had the courage to approach close and peer under the hood declare the countenance to be most diabolical and to belong to nothing human—but rather to some frightful caricature of a human being.

Then again, the figure of an intensely evil-looking old woman, dressed in the costume of the seventeenth century, and carrying a large moving bundle in her arms, is seen scurrying across the floor of one of the vaults, and is heard to give a loud malevolent laugh as she vanishes under an archway. On certain nights in the year the most nauseating stench is always noticeable in the near proximity of two or three pillars, from whence apparently proceed cries, groans and gurgles.

I tried to obtain permission to spend a night in these crypts, but was courteously refused on the plea that the last person who stayed there had been very badly frightened, and that, in consequence, much annoyance had been caused by the publicity given to the affair and the number of inquiries.

The woods outside Dinant are reputed to be haunted by a phantom rider, in the form of a girl, in an old-fashioned green riding-habit, mounted on a white horse. A gentleman staying in the neighbourhood a year or two ago was cycling in the wood one fine summer evening, when, hearing the sound of horses' hoofs behind him, he turned round, and beheld a very beautiful girl in green, mounted on a white horse, dashing along the road at breakneck speed. He at once perceived that she had lost control of the animal, and springing off his machine he determined to make an effort to save her. The horse drew speedily nearer, and as it came up to him, he sprang forward and made a wild clutch at the reins. To his utter amazement his hands encountered nothing; he fell forward, right—so it seemed to him—through the horse, and the next moment he found himself seated on the road. He peered around him, and there was the horse, with its trim, elegant rider, tearing madly on, and making direct for a heavy, white wooden gate which barred the way.

"I wonder what will happen now," he said to himself, "the

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brute must either burst its way through that gate, or jump over it, and in either case the girl can hardly escape without being badly hurt."

He got up and ran expectantly forward. But the horse did no such thing. It simply raced at the gate, and although the gate remained firmly closed, horse and rider went right through it.

The gentleman watched them out of sight, indeed, he was too fascinated to do otherwise, and then turning round, ran to the spot where he had left his machine, and, hastily mounting it, rode rapidly home. He did not visit the spot again at night —alone.

I asked him whether there was anything about the girl to denote that she was not of flesh and blood. And he said: "No, nothing, excepting, perhaps, her extraordinary pallor, which I attributed at the time to fear, but which, on after thought, I think was too pronounced to have been due to any emotion, however strong. Apart from that she appeared perfectly natural, and her hair, eyes and features were the loveliest I have ever seen."

There are a variety of explanations of this haunting, but the one that appears to me the most probable is that the phantom is that of a Mlle. Carpentier who, about a hundred years ago, committed suicide by riding headlong into a very deep stone quarry.

On the road from Louvain to Malines—now teeming with grey-coated Germans and groaning beneath the eternal passage of their transports—is, or was, a pond lying under the shadow of three or four firs. It is a spot long reputed haunted, and one which inspires peculiar terror in dogs and horses. Two artists informed me that they were once walking along the road in the direction of the pond one afternoon, when their dog—a big retriever—suddenly stood still and shivered violently. They tried in vain to make him move on, and at last, leaving him in the road, went ahead to see if they could ascertain the cause of his alarm. On arriving at the pond they were simultaneously seized with a feeling of the most intense horror, and perceived what they took to be a large sack, lying half in and half out of the water. As they stared, something bulky in the sack moved violently, and they saw a white face scowling diabolically at them from between the trees opposite.

This so frightened them that they took to their heels, and never ceased running till they arrived within sight of the village where they were staying. When they mentioned the matter to their landlady, she said—

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"Ah, ladies, it is a good thing that you did not stay longer, or you would have seen something far worse. No one ever goes near that pond after dusk."

They made inquiries as to the cause of the hauntings, and learned that a house had once stood close to the pond, and that all its inmates had been found murdered one morning—the assassin never being caught.

This they were told might, perhaps, explain some of the ghostly happenings, though it did not explain others, which were certainly due to nothing that had ever been human, but rather to evil spirits that had, in all probability, haunted the locality for indefinite centuries.

The road between Fort Boucelles, Liège, and Fort Marchouelette, Namur, used to be haunted by a soldier, locally known as "headless Pierre." He wore the uniform of the French army of the Waterloo period, and was generally seen standing under a sign-post. Unlike the phantom drummer in the *Ingoldsby Legends*, however, he did not carry his head under his arm; that most important portion of his body was never seen. This sounds flippant, but I am quite in earnest about the haunting, and am fully satisfied that such a phenomenon was actually seen, and not infrequently, and until, at all events, a few years ago. A farmer and his wife assured me that they had seen it several times, and that they never could overcome their feelings of intense horror and repulsion at it. It gave them the impression of being able to see them, although apparently without a head, and of being something "wholly evil and antagonistic."

I asked them if there had ever been any attempts made to exorcise it, and they said, "Yes. Several priests had addressed it, but without result. Prayers had no effect on it, and the priests had always returned terrified."

It would be odd, indeed, if so *triste* and, in places, doleful a river as the Dyle were not haunted. I have seen few weirder spots than the banks of the Dyle, where the river winds its way through the woods not a dozen miles from Waire. The shadows thrown by the big, gaunt trees on the surface of the glimmering water at sunset are most suggestive, and as I have dallied there late on an autumn evening I have experienced many subtly strange sensations; and this before I had been informed that the woods were badly haunted. The hauntings are complex. One of the phenomena is ordinary enough: a phantom female figure that is seen about midnight leaning against the trunk of a tree weeping bitterly. She is dressed all in black and never raises her face

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from her hands. Those who have seen her tell me she vanishes the moment anyone approaches the tree or utters a sound.

In another part of the wood the haunting takes the form of screams—a series of shrill, agonizing screams, as if some unfortunate woman was being murdered. They cease the moment anyone tries to ascertain their origin, and move hither and thither along the banks of the river, invariably stopping altogether at two o'clock in the morning.

Another phenomenon that occasionally visits the woods is that of a figure resembling an abnormally tall, thin man with very long arms and legs, a small rotund head and intensely malevolent eyes.

It is the most alarming of any of the apparitions that haunt the river, and has been known to follow people until they have got well out of the wood. It is accredited with the deaths of several people whose bodies have been found in the wood. Possibly they died from the shock of seeing it, or possibly it imparted to them such sensations of strangulation* as proved too strong for the condition of their hearts. I have known several such cases in haunted houses in England.

Quaint old Malines, bombarded by the Germans on August 30, 1914, boasts of at least two cases of haunting, both in houses close to the Cathedral.

In the one case the top flat is haunted by the phantasm of a deformed child which is constantly seen peeping through half-open doorways. A woman's voice is heard calling "Henry! Henry!" down one of the chimneys, and a phantom clock is heard striking thirteen, very slowly, on certain nights, every September.

There is no history attached to the flat—at least none that I can ascertain—and nothing in any way to account for the hauntings. They are simply those inexplicable and, apparently, purposeless somethings with which every one who takes upon himself to investigate ghostly phenomena becomes at length familiar.

In the other instance the staircase on the ground and second floors are haunted by what sounds like a gigantic cask being rolled down—bump, bump, bump! and a tall figure swathed all over in black that ascends the stairs in violent haste and never allows its face to be seen. In this house the body of a

* People often ask me if ghosts can commit "deeds" of violence. My experience is that ghosts can kill, or injure, by sensations, rather than by actual physical force.

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woman is said to have been discovered hidden in a cask in a cellar, so that there are some tangible grounds for the haunting.

My last case of haunting in Belgium comes from the trenches at Mons. Two wounded soldiers assured me that during the battle they kept seeing the figure of an old woman in a queer poke bonnet and bright blue skirt, who repeatedly got in their line of fire.

"At first we thought she was a Belgian farm woman," they said, "but when she continued to move about under a constant hail of bullets, some of which must have hit her, we realized she was nothing human. We commented on her presence, and a sergeant who overheard us exclaimed, 'So you see her, too, boys. It's my old mother, who died twelve years ago, in her eighty-second year. I believe she's come for me.' And he spoke the truth," my informants added, "for directly he had finished speaking a shrapnel burst almost on the top of us, and literally blew him to pieces. We lay wounded there for some hours, but the old woman did not appear again."

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# CORRESPONDENCE

[*The name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, is required as evidence of bona fides, and must in every case accompany correspondence sent for insertion in the pages of the* OCCULT REVIEW.—ED.]

## A DREAM.

*To the Editor of the* OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—The following was dreamed or seen in vision by a lad of eleven years and written down at the request of his mother in his own words shortly afterwards. Can any reader say if there is any meaning to be got out of it?

"The scene before me was a calm night—the moon far over in the west; all the stars shone out very brightly—every one, even to the very smallest, being visible. I gazed at the sky, where everything was quiet and peaceful, when with a sudden quick movement all the stars darted towards the west, all in the direction of the moon; the smaller ones, as if lighter, seemed to outstrip the larger ones in the race, and all the stars shooting and leaving long trailers after them, and some crossing each other here and there. After the stars had somewhat settled down and heaped themselves, as it were, in the west, with the moon in the centre, I took my eyes off them for a glance to see if anything new was visible. I was surprised to see one solitary star remain in the centre of the sky. To my horror I observed that it was moving towards me. I kept my eyes on it because I could not take them off; it came moving on straight, increasing its pace every minute; now it was 100 yards away, now fifty, and I should certainly be crushed through the earth and buried without a funeral, when just as it was upon me it swerved away to the right—the hot air nearly sickened me. There was a loud bang—a huge hole—the shutting of a pit which closed after the fearful phantom had gone through. A minute afterwards a cross pushed itself out of the hole, and out of nowhere came an Egyptian eagle and settled itself on the cross. A voice said—Get up or you will be late for school."

Yours faithfully,

A. Z.

## THE PSYCHOLOGICAL ASPECT OF DIET.

*To the Editor of the* OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—I shall be glad of an opportunity of expressing thanks to the correspondents who have written in appreciation of my endeavours, and, if you will kindly permit me, will also make a few remarks relative to the subject especially referred to by "Student"—a subject upon which I might readily write a large volume.

Many of the cases successfully treated by me have failed in other



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ds because the physical side of the mischief has been either ignored or improperly treated. Certain physical conditions preclude the possibility of suggestion making the requisite effect upon the mind, and one duty of the operator in such cases is to *allow* the brain to become more receptive. For instance, plethora is a common cause of irritability, despondency, and even suicide. Certain dietetic precautions, combined with suitable exercises, are essential to the proper treatment of plethora. Again, many neurasthenics are suffering from an excess of proteid in the diet, and so long as that impediment remains, cure is impracticable. Similarly, for the cure of morphinism, inebriety, etc., I have found dietetic and other hygienic artifices of great value.

Except in a few instances I do not make the dietetic directions so stringent as I formerly did. "Preserving the health by too strict a regimen," wrote the Duc de la Rochefoucault, "is a wearisome malady." Recognizing that to prescribe a remedy that will not be employed, somewhat approximates to not having one, I have invented preparations of *organic* "salts" suitable for various states of the system. These preparations are not drugs, but highly concentrated foods extremely rich in just those constituents which my researches have told me are, or have been, deficient in the ordinary food of the patient.

In treating absent patients (and I am consulted by persons in almost every corner of the globe) I ask for particulars as to weight, certain measurements, and dietetic and other customs. These particulars give me the cue as to the systemic condition of the patient—indeed, I can almost invariably judge of the character of one half of the particulars on the consultation form by reading the other half. To ensure success of the psychological treatment, I give such other hints as I think advisable. In almost every instance a complete and permanent cure is effected.

Yours faithfully,

J. LOUIS ORTON.

52 BEDFORD STREET, STRAND,
LONDON, W.C.,

## "WHAT LED ME TO OCCULTISM."

*To the Editor of the* OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—Having read with much interest in your March number the above article by Count Miyatovich. may I be allowed to ask a few questions and make some comments thereon? If so, I should be very grateful.

With regard to the stories of *Magic* told us, these involve such terrible tragedies as consequences, that I imagine most people will feel it wise to give "magicians" a wide berth in future! I would like to know whether those who have studied the subject of *Magic* can offer any satisfactory or instructive explanations of the examples put forward by Count Miyatovich, and so help others to understand these? Personally I consider the causes evil at any rate!

With regard to "Clairvoyance," I should like to know if this

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is a synonymic term for fortune-telling, prophecy, and spirit-seeing and all the phenomena in connection; also diagnoses of illnesses and delineations of character? Or does it signify a spiritual and a higher gift than is involved in any of these things? If so, may I beg for instances which prove "clairvoyance" *helpful* to people and productive of *lasting good?*

In most cases one reads and hears of, no benefit seems to accrue unless, perhaps, to the "clairvoyant"!

Also is it expedient and right for people to be continually going to cards, clairvoyants and mediums to find out what is going to happen to them or to other people?

Is not such a proceeding calculated to foster selfishness in every form and faults of all kinds? Is not the continual excitement engendered by it apt to fasten as firmly on people as the love of dice and the "luck" forms of gambling so deteriorating to the intellect and morals?

These are questions which—not intended as personal in the slightest degree to the writer of a most interesting paper—come, I hope, well within the scope of the OCCULT REVIEW. With regard to the instances of spirit-apparitions recorded:—

Unless Count Miyatovich gives these as merely personal proofs of the truth of Spiritualism, it would, also, be interesting to know the *conditions* under which the events occurred. For instance, were the rooms on each occasion in darkness or in light? Were the mediums held or bound; or were they free to move about? Were they accompanied to the séances by any friends of their own? Were they searched after the manner of the Customs House before the séances began?

These are points that need elucidating if Count Miyatovich's narrative is to carry much weight with men who reject the Bible as incredible!

Personally, and as a believer in the Bible, I am not a sceptic where "super-normal phenomena" are concerned, having had experiences of my own which lead me to understand, to some extent, those recorded in simple, straightforward fashion by Count Miyatovich.

Referring to these again, many of us would like to know the result of the letter with regard to the Emperor Dooshan written by the four séance-holders at Carlovitz? As far as I can see nothing was achieved? This is a matter of importance, surely, as bearing on the truth or falsity of spiritualistic communications? With regard to the haunted house, is this in occupation at present, may I ask?

I see that Count Miyatovich dreams of an Occult world in the future governed by "powerful magicians"!

I am afraid this will hardly appeal to the class of men who call themselves "scientists"; for if such a state of things ever came about they would be reduced to a state of beggary—and serve them right!

Yours faithfully,

MARIE LE F. SHEPHERD.

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## THE KAISER AND ANTICHRIST.

*To the Editor of the* OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—Some interesting points arise in the consideration of your article on "The Kaiser and Antichrist."

It seems to me that if we are to accept the theory that would identify the one with the other, we shall have to reconstruct our present popular notions regarding the Kaiser himself, and even be required, possibly, to accept him at something near to his own valuation.

For, seen in the light of this idea, he becomes, not the incarnation of evil or insanity, as portrayed in lurid colours in our daily press, but the Arch-typal World-reformer, seeking to reform the world *from the outside*, and to that end justifying the suppression by force of its every attempt to kick against the process.

The last struggle of man is not against evil, so called, but against super-imposed good, the most insidiously dangerous enemy to the higher evolution of humanity.

In the Christ principle we have the direct individual relation between man and God, the "Father Who is in Heaven," the "Heaven which is within." His reformation comes only through his union with God, through his outer self becoming thus the perfect manifestation of the higher self within, which seeks to find outlet. In this manner alone can social order be attained and God's "Kingdom come on Earth as in Heaven."

In the Antichrist principle, on the contrary, we have the *Deus ex machina*, the external Power operating upon the individual from without, seeking to effect his salvation by means of direction and instruction, by outward discipline and restriction; the orderly Society to be built upon foundations of obedience to external authority, a system of laws, regulations and commandments maintained in operation by force.

This is the principle followed by the Kaiser in his dealings with his own people, and these having met with an apparent measure of outward success, he seeks to extend that principle to other nations, who, for their own good, must, he believes, be brought into line with Germany. Like other fanatical reformers, he is convinced of his "divine mission" to this end—and indeed, if we accept him now as the typical "Antichrist," we shall see that his divine mission is an actual fact, and one of immense importance to the whole human race, correlated to that of the Christ, because showing clearly and conclusively where the rejection of the Christ inevitably leads. Only in the acceptance of the Christ principle is there any hope for the future of the world. There is no such thing as a "war to end war." Peace is not, and never can be, suppressed war.

Let us be careful, if we look upon the Kaiser as Antichrist, that we do not fall into the error of seeing our own side as that of the Christ. All wars are wars of Antichrists. We cannot destroy force by force.

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There can be no *war* of Christ against Antichrist. The end of the Antichrist can only come by "the vows and prayers of the whole people of the nations," at last awakened to see that until the Christ spirit replaces in themselves that spirit which has led them to dominate each other there can be no abiding peace on earth.

I. D. PEARCE.

## ELECTRIC SPARKS.

*To the Editor of the* OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—I should like to thank "E. E." and "Theosophist" for kindly answering my inquiry regarding the "electric sparks." I referred to Mrs. Besant's book, *The Changing World*, pages 64–65. She describes lights, which can be seen in a very pure atmosphere, such as the deck of a ship; also she says it is possible to control the movements of those sparks by the power of the will. But the sparks I see come quite unexpectedly, and quite without any effort on my part, also it would be impossible to control them, there is no time to, as they come and then disappear so rapidly. Yours truly,

ARGENTINA.

*To the Editor of the* OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—I was much interested in the query of, and replies to, your correspondent "Argentina" in the March issue of the OCCULT REVIEW.

His was a question upon which I desired enlightenment, but as I manifest other "symptoms" also, I shall feel very grateful if any who read this can explain their meaning. I have a feeling occasionally as though a diaphanous, filmy head (or other *upper* part) slid into mine.

Sometimes the feeling is as though it entered from one or other side, or back—but not from the front. It invariably causes my eyes to water. (This always occurs if the feeling is very strong.) I have a sense of a "presence"—but no other impression—whilst my flesh feels "creepy" (like starved flesh).

I may add that I have been interested in Occultism and Mysticism, etc., for some few years, and often when on the borderland of sleep, a white cloudy substance appears (my eyes being closed), and clears away again, leaving a vision when clear, which, however, is obscured by the white cloud before I have time to "grip" it properly. This continues until I fall asleep.

In my case, *re* the electric sparks, I have observed them falling like rain upon my book when reading, or upon my paper when writing, with—as it seems to me—a crackling sound. I had also (on one occasion only) the peculiar experience of feeling on waking as though I were creeping stealthily into my body after having been away from it.

Yours, with anticipatory thanks,

"STUDENT."

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# PERIODICAL LITERATURE

IT is now long ago that Alfred Tennyson proffered for our agreement a so-called higher pantheism, personally conceived in verses that are at once very beautiful and exceedingly unsatisfying. We have neither elucidated nor uplifted any old thesis concerning the identity of God and the universe by suggesting that manifest things are a "Vision of Him Who reigns" or that the Vision is He, while it is only the imperfection of our faculties which hinders realization of the oneness, our egoism only that divides God and the cosmos, making two where essentially there is one. But the intimation—whatever its value—was expressed by a great poet. Since 1852, when Tennyson wrote his lines, we have travelled many years and many intellectual spaces, and here in these riotous days of popular transcendentalism and amateur mysticism the pantheistic forms of expression are with us on every side; but they wear now no vestures of verbal beauty. With the hypothesis itself and its claims we have no concern in these pages, but it is useful to note the recrudescence as a feature of thought in our time. It enables us to say that the characteristic is often enough one of looseness in thought. The people who use such terminology are not expressly, nor perhaps consciously, pantheists, and one would like therefore to put forward a tentative plea for a more orderly habit of words. In the last issue of *The Seeker*, there is a further instalment of certain anonymous aphorisms, some of which are, on the whole, negligible, but some are pregnant. They begin in the present instance by affirming that God is the Father of all, but they end in a dogma concerning one mind, one will and one "entire," all-containing consciousness. Here is more higher pantheism, and the point about it is that it belongs not to the region of ordered thought but to the flux of casual intimation. It is the expression not so much of a clear conviction as of something "coming through" at the moment, and down it goes in the jottings, whether fitted or not to the context. It seems to follow that much of our neo-mysticism is of temper and atmosphere, as Mr. Claude Williamson says elsewhere in the issue, though he appears to regard the fact as a title to consideration rather than a note of waywardness and sentimentality. He also is at variance with himself, for he adds forthwith that mysti-



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cism is "an immediate inner experience of Reality," which is and course what it is actually, as Professor Rufus Jones knows and has said in his own lucid and arresting way. Mr. Williamson's estimate of mysticism is indeed discouragingly among the ups and downs of thinking. He sees at one moment that his subject is concerned with a "direct communication between God and the soul," and as to this, all true mystics have told us that it is an experience apart from images. But Mr. Williamson tells us presently that it is an effort to get behind the scenes and "see more than what is seen by your fellow-man who is not a mystic." And yet a little later he is among the morasses of psychic powers, the mysteries of "exercising an influence on your fellow-man without reasoning with him." Taking all things together, we have fallen upon strange ways in this number of *The Seeker*.

Our good friend the late Rev. G. W. Allen discovers that religion is a "general term for that which gives man the power to refuse to be led by his immediate impulses." Religion, like mysticism, has been badly defined a thousand and one times, but surely never so far from the purpose. It is worse than Mr. Williamson's suggestion that mysticism begins with something called "common sense." One is reminded irresistibly of M. Jollivet Castelot, who laid down that the modern alchemist should be a royalist and legitimist in his political persuasion. It remains to add that Mr. W. L. Wilmshurst, writing further on the war, again tells us that it is in heaven as well as on earth, the manifestation of a cosmic war. The hypothesis is that our good and evil thoughts become consolidated in the great reservoirs of space, that they enter into conflict on their own plane and are reflected into the physical world. So has occultism said that Israel created its tribal God, and that the general gods of our creation are filled with life and power while we believe and worship, but they become attenuated and die when our faith is diminished or ends.

An experiment of considerable interest has been begun in a little "quarterly Sufi message," entitled *The Sufi*. Its editor is Inayat Khan, and his assistant is our contributor Miss R. M. Bloch. It is the organ of a Sufi Order which the Indian musician and mystic has established in America, with branch groups in France, in his own country, and—most recently of all—in England. Inayat Khan is a highly gifted exponent of Indian music, son of a great musician, as Tagore is son of a poet. He is said also to have been initiated into Sufism and sent abroad by his master to spread the secret knowledge and to "harmonize the East and

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'est" with music. The first issue can be judged only by its intention; we offer it a cordial welcome on that understanding, and it is to be hoped that it will expand in interest as well as in dimensions. There is a most important field lying almost untouched before it, supposing that it is seriously prepared to extend our knowledge of ancient Sufi literature by the translation of the palmary texts and by commentary thereupon. It is to be hoped devoutly that the missionary work will loom more largely than any personality connected with it, and that it will not be paralysed from the beginning by a multiplicity of undertakings. This looks by no means impossible. The funds of the Order are said to be "gifts, subscriptions and receipts in general," but we hear already of a publication society, a home for study and meditation, an orphanage, and so forth.

A third issue of *The Builder* confirms our previous opinion as to the importance of this new periodical in the world of Masonic research. A paper on the "Master's Word" and the Royal Arch contains—whether we can accept it or not—a serious and indeed remarkable study of the contrasting symbolism peculiar to the grades of the Craft Lodge and the Chapter. Broadly speaking, they are regarded as mysteries of this life and of the life to come. Here is a subject which can be approached from various points of view, for real symbolism is many-sided and catholic, so that no individual understanding need exclude others. The interpretation offered in *The Builder* was first outlined by Mackey, but it is practically unknown in England, and as now developed is certainly an instructive light upon Arch Masonry. Another paper on Dr. George Oliver is a matter for gratitude, though he represents in certain respects the dream-state of Masonic archæology. Accounts of this famous English Mason may be buried in old Craft periodicals, but, though his numerous works still command a ready sale in the second-hand market, his personality has been unknown among us. . . . There are some interesting things also in *The New Age*, especially an account of embroilments between the Latin Church and Freemasonry in the Republic of Mexico. It is written by a former commander of the Scottish Rite in that country, and is characterized not only by first-hand knowledge but considerable restraint. . . . *The Freemason*, which is the chief English organ of the Brotherhood, is also in these days an occasional witness to activities of Masonic study and scholarship. We have noted in recent issues the substance of several interesting papers read at lodge-meetings, on the origin and evolution of the Third Degree,

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the renaissance of Freemasonry in the seventeenth century, and even a very curious consideration of consciousness in its relation to the ideas of space and time, geometrically regarded.

*Healthward Ho* and *The Vegetarian Messenger* continue to fulfil their particular mission of service in a manner which deserves well of those to whom they appeal. It is difficult to see how the vegetarian household in London can dispense with *Healthward Ho*, which is, moreover, not only bright in external appearance but bright and pleasant in its contents. *The Vegetarian Messenger* appears at Manchester, and is published by the Vegetarian Society of that city. The question of food in war-time and its cost makes the reform principles advocated by these periodicals of increasing importance. . . . *The Health Record* belongs to another department, and is more especially a psycho-therapeutic journal. In the last issue there is a paper on the failure of medicine, which embodies a plea for the redirection of mental attitude as a substitute for the use of drugs. Dr. F. Gilbert is contributing a series of studies on treatment by hypnotism and suggestion.

*Theosophy in Scotland* has an article on teachings of Paracelsus concerning the Healing Art. He recognized that there were mental healers and healers who performed apparent miracles by the power of true faith. . . . *The Kalpaka* prints a highly fantastic thesis on aerial navigation, which is good within its own measures, good especially for the West and its tireless external activities. Howsoever, the only true means of conquering ether is spiritual illumination attained by the practice of Yoga. *The Kalpaka* is "a magazine of knowledge." . . . From an introduction to a commentary on the Rig-Veda, in *The Vedic Magazine*, we learn that after all the phantoms of learning have dissolved there shines forth the saving truth that —*pace* Max Müller and other Western scholars—the notion that the Vedas are human compositions is "rooted in error." They were revealed by God alone to the four elements, namely, fire, air, sun and light. But these at the beginning of creation were human beings in human bodies. God gave them the knowledge and with that knowledge they composed the Vedas. We understand that our contemporary is a magazine of "Divine knowledge." . . . . We have received the first issue of *Man*, which is devoted to physiognomy, graphology, cheirosophy, and the kindred arts which seek to explain humanity by the study of his external characteristics.

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# REVIEWS

THE BOOK OF LOVE. By Elsa Barker. New York: Duffield & Co. London: Gay & Hancock. Price 5s. net.

IN an introductory sonnet to these exquisite poems, the author writes of herself:

This woman lived and wore life as a sword
To conquer wisdom; this dead woman read
In the sealed Book of Love and underscored
The meanings. Then the sails of faith she spread,
And faring out for regions unexplored,
Went singing down the River of the Dead.

The last three lines indicate that the bitter-sweet secret of these sun-smitten, passion-laden songs is the dissolution of self in the Abyss of Love—love human and divine. I am not surprised to hear that Mrs. Barker has been a life-long student of the Holy Qabalah. She writes now as a mænad maddened by the wine of Iacchus, clamouring for the Sun-god, and now as a veiled vestal whose spiritual ecstasy transfigures her till her form is a blaze of beauty and her head as a glittering crown of woven gold, glorious with the overshadowing of the Shekinah. She is "a passionate pilgrim of eternity" inhaling "the cool delirious fragrance of the night," and by day exulting in the burning kisses of her Lover, the Sun. And ever and anon she bursts into song:

O Love ineffable! When fused we lie,
Life piercing life, through flesh and breath and eye,
I know not if this fiery, luminous form—
This river of lyric flame be thou or I!

Oh! I have bought in lonely endless nights
My fill of thee who art all strange delights—
The thrill of roses and the viol's cry,
The pang of the earth-passion's awful rites.

And so on. Line after line of song that elevates the soul to ecstasy. There are stanzas that rival Sappho, verses that can give points to Swinburne, lines which Omar would not have disdained. I think, however, the lyrics much finer than the sonnets. For sheer soul-force these lines (from "The Violin") will be found hard to equal:

Out of the silence of your soul
To smite the rhythmic flame
Of pain and rapture, and achieve
The indomitable aim,
Sounding through all infinity,
The demiurgic Name!

MEREDITH STARR.

TELEPATHY; OR, THE POWER OF THOUGHT-TRANSFERENCE. By J. C. F. Grumbine. London: L. N. Fowler & Co. Price 2s. 6d. net.

MR. GRUMBINE is already well known in certain circles as a writer on several of those subjects which, in the present stage of human development, are



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properly termed occult. This, his new work, deserves at least as much attention as any of his other productions. Unlike numerous books on the deep and far-reaching subject of telepathy, it is not a mere compendium, but an original treatise containing many fresh observations and suggesting something of the outlines of an entire philosophy.

In this work, Mr. Grumbine analyses the principal parts of his great theme with not a little success. He describes telepathy as a function of thought, explains thought as an outcome and expression of spirit, and gives to the ordinary psychologist much food for reflection by elaborating the theory that mind is a mode of consciousness, and that the supernormal mind, which is what may be called the highest form of consciousness, is at once impeller and tool of evolution. According to him, all thought originates in this supernormal mind, which governs the normal mind with its multitudinous experiences; and this doctrine can be sustained by a clear and minute observation of the facts of individual life.

The observations on the corollaries set down in the chapter on Psychic Unfoldment and Human Destiny must be carefully studied by the student. The explanation of the first corollary, however, will not be altogether convincing to the average reader, though the greater part of it may be perfectly satisfying to the thinker. It is not difficult to support the thesis that "an absolute order exists which each human life follows or obeys." But the subject involves the ancient crux of that phase of necessity called evil. The author tells us that "an action appears moral or immoral because of consequences," that "these consequences are unavoidable under present conditions of human nature," that "the law or the order or the plan is involved in the development or the action of the life itself and cannot be separated from it." I do not agree with the first statement. I believe that the morality or immorality of an act depends on the intention behind it, quite apart from consequences; it depends on feeling, on thought; it depends on mind—on consciousness itself. But if all the statements were correct, would they explain away the evil of evil, or throw new light on the necessity for a painful necessity? Mr. Grumbine assures us elsewhere that "error is no part of the Divine order." How is it, then, that error exists? Nevertheless, considering the nature of the subject and the limitations of language, we must admit that Mr. Grumbine deserves praise even when he is not altogether successful. His book is at once a useful guide and a profound treatise on the possibilities and the meanings of telepathy.

G.

THE SIXTH SENSE. By Stephen McKenna. London: Chapman & Hall. Pp. viii + 308. Price 6s.

I REMEMBER meeting in a train some years ago a lady who told me that she had the sixth sense. She had only to step inside a house to know if the broker's man was there too; but like the nervous young hero of Mr. McKenna's novel, she did not say what the sixth sense was. But how fascinating is a mystery alive, percipient, victorious, as we find it in Mr. McKenna's excellent pages!

He tells a tale of our own day, with a prime minister, a judge, and an ardent suffragette among the characters. Fair children of those who oppose feminine franchise are kidnapped, and one lover has to guard his sweetheart from the police, and another lover to

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# OCCULT REVIEW

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE INVESTIGATION OF SUPER-NORMAL PHENOMENA AND THE STUDY OF PSYCHOLOGICAL PROBLEMS.

EDITED BY RALPH SHIRLEY

*"Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri"*

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## NOTES OF THE MONTH

RELIGION AND DOGMA.

HOWEVER dogmatic religions may become in the years of their maturity, they always start their career with very few impedimenta of this description. Christianity is, perhaps, the most dogmatic religion of which we have any record. Yet to its Founder the large majority of its dogmas would have been purely meaningless formulæ. The idea, indeed, of founding a religion as we should understand it to-day, never presented itself as a conception to the great Master, his aim, indeed, being rather to teach men how to live than what to believe. And though the pure spirituality of his teaching was in the nature of a revolt against dogmatic Judaism, he never sought to replace the religion of Moses by a new form of faith, but rather to cleanse it from those superstitious accretions which, in his own words, tended to render the Word of God of none effect. A similar revolt was inaugurated by the Buddha against the stereotyped religion



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of his day. And in a later age a reformer of a very different stamp to either, Martin Luther, became the leader of a widespread reaction against Catholic tradition, with kindred aims in view.

In every case the avowed intention was to eliminate the superstitious elements which in process of time had grown up and choked the original nucleus of the purer and earlier faith, and obscured the vital essence of its spirituality. It seldom, however, happens that these reforming movements take the course mapped out for them by their founders. Protestantism has proved something of a half-way house between the Catholic religion and undogmatic theology. The attempt to substitute the Scriptures as the final Court of Appeal rather than the Church itself, which was Luther's aim, has broken down under the stress of modern criticism of the sacred records, which, it is now universally admitted, can lay no claim to divine inspiration in any literal sense of the term, and indeed do not present themselves in the light of recent investigation as in any sense a coherent whole with equal validity or authority as regards its component parts. Some of the earlier books are now admitted to be a perfect mosaic of records of different dates, often only too clumsily patched together. The opinions of the different writers not only express the divergent outlook of different epochs, but are at times diametrically opposed to one another. Even the books of the New Testament are found on examination to be not only incoherent in narrative, but mutually contradictory.

To make this conglomeration of ancient documents the basis and groundwork of Christianity has naturally proved a task beyond human power, and the fact that it has become more and more apparent every day that the Protestant religion was built on a foundation of shifting sand, has not unnaturally been the means of recalling many wanderers to the Roman Catholic fold, to a religion which, with all its superstitions, has at least a logical justification from its own point of view. Others, who were unable to abandon their right of private judgment to a spiritual mentor, have drifted further still from the parent church, and have enrolled themselves under the banners of the Broad Church or the New Theology. But these, again, are merely stepping stones, stages on the road which must inevitably lead in the end to its only logical conclusion—the total abandonment of the dogmatic side of Christianity. The first impulse of the unfettered mind is towards revolt

INSECURE BASIS OF PROTESTANTISM.

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against the dogmas of its creed; but there always comes a time after the most galling shackles have been thrown off, when the revolting spirit comes at last instinctively to ask itself, "Whither is this revolt destined to lead me? Am I fated to cast off shackle after shackle till I find myself free indeed of the fetters which have irked me so sorely, but without solid basis of conviction left?" It is at this point that the forlorn truth-seeker begins to think, with a half-regret, of the chains that bound him in the days of his intellectual captivity. Then comes that natural shrinking from the pursuit of logical conclusions to their furthest limits which has left many stranded in half-way houses and untenable positions which still they dare not relinquish lest worse befall. We may ask, indeed, whether it is wise to refuse to face the logical outcome of the position we have taken up. Whether it is not cowardly deliberately to shut our eyes to the implications of our own premises. But the average man has seldom the courage of his convictions and prefers a comfortable optimism to a less cheerful, but more logical scepticism. For those who recognize the illogical nature of their position, and who dare not go forward further, there is always the refuge of the Roman Catholic Church, all too ready to stretch out its arms and welcome the repentant sinner. To the bolder spirits such a step will appear as the negation of all which constitutes our higher manhood. But it is hard to blame the terrified soul that, finding itself on the horns of a dilemma, instinctively seeks a way of escape.

HALF-WAY HOUSES OF THE SPIRIT.

It is true, indeed, that dogma in some form or other must eventually be recognized as a necessary preliminary to effective action. But it is not, therefore, needful that the dogma should be erected into a sort of divine oracle, the truth of which no evidence is to be allowed to overthrow. Herein lies the fault of the dogmas of all religions. The value of a dogma lies in the fact that, pending further evidence, we are bound to work on the most probable hypothesis available in the light of existing knowledge. What has all too frequently happened is that these hypotheses have become stereotyped into articles of faith which it is in process of time considered profane even to dispute, and instead of there being "No religion higher than Truth" we are given to understand by the votaries of the orthodox creed that there is in fact "No religion higher than Dogma." In other words, the place of dogmatism in religion has been radically misconceived. Dogma in its essence is temporary, not eternal. We

THE LEGITIMATE USE OF DOGMA.

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are entitled to accept a dogma only until we have disproved it.

Church Councils have given expression to the majority vote of the ecclesiastical authorities of their day. They have done no more. As Herbert Kaufman well says: "In an age of progress you can never be sure of yesterday's judgment," and "We must constantly challenge the reasoning of our predecessors." The same argument holds good for all life, and not for religion in particular. "If you are conventional, cling to the security of the rut, pursue only existing paths, and don't think for yourself, then you must accept the wage at which we can find your substitute." The warnings are writ large for those who cling to dogma and lay down the law too positively, where the evidence is insufficient. The old religions have had their day. It is well to recognize the fact, whatever our religious predilections may be. The same fate must befall the new religions if they follow on the lines of the old. Theosophy has started with a clean sheet, but the fate of other religions already threatens to overtake it. In theory it has no dogmas. In theory the Theosophist need not even accept the hypothesis of reincarnation. But though its founders doubted it in the first instance, reincarnation has more than anything else become the pivot of the Theosophist's creed, the sheet-anchor of his faith in the divine economy. In theory the Theosophist may believe anything. He may be a Roman Catholic, as Anna Kingsford fondly imagined herself to be. He may worship Mumbo Jumbo if he likes. But in spite of this extreme latitudinarianism, what do we find to be the actual facts? It is often asserted by their critics that a Theosophist is the most dogmatic of men. A gentleman, we have been told, is known by his boots and his companions. A Theosophist, in a similar way, is held by many to be known by the dogmatic assurance of his convictions. How is it that Theosophy has travelled so far from its original programme during the few short years since its foundation in 1875? Is this, we may ask ourselves in alarm, but the history of other religions repeating itself at an accelerated pace? If so, we may be destined to witness a Theosophical Council of Nicæa before the expiration of another generation. Should such a calamity overtake us, we shall be face to face with a new dogmatism in place of the old, and shall once more have got back into the old groove and be discarding science in favour of revelation.

THEORY AND PRACTICE IN THEOSOPHY.

It is useless to disguise from ourselves the fact that this is

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a very real danger. It is useless to deny that there is a natural tendency to drift into dogmatism. Why is this so? The answer, I think, cannot be very far to seek. We all tend, unless we are on our guard, to take instinctively the line of least resistance. The whole point of dogma is that it saves us trouble. It enables us to do without thinking for ourselves. This is the same whether we go to a priest for our religion or whether we accept any one else's *ipse dixit*, or whether on the other hand we accept our own intuitions uncritically at their assumed face value. A dogma of course, however positively expressed, is by no means necessarily untrue—in fact, in most cases, if not in almost all, it has probably got a basis of truth. It is, in short, misleading mainly because it is a half-truth. It may be the amount of truth in a particular spiritual reality that an earlier generation was able to absorb, a step for that earlier generation in the ascent towards a higher conception of the reality which for the present day has become necessarily in process of time a step not upward but downward. This is mainly the danger where the orthodox religions of the past are concerned. The danger of the present day is perhaps greater from the deceptive forces of the astral plane ever operating in our midst whether we recognize them as such or not.

DOGMAS AS HALF-TRUTHS.

There are two channels by which the truth may be reached: the channel of deduction and the channel of intuition. You can have, in short, the phenomenal proof or the spiritual realization. The mistake is too frequently made at the present day of attempting to prove scientific facts by intuitional methods. The result is usually self-deception. The value of intuition to the scientist is rather to point the right path for investigation and certainly not to usurp the place of a substitute for the more laborious deductive method in the search for truth. In pursuing the paths of research in the profounder sciences, in the domain of what is generally termed the "occult," it is essential to remember that the rejection of scientific method is entirely illegitimate, and that the soundness of the conclusions arrived at is entirely in proportion to the scientific nature of the means employed. Thus even in the realm of the super-physical we must call in the aid of science if we would not flounder in the morass of astral illusion, and in so far as any religion is an attempt to define the phenomenal world in terms of concrete science, we must beware how we substitute high-sounding generalities communicated

NEED FOR THE SCIENTIFIC METHOD.

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from another plane, for the more laboriously obtained, but far more valid proofs which personal investigation with the instruments at our disposal here can alone supply. Spiritual religion, it is true, requires no such proofs, but cosmic investigation must be treated scientifically.

This point may best be driven home by taking a concrete instance. Reincarnation will never be established through communications from another plane. Its strength lies rather in its appeal to the rational judgment of mankind. We have here, curiously enough, an instance of a fact—if fact it be—in nature, with regard to which the majority of the communications "from the other side" are of a sceptical, if not of a hostile nature, while the scientific and philosophical arguments strongly predispose us to its acceptance. This is, indeed, one of many similar pieces of evidence which tend to make us regard almost all communications of a similar character with the gravest suspicion, and in any case suggest that only the most rigidly scientific evidence can warrant our accepting even those which come to us apparently with the most plausible credentials.

Reincarnation (or metempsychosis *) is indeed, as David Hume well said, "the only system of immortality that philosophy can hearken to." It is, however, when we come to dotting the i's and crossing the t's in connection with this thorny question that we are brought face to face with all sorts of statements that the scientific mind is bound to regard with the gravest scepticism. We have long lists given us of past incarnations of celebrities of the present day. I have had them sent in to myself in my capacity as editor of the OCCULT REVIEW, and have published them for purposes of public criticism. It does not appear to me that there is any means of establishing their truth, though most of them have a greater or less appearance of plausibility. Then we have statements made, sometimes in a very confident way, as to the average period likely to intervene between one incarnation and another. This was, I understand, put down in one of the communications received by Mme Blavatsky as approximating 1,500 years. I question whether so long an average period would commend itself to the judgment of the Theosophist of to-day. Nor does it seem generally borne out by the evidences, few and far between as they are, of specific cases of reincarnation which are susceptible of a measure of scientific proof.

PROBLEMS OF REINCARNATION.

* The word used by Hume is "metempsychosis," but his argument was obviously intended to cover all that is implied by both words.

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A number of these have been given, and the facts supplied point with a certain show of plausibility to their *bona fides*. But, though there is the greatest divergency in the records, many of the cases cited give the interval between the two incarnations as something more nearly approximating to fifty than to fifteen hundred years. Two incidents of this kind comparatively recently recorded, one of a nurse in France and the other of a negro girl in America, both point to some such period as this between the two incarnations, and there are cases received from India and China where the interval is still less.

MEMORIES OF PAST LIVES.

A record has recently reached me from a lady now nursing at a hospital in the neighbourhood of Paris, which points to a longer interval—in this case some three hundred years. Miss Campbell, the lady in question, writes me that "We have a French friend here who was alive in the time of Henri IV, and remembers living in the Castle at St. Germaine-en-Laye. She says she was a page then, and used to have a little room at the top of a staircase in one of the turrets. The general commanding here some years ago was greatly amused by her story, and told her that such a stairway did not exist. She was very angry, and offered to show it to him. The room and the stair, or the place where they were supposed to be, were in a portion of the castle not open to the public. But she was taken through and found the stair, but not the room. Finally one of the city documents was discovered which disclosed the fact that in the restoration of the château the architect had closed up the room as not being worth restoration." Miss Campbell adds another instance of a similar reminiscence. She says: "A little boy of five I know, pointed out the house of Mme de Maintenon and said, 'That is where I used to go to play with the little Quatorzes.' This child (she adds), is really extraordinary. He remembers all kinds of things about St. Germaine."

The historical records given of incarnations derived from psychical sources seem to point, generally speaking, to a considerably longer period, but their value is open to question, and moreover we do not know whether there have not been various other unimportant incarnations in between. Then there is the well-known case of Nyria, which seems supported by a certain amount of fairly valid evidence. I suppose most of us have read Mrs. Campbell Praed's fascinating novel under this title.* The lady who is the heroine of the book and

* *Nyria*. London: Wm. Rider & Son, Ltd. 1s. net.

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presumably identifiable with the Nyria of Roman days, is known to myself personally, and I understand that Mr. Sinnett was the means of the original introduction between her and Mrs. Campbell Praed. The well-known novelist gives a rather full account in the first edition of her novel of the interesting circumstances which led to the publication of this romance. "I found," she says, "that when in close companionship with my own mind, which was sympathetic with hers, this girl would go off into a sort of dream existence wherein she took on a totally different identity, of which, on resuming her normal consciousness, she had not the dimmest recollection. "In these phases her voice, manner, and whole intelligence underwent a change, and she prated—to use Nyria's expression—in a child-like babble, but with plenty of shrewd observation, displaying keen judgment of character about scenes, persons and conversations that she described as going on at the time around her. It was in truth as though she had stepped into a left-off fleshly garment of the past and had again become in actuality the slave-girl, Nyria, personal attendant of Julia, daughter of the Emperor Titus—in the service of whom the girl represented herself as having been associated with many noted personages of that age, and an eye-witness and participator in some of its tragic happenings."

THE CASE OF NYRIA.

While she was living the life of Nyria in imagination it was impossible for the lady in question to realize that she was in reality in modern England and not in Julia's garden on a spur of the Aventine or on the steps of Valeria's terrace. The illusion of the return to another life in an earlier incarnation seemed to be as complete as it could possibly be—so much so that the narration of the story was gravely interfered with by Nyria's fears lest she should betray the Christians or her adored mistress by some indiscreet statement to Mrs. Campbell Praed. Here we have a case of an incarnation, if indeed this is the explanation, and it is hard to postulate any other, at a distance of some eighteen or nineteen hundred years, though it is open to us then again to assume, if we will, that other incarnations intervened. If this is so, however, it is perhaps difficult to account for the extreme vividness of the recollection, unless indeed it were through a renewed association with those who played a part in her early life-story. We are, in fact, still totally in the dark as to what governs the periodicity of incarnations, and it seems probable that the intervals between them may be of almost

THE LAW OF THE REINCARNATING EGO.

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infinitely diverse lengths. It is, however, on the face of it far from likely that a Roman slave girl would wait 1,800 years for a fresh incarnation, while an Italian lady reincarnated after not more than forty, as a French nurse. On a matter of this kind there is infinite room for dogmatizing, and a very slight basis of scientific fact to go upon. All we can say is that it seems a not unreasonable presumption that the strength of the physical desires and the love of life on the material plane would act as a natural incentive to draw back the spirit to re-embodiment among the scenes of its earthly joys and sorrows. It might also be assumed, though the case of Nyria may be an argument to the contrary, that a long life on earth is likely to be followed by a correspondingly protracted period in another sphere. Another theory which may be put forward, but which seems equally incapable of substantiation, is that the length of life in the spirit world is regulated by the richness and fulness of the experience in this; that, in short, the experiences of this life serve in a sense as material for the ego's spiritual career, and that, when this spiritual pabulum has been used up, the spiritual life is automatically brought to a close.

A further question, which it is no less difficult to settle dogmatically, arises in connection with this problem of Reincarnation. Is the reincarnating ego born continuously on the same planet? And is it possible that any one ego can complete its terrestrial experiences without travelling to distant spheres? If we assume that the main object of reincarnation is to obtain the maximum of experience, the argument is clearly against this, but here again we should naturally assume that the ego would finally complete its experiences on one planet before passing on to another.

THE QUESTION OF SEX.

Another point which has never been satisfactorily dealt with has reference to the question of sex. Is it a case of once a man always a man, and once a woman always a woman? Or do the sexes alternate? If the latter is the case, do human beings pass backwards and forwards between one sex and another, capriciously and haphazard as it were, or do they have long periods in one sex followed by equally long periods in the other, the transition stages being marked by a nature not altogether in harmony with either the masculine or the feminine? What one is inclined to say is that all these things are under the rule of some definite and specific law, and that it would be contrary to all we know of Nature's laws that egos should pass backwards and forwards

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from one sex to the other in an irresponsible sort of way. The change of sex, we are almost bound in reason to maintain, represents the completion of a certain cycle of reincarnations; and if this is so, in the following cycle the ego must figure continuously in the opposite sex. Statements, I am of course aware, have been made in various Theosophical text-books on these subjects. The point I am anxious to raise is the value, or perhaps I should rather say the validity, of any such statements. We can look at such matters from the point of view of reason and probability, as it may appeal to our own judgment. I question if, outside this, any evidence has been brought forward which can carry weight with the scientific mind. Here, again, it is easy to be dogmatic.

THE DANGER OF THE SHORT CUT.

The short cut is the simplest. The broad road is undoubtedly the easiest to take, but I would remind my readers that it is the narrow way and the strait gate that leadeth to salvation. Let us recognize with Socrates that the first thing thoroughly to grasp is our own ignorance. Having realized this, the path to true knowledge will be infinitely facilitated. Nothing is so fatal an obstacle to attainment as a self-satisfied assurance that we know all about the facts beforehand. There was a time not so very long ago when the answer that "the Bible says so" was considered sufficient reply to impertinent would-be scientific inquirers. Let us be careful to make sure that we are not driven back into the old orthodox rut in another form. The tendency of reactions against the mistakes and errors of the past is constantly negatived by the fatal readiness of the human race to reproduce in a new guise all the worst features of the old abuse under the deceptive cloak of another name. The persecutors and the persecuted of earlier days were constantly changing places as the fortunes of war and political struggles gave one or the other the upper hand. But each side as it obtained the mastery was only too ready to play the same old game of intellectual tyranny. Let us make sure when we build our temple and dedicate it to the God of Truth, that we found it on the impregnable rock, not of any scriptures, however holy, but of indisputable scientific fact.

In conclusion we may ask in what way the dogmatic Theosophist of the present day differs from the dogmatic orthodox Christian. Clearly, I think, in this, that his dogmatism is seldom the accepted dogmatism of the whole Theosophical body, but rather his own special brand of that philosophy. One dogmatic Theosophist will, in short, entirely disagree with another, but

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each may be equally dogmatic. Now I should like to suggest that there is a certain parallel in this to the early days of the Christian Church. In the early ages of Christianity, before the time of Constantine in especial, there was no universal agreement as to the dogmas of the Church. Each sect held its own views, and held them frequently in violent opposition to those of another. In the proper sense of the word there were no heretics, because there was no specific orthodoxy. The followers of Arius and the followers of Athanasius might equally claim to be the exponents of the true faith. Jesus of Nazareth might be identified with the divine Logos, or might on the other hand be regarded as merely one of the great teachers of mankind. He might be held as a human being overshadowed by the Holy Spirit, or born the son of the Most High. All of these views had their ardent supporters, and there was no supreme authority to say them nay. This, however, did not tend to make any particular sect the less dogmatic. It only tended to produce greater varieties of dogmatic interpretation, and more religious disputations. Even the reincarnationist Christian, afterwards ignominiously snuffed out, had his honoured place, and was equally entitled with the rest to claim his rights as an exponent of Christianity. I confess that for myself, in spite of all the animosity between sect and sect, I prefer the independent attitude of the early Christian churches to the cast-iron intellectual tyranny of a later age. In those days you could at least choose your own favourite version of the one true faith. At the present time there appears to be a tendency to drift back to a somewhat similar condition of things, but the whole system of the Roman Church has ever rested on the limitation of individual judgment and the unification of dogma. If my parallel is right, the Theosophical Society is at the present time much in the same position as the Early Christian Church. May I say that I look forward with dread to the day when some Theosophical Constantine shall reign as president of the Society, and declare that there will be no peace within its ranks until all Theosophists think alike ?

THE EVOLUTION OF DOGMA.

A word may not be out of place at the present moment with reference to the birthday or revolutionary figure of King George V. This falls on the present occasion shortly after 3 a.m. on the morning of the 4th of June, the date following his nominal birthday. The Sun occupies the ascendant in trine with Uranus, and Venus



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has very recently risen—strong auguries of success and peace. The latter planet is, however, afflicted by a close square of Uranus from the mid-heaven, and this indicates some personal trouble or grief. The planetary positions are very favourable with regard to the carrying on of the war, inasmuch as Mars has not only the sextile aspect of the planet Mercury, but is also in similar relation to the Moon and Saturn, the Moon throwing a trine to the two last-named planets. A rapid improvement should follow in the position of the Allies—especially as the Moon is arriving by primary direction at the conjunction of Jupiter, very shortly after. One drawback to the figure is the angular position of Neptune on the cusp of the 4th House, threatening instability to the Government, and a danger of underhand intrigue, a threat emphazised by the culmination of Saturn and Mercury at the summer solstice. Difficulties are also indicated in financial matters.

KING GEORGE'S HOROSCOPE.

The question has often been raised as to how far animals are conscious of the presence of the spirit-world. Cats and dogs have been specially instanced as natural ghost-seers, but it has not been admitted that animals generally have this faculty. Mr. O'Donnell in his book *Animal Ghosts* makes the observation that "Parrots do not see spirits." A lady reader, Mrs. Agnes O. Hervey, takes exception to this statement. She says: "I had a Port Lincoln parakeet, and one day, when I was out gardening, put its cage on the garden wall while I went into the house to fetch something. When I came back the parakeet was dashing wildly about the cage, his long tail feathers knocked out and his eyes crazy with fear. A figure in white was standing outside the garden gate." This figure was supposed to have been that of the phantom of an ancestress of the lady in question, and Mr. O'Donnell's correspondent states that she had seen her four or five times. Mrs. Hervey adds that in the same house after her dog's death she heard the sound of an animal rushing upstairs and panting after her.

CAN PARROTS SEE GHOSTS?

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# THE PSYCHOLOGY OF "ALICE IN WONDERLAND" AND "ALICE THROUGH THE LOOKING-GLASS"

By HEREWARD CARRINGTON

THE wonderful insight of Lewis Carroll, and the scientific accuracy of his study of dream life, from the point of view of modern psychology, has rarely been mentioned, or even thought of. We are accustomed to think of *Alice in Wonderland* and *Alice Through the Looking Glass* as being written solely to entertain children—as stories filled with humour and wit, but very little seriousness. And yet—strange as it may appear—these books, if analysed, will be found to contain a mine of valuable psychological material of the greatest interest, and it is strange that practically no psychologist has taken it upon himself to study these stories from that point of view. The following brief analysis of some of the main points of interest may therefore prove of interest, as tending to throw new light on these juvenile "classics."

To begin with, then, it will be seen at a glance that Lewis Carroll utilized, as the fundamental *data* for these dreams, the material with which a child's mind would be stocked—thereby conforming to the orthodox conception that "one cannot dream anything one has not experienced, known or sensed." Cards, chessmen, the kitten, sheep, flowers, a dormouse, a caterpillar, the lion, the unicorn and the mockturtle (these last two probably believed in as realities by most children), the little shop, etc., all figure prominently. If we were to make a list of the various objects, scenes, and so forth, contained in the first chapter of *Alice*, we should have: A meadow, a hedge, a rabbit-hole, a straight tunnel, a long shaft, a heap of sticks and leaves, a long passage, a long low hall, doors all round the hall, a small passage, a beautiful garden, a hot day, etc.—all such things, in short, as present the customary "stage setting," structural arrangement, etc., of the ordinary dream. As usual, also, Alice herself is the central and most important personage—the heroine—who observes and enacts all the principal events, and around whom all the chief characters revolve.

In addition to this dream material, Lewis Carroll also introduced a number of imaginary characters and objects—extensions of nursery rhymes and superstitions—which every child would



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naturally know. Thus, Humpty Dumpty, the Mad Hatter, the March Hare, Tweedledum and Tweedledee (with their " nice new rattle ") are all examples of this. Such well-known stories as " the lion and the unicorn fighting for the crown," the knave of hearts stealing the tarts, and various similar rhymes and verses, are also turned to account. The influence of school life —" lessons "—is also very manifest. All through both books, the characters are constantly setting one another sums to figure out, problems and riddles to solve, questions to answer, etc., all of which we might expect to find in a child's mind, in which lessons occupy so prominent a place.

The manner in which the scenes change and glide one into another is also very characteristic of the dream world. Thus, the little shop is transformed into the boat on the river, and the knitting needles in Alice's hands into oars, only to be retransposed into needles again later, at the time the river insensibly changes back again to the little dark shop. The egg changes, as she approaches it, to Humpty Dumpty. The heads of the red and the white queens vanish from her lap without her knowing it—they are just " gone." The rushes which Alice picked in the stream began to fade and vanish in her hands as soon as she had picked them—" these, being dream-rushes, melted away almost like snow, as they lay in heaps at her feet, but Alice hardly noticed this, there were so many other curious things to think about." Even the looking-glass thinned and admitted her passage—when she tried to push her way through it. In this way she entered the looking-glass world.

Nearly everything in the whole book is, of course, endowed with life and speech—they are made human—are " personalized." Savages attributed intelligence to the powers of Nature, and children do much the same thing. The animals, the cards, the chessmen, birds, beasts, insects, all are endowed with human speech and carry on long conversations. Even the flowers talk. This is very common in dreams, and, as we know, very many fairy-stories are founded upon this central theme. Even Time is personified : " If you knew Time as well as I do, you wouldn't talk about wasting *it*. It's *him*." Similarly, the leg of mutton is introduced to Alice, and gets up and bows.

These, however, are but the more obvious and commonplace factors which must have been more or less apparent to every interested reader of the adventures of Alice. Besides these, there are a number of other factors which may well be noted, and which lead us further afield, raising, as they do,

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philosophical and psychological questions of the greatest interest and importance. Let us take, for instance, the following passage.

When Alice was in the little dark shop, she noticed that—

> the shop seemed full of all manner of curious things—but the oddest part of it all was, that whenever she looked hard at any shelf, . . . that particular shelf was always quite empty; though the others round it were crowded as full as they could hold.
>
> "Things flow about so here," she said at last, in a plaintive tone, after she had spent a minute or so in vainly pursuing a large bright thing, that looked sometimes like a doll and sometimes like a work-box, and was always on the shelf next above the one she was looking at. "And this one is the most provoking of all, but I'll tell you what," she added, as a sudden thought struck her, 'I'll follow it up to the very top shelf of all. It'll puzzle it to go through the ceiling, I expect!"
>
> But even this plan failed; the thing went through the ceiling as quietly as possible, as if it were quite used to it!

This "seeing a thing out of the corner of the eye" is a very common experience; the little specks of light which form before the closed eyelids when dropping off to sleep, and which always vanish or change their places when looked at squarely, are good examples of this. Then, too, many "apparitions" are seen in this manner; yet as soon as looked at fully, they disappear —sometimes to come again elsewhere. The item of vanishing through the ceiling is of interest in view of the fact that, at spiritualistic séances, objects are occasionally said to vanish in this mysterious fashion, sometimes indeed even the medium himself (*Proceedings*, S.P.R., vol. iv., p. 483). Thus a psychological cause is suggested for many of these records, rather than a physical miracle.

On various occasions, reference is made to Alice falling, floating, flying or running with incredible speed through the air. These are all but examples of the common falling or flying dreams, to which we are all more or less subject. They are among the seven common dreams which practically every one is said to experience at one time or another in his life. Usually, the subject arrives at the bottom of his fall unhurt—as Alice did, when she fell gently upon the pile of sticks—or he fails to reach the bottom at all. The old superstition that a person will die if he reaches the ground in a fall of this kind *is* the purest superstition. There are many cases on record in which the subject has reached the bottom, and received more or less of a jolt thereby. In one case, at least, the subject saw himself dashed to bits; but somehow managed to pick himself up, and stick the pieces together again!

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(Hutchinson, *Dreams and Their Meanings*). The example which is given of Alice running through the air at a terrific pace, with the red queen, and finding herself in the same place at the end, is but an example of the common dream in which we find ourselves unable to get away from some injurious person or thing which is pursuing us. Try as we will, we *cannot* make progress! These falling and flying dreams have been made the subject of lengthy discussion.

Another interesting point touched upon by Lewis Carroll in *Alice* is the matter of mirror-writing—*spiegel-schrift*—which is found so often in automatic or "spirit" messages. Here the tendency is often very pronounced—this question being the topic of a lengthy discussion by Mr. F. W. H. Myers, in an article upon the subject of automatic writing in vol. iii. of the *Proceedings* of the Society for Psychical Research. He there pointed out that many persons, when they try to write with their left hands, often produce mirror-writing at first; that left-handed persons often write, at times, in this manner—until consciously corrected; and that, in certain odd diseases—ataxia and the like—*spiegel-schrift* is occasionally produced. All of which led Mr. Myers to the belief that the right hemisphere is chiefly involved in the production of this writing (instead of the left, which right-handed persons usually employ) and that the functioning of this hemisphere is chiefly accountable for mirror-writing. There being many psychological analogies between the abstracted state often necessary for obtaining automatic writing and the dream state, the connection is too evident to need more than a mere mention. Here, again, however, Lewis Carroll unwittingly opened up a question of the greatest psychological importance.

I have reserved for final discussion the most interesting problem of all, raised by a careful study of "Alice"—since it raises for our consideration one of the greatest metaphysical questions ever propounded—and there is reason to believe that Lewis Carroll raised it knowingly. It refers to the possibly dream-like character of our existence, here on earth; and rarely has the problem been more tersely put. Here is the passage in which Carroll stated the case, with rare penetration and skill —

"It's only the red king snoring," said Tweedledee.

"Come and look at him," the brothers cried, and they each took one of Alice's hands, and led her up to where the king was sleeping. . . .

"He's dreaming now," said Tweedledee; "and what do you think he is dreaming about?"

Alice said: "Nobody can guess that."

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"Why, about you," Tweedledee exclaimed, clapping his hands triumphantly. "And if he left off dreaming about you, where do you suppose you'd be?"

"Where I am now, of course," said Alice.

"Not you," Tweedledee retorted contemptuously. "You'd be nowhere. Why, you're only a sort of thing in his dream."

"If that there king was to wake," added Tweedledum, "you'd go out—bang—just like a candle."

"I shouldn't," Alice exclaimed indignantly. "Besides, if I'm only a sort of thing in his dream, what are *you*, I should like to know?"

"Ditto," said Tweedledum. "Ditto, ditto," said Tweedledee.

He shouted so loud that Alice couldn't help saying, "Hush, you'll be waking him, I'm afraid, if you make so much noise."

"Well, it's no use *your* talking about waking him," said Tweedledum! "when you're only one of the things in his dream. You know very wel, you're not real."

"I *am* real," said Alice, and began to cry.

"You won't make yourself a bit realler by crying," Tweedledee remarked; "there's nothing to cry about."

"If I wasn't real," Alice said, half-laughing through her tears, it all seemed so ridiculous, "I shouldn't be able to cry."

"I hope you don't suppose those are real tears?" Tweedledum interrupted in a tone of great contempt.

"I know they're talking nonsense," Alice thought to herself. . . .

Veiled in this simple language, Lewis Carroll, who was, as we know, a scholar and student, stated one of the most profound and insoluble paradoxes in philosophy—and incidentally, no doubt, poked fun at the apparently paradoxical conclusion—from the viewpoint of "common-sense." For the point raised is no less than the world-old problem: How do we know that life is not all a dream—that we are but thoughts in some gigantic mind—and that we shall one day wake up and find ourselves obliterated—if we be allowed this Irish bull—or (to employ the analogy used by Plato) find that this life may be a dream, and the true life, the life of living waking realities, is the life of the spirit, to which we wake only after death?

The analogy employed by Plato, to illustrate this point, is well known, but may stand restatement in concise form. In his Seventh Book of the *Republic*, a description is given of a cave in which are prisoners, fettered from earliest childhood, so that they cannot move, and look only straight before them. Behind and above them is a fire, blazing at a distance, and between the fire and the prisoners are men passing along with various kinds of vessels, statues, figures of animals, etc., casting their shadows on the wall of the cave. The prisoners have no knowledge save of the shadows, which to them are the reality. In our application of this the objects we perceive in the physical universe

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may be like these shadows, and the things to which they correspond are in reality composed of mind.

Every one, at one time or another in his life, has probably experienced this wonder, this thought: Is life, then, all a dream? And if not, how prove that fact? It is assuredly most difficult, and subject to much hair-splitting sophistry. The problem is fairly stated by Lewis Carroll in the passage quoted.

W. K. Clifford saw this difficulty very clearly, and he, too, asked himself the question: What hinders us from saying that life is all a dream? His philosophical argument ran about as follows:—

How does a dream differ from waking life? In a fairly coherent dream, everything seems quite real, and it is true that many people know in a dream that they are dreaming. If a dream is sufficiently vivid and coherent, all physical inferences are just as valid in it as they are in waking life. In a hazy or imperfect dream, it is true, things melt one into another, unexpectedly and unaccountably; we fly, remove mountains, and stop runaway horses with a finger. But there is nothing in the mere nature of a dream to hinder it from being an exact copy of waking experience. If I find a stone heavy in one part of my dream, and infer that it is heavy at some subsequent part, the inference will be verified if the dream is coherent enough; I shall go to the stone, lift it up, and find it as heavy as before. And the same thing is true of all inferences from phenomena. For physical purposes, a dream is just as good as real life; the only difference, usually, is in vividness and coherence.

But if the phenomena we dream of are just as good and real to us then as the real phenomena we see and feel when we are awake, what right have we to say that the material universe has any more existence apart from our minds than the things we see and feel in our dreams? The answer which Berkeley gave to that question was: No right at all. The physical universe which I see and feel, and infer, is just my dream and nothing else; that which you see is your dream; only it so happens that all our dreams agree in many respects. This doctrine of Berkeley's has now been so far confirmed by the physiology of the senses that it is no longer a metaphysical speculation, but a scientifically established fact.

When I see a man in my dream, then, he seems to possess a physical body just as much as when he is awake; if only the dream be coherent enough—no physical test can establish the fact that it *is* a dream. In dream, as in waking, I seem to see

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the same thing. In both cases I assume the existence of more than I can see and feel—namely, the consciousness of the other man. "But," says Clifford, "here is the great difference and the only difference—in a dream this assumption is wrong, in waking life it is right." The man I see in my dream is a mere machine, a bundle of phenomena with no underlying reality; there is no consciousness involved except my consciousness, no feeling in the case except my feelings. The man I see in my waking life is more than a bundle of phenomena; his body and his actions are phenomena, but these phenomena are merely the symbols and representatives in my mind of a reality which is outside my mind, namely, the consciousness of the man himself, which is represented by the working of his brain, and the simpler quasi-mental facts, not woven into his consciousness, which are represented by the working of the rest of his body. "What makes life not a dream is the existence of those facts which we arrive at by the process of inference; the consciousness of man and the higher animals, the sub-consciousness of lower organisms, and the quasi-mental facts which go along with the motions of inanimate matter."

If we wanted to split hairs, we might at this point raise the question: How do we know that the mental figures seen in dreams are not real—do not have self-consciousness—just as much as the living beings we know in this life? It must be admitted that the negative of this cannot be proved, since the negative of any argument cannot be proved. We can only go by assumption —and commonsense. The consensus of opinion says that it is not true. That is why Alice says, "I know they're talking nonsense," though she couldn't prove it successfully to herself. That is why she was right, in a sense, in regarding this logic as unphilosophical. The fact that she could see, think, and feel was proof positive that she was not "a sort of thing" in anybody's dream. Hence the inner meaning of that great saying of Descartes, *Cogito, ergo sum.* That is the root of all philosophy—of all sane thought. We must begin somewhere. Descartes said that this was the beginning of all thought; the hope of all future argument. So Alice did not melt away, like the dream lilies she gathered in her hands, but lived on, in her dream; and finally woke up at the end into real life again.

* * * * *

Viewed psychologically, therefore, it can be seen that *Alice* presents matter of the greatest scientific interest, as well as remaining the most charming children's story of all time.

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# THE ETHEREAL PLANE

By Dr. HELEN BOURCHIER

## IV. Visions

FROM time to time, when I have met the Seer in the Hall of Learning, he has said to me, "Come with me, I have something to show you," and in a moment I would find myself in some new, unimagined place. Sometimes the fellow-disciple who sat with me would come with us, sometimes she would go, with her own Master, to other places.

On one occasion, when she and I went together with the Seer, we found ourselves in a dim and twilight country, among dark mountains. In the midst there was a wide, desolate pool, and, wading about in the pool, there were many figures, dimly seen. They were all stooping down searching in the mud under the water of the pool, looking for certain jewels which they believed to be hidden there. The shore of this dark pool, set among the hills, was of fine, clean sand, and, as we walked on it, we became aware of a bright figure standing there, watching the searchers.

"Those people," said the Seer, "are searching for happiness in the dark waters of selfish desire. They are looking for a jewel that was never there, and never will be. They waste their time; they will never find anything."

The shining figure of the Christ, upon the shore, called to them, but no one heard him. They were deaf and blind to everything except the mud at their feet. Until, at last, one wading near the shore heard his voice and stepped out of the pool.

"Give up your hopeless search," said the Teacher. "Go back into the pool and take my message. Tell your fellows there to come away out of the darkness and gloom of this place. Tell them there are no jewels there, nothing but disappointment and despair."

The man went back slowly among his fellow-searchers, and the bright figure faded from the shore.

We passed then, I know not how nor by what means, into a wide, sandy desert, glaring and shadeless. Near us there was a white marble statue, and kneeling on the sand in front of it was a figure, apparently absorbed in worship. All about, scattered



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over the plain, there were other figures, sitting or kneeling, in rapt contemplation before some strange object of worship. They were all apparently unconscious of everything except the one object in front of them.

"They worship their own work," said the Seer. "They worship themselves, in their own achievements. They have made idols of their own work and their own success."

To them, too, came the Christ, standing by each in his turn, striving to win their attention from those poor and paltry objects of their worship, but no one looked at him, no one listened, and the Teacher passed on.

The vision faded and we found ourselves in another scene; a lovely woodland glade, a green, wide, sunny space set in the midst of a shady wood, with broad, grassy drives leading away from it in every direction. And in the midst of it there was a ring of young men and maidens who danced and sang. They seemed gay and joyous enough till we looked closely at each one of them. And then we saw that some of them were wearied to death of the endless dance, and some had faces old and worn and hollow-eyed, and some had tired, stiff limbs under their gay and delicate garments.

"They seek only pleasure in life," said the Seer. "They have forgotten everything but pleasure. And now pleasure, for some of them, is dead, but they know of nothing else, so they go on with their dancing."

Far down one of the long, green, grassy drives we saw him again, the Spirit of the Sphere, whom some call Christ and some Buddha, and some by other names, Who is known all over the earth by the name of one or another of the great Avatars whom he has overshadowed, from time to time, through the ages.

He came on down the drive and stood among the dancers. One or two of the most wearied ceased their dancing to listen to him, but the others never even saw that he was there.

And then we were back in the Hall of Learning, and the Seer left us to work out for ourselves the meaning of the scenes he had shown us.

There is no doubt that many disciples know and have visited the places to which we have been taken on the Ethereal Plane. Now and again we have had unexpected evidence that this is so. On one occasion we had a very curious proof of this. At the top of the north aisle in the Hall of Learning there is a door. One day we became aware of it and opened it and went through. We came out upon a narrow terrace with steps going down into

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a garden, a lovely place of lilies and green growing things and trees, a place of shade and sunshine and peace; a place that was known to us afterwards as "the old Master's garden." Just below the terrace, across the garden, there was a door in the garden wall. We opened this and passed through, coming out into an open field by the bank of a river. We walked along the bank till we came to a curious high mound of earth with a low wooden door set in the side of it. It fell open when we touched it, and we went down a flight of steps into a long room which would seem to be underground, but which was quite light, though there were no windows to be seen. The room was entirely bare and empty except for a low bier that stood in the middle of it, and on the bier a still figure wrapped in trailing white draperies.

The figure was that of one of the seven who, with us, had helped in the writing of the "scroll of the disembodied man." We both of us saw the room quite clearly and distinctly. We were not in a trance, we were sitting, fully awake, in our dark séance room from which we had passed up to the Ethereal Plane. We saw that room many times afterwards, with other figures lying on the bier, sometimes figures that we knew, sometimes strangers. And then one day a very strange thing happened. The fellow-disciple was given a present of a photograph of one of Watts' pictures; a picture we had neither of us ever seen. It was the picture of the bier, exactly as we had seen it, in that room by the river bank.

"Do you see what place it is?" the fellow-disciple asked me. "Watts must have been to our room of the bier."

We had been quite sure of our vision before, but the sight of that amazing picture seemed to make it more absolutely real.

There was one place that I went to rather frequently at about the same time. I was taken there by a Brahmin whom I had known in India. When I first met him in the Hall of Learning I thought he must be dead, but I heard, later, that he was still alive. I can only describe this place as an immense, empty wooden barn, on the side of a high and steep mountain. In it there were always white-robed, priest-like figures walking up and down the length of it, repeating the *muntrum* of invocation that is used in doing pranayam. The *muntrum* that begins "*Om buhu bhuvaha suar.*"

There were always two or three of those priest-like figures pacing slowly backwards and forwards, ceaselessly repeating, in the same sonorous tones, that sacred *muntrum*. They were not always the same figures; sometimes I have seen the Seer

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there amongst them, looking neither to the right nor the left, apparently unconscious of my presence.

One day the Brahmin took me to the far end of the barn-like building, and I saw that there was no wall to it; it was open right up to the roof. Whether there had been a curtain over the opening before, I cannot say, but this was the first time I had noticed I could see out into the sky. The building stood at the top of a mountain, and, looking out, I could see far down into the valley below. At the height where I stood there were only blue sky and clouds. And while I looked, there came suddenly a wonderful vision: a celestial group with winged angels, standing out in the sky with clouds under their feet, like some picture of one of the old Masters. It was not any picture I have ever actually seen, but it struck me, looking at it, that it was from some such vision that the old Masters painted their Ascensions of the Virgin Mary; their angels and cherubs bearing up the clouds on which rested the feet of the Holy Ones of old; that it was there, in that building on the Ethereal Plane, that the painters of old had found their first inspiration of celestial forms and winged angels standing on the clouds. For there is nothing on the material plane to suggest such pictures; nothing to suggest those wings of angels which are not the wings of any birds; nor those firm-standing feet upon the immaterial clouds. That part of the vision seemed to me to need no explanation, but before we left the building I asked the Brahmin what was the meaning of those ceaseless invocations of the pacing figures.

"They keep alive the spiritual current in the world," he said. "Though they are none of them now on earth, they keep the white light of the spirit always shining where all those who seek may find it, and all those who seek to follow that light may be guided by it."

There is one more place on the Ethereal Plane that has become very familiar to me. It has about it one of those curious contradictions that one comes up against in the visions of the Ethereal Plane, which seem to emphasize the fact that there is no such thing as time or space, that they only exist as limitations on this material plane, but that outside this plane they have no existence.

Of the same order of contradictions is the fact that, seen from the outside, the Hall of Learning appears to stand in the midst of a vast plain, and yet, passing through the little narrow door out of the Chapel of Power, one steps at once on to the little beach that borders the dark and wide ocean across which the disincar-

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nated spirits come to meet us. The contradiction of this other vision, which I call " The golden sands," is this : the golden sands are high up, as it might be, on the top of a high mountain, and yet, when you reach them, they are the sands of the seashore ; a broad strip of level sand, with white cliffs rising behind it, and in front a golden sea rolling in great waves, ceaselessly, upon its margin, a sea that stretches, limitless, far out of sight ; and the golden light is everywhere, over sands and sea and air. And this vision is, above all, a place of joy. Standing there, watching the golden waves roll in, one's whole being is flooded with an immense joy, that sweeps out all trouble and anxiety and regret as though they had never been. That many people go to the golden sands I am sure, for I have always seen people walking there. No one speaks, and no one stays for more than a moment, but no one who has ever been there can ever forget it. Whoever has been there once can go again, can bathe in its golden joy, and bring back at least the memory with them.

I believe that many people go, either sleeping or waking, to these places on the Ethereal Plane, and my reason for writing of them as plainly as I am able, is to add my witness to their reality. The Ethereal Plane is a strange and far country, and when the first traveller comes back from there and tells of its wonders, nobody believes him, at best they judge him to be a dreamer who is unable to distinguish between dreams and realities. But when other travellers come with the same story, their tales are, in time, accepted. And in the end, some who have not found this world all that they desired, may say to themselves, not " I wish there was such a country," but " I too will find that country and learn of its knowledge and taste of its joy."

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# THE KABALISTIC TREE OF LIFE

By J. H. POWER

THIS paper does not purport to be a discussion of the Kabalah in general, but merely a few notes on that portion of the Dogmatic Kabalah which relates to the Sephiroth.

Though the Tree of Life belongs to the Dogmatic Kabalah, the dogma is open to any interpretation. This must be so, for as the mind of each man differs from that of his fellows, so the ideas called up by any symbol vary in proportion. By one an emblem is taken to be the thing itself, to three others it may represent three different ideas.

"Thy will be done," may to one man be the whine of a slave, to a second the doubtful acquiescence of a wondering disciple, and to a third the potent command of a mighty king.

Now the Hebrew Tree of Life is an attempt to symbolize the stages by which The Divine manifests Itself, commencing on the highest plane, and finishing on that of matter. It appeals to the intellect, and its sublimity is intellectual, but like everything else it may call forth ideas that raise the consciousness till it transcends intellect, or it may remain mere knowledge on the material plane.

According to the symbolism of the Kabalah the Divine Manifestation is accomplished by means of the ten Sephiroth, a plural word defined as "Numerical Emanations," the singular word being Sephira. It must always be kept in mind that these Sephiroth are simply symbols of ideas.

The root of the Tree is The ABSOLUTE, so it draws sustenance from itself. Directly one speaks or even thinks of The ABSOLUTE one limits It, and so talks or thinks nonsense. Therefore The ABSOLUTE is symbolized by O, since the cipher is incapable of definition. There are three veils of The ABSOLUTE. The first is Ain, Negative Existence; the second is Ain Sup, The Limitless; the third is Ain Sup Aur, Limitless Light. The ABSOLUTE, being altogether unmanifest, is entirely above the comprehension of any being, however spiritual, but in It are hidden the ten Sephiroth in a potential state.

In order to manifest Itself The ABSOLUTE—though of course



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centreless—is spoken of as concentrating Itself to a centre, which is the first Sephira, Kether, The Crown. It represents the most spiritual conception to which the mind is capable of aspiring, and its emblem is the number 1.

Since 1 is incapable of either multiplication or division, the only way to produce any other number from it is by reflection, and by this method are produced the other numbers or Sephiroth, each reflection being less bright than the preceding, and each full of the influence of its predecessor. Each is masculine as regards its successor to which it gives influence, and feminine as regards its predecessor from which it receives influence. They might be represented by inverted cones, and this sexual symbolism is in accord with the phallic idea running through the Kabalah generally.

Kether is masculine only in this aspect, since it has no predecessor, and its reflection is emanation number 2, Chokmah, a masculine Sephira meaning Wisdom, also called Ab, the Father. It should be noticed that each Sephira is in itself either masculine or feminine, though it is both when considered in relation to its predecessor and successor. Chokmah is reflected in the third Sephira, Binah, Understanding, called also The Supernal Mother, and The Great Sea. It is a feminine emanation with a masculine potency, and gives rise to the fourth Sephira, Chesed, Mercy, or Gedulah, Magnificence, another masculine emanation, from which arises Geburah, Fortitude, also called Deen, Justice, and Pachad, Fear, feminine, with a masculine potency. Next comes Tiphareth, Beauty, The Sun, Mildness, the King. This, though arising directly from Geburah, is regarded as the uniting offspring of the two preceding Sephiroth.

The seventh Sephirah is Netzach, Firmness or Victory, a masculine emanation, from which proceeds the feminine Sephira Hod, Splendour. The two last Sephiroth produce Jesod, the Foundation, and from this ninth emanates the number 10, namely Malkuth, The Kingdom, known also as the Inferior Mother, and the Queen, and the Bride.

The above is the main plan of the Tree, but each Sephira is supposed to contain a complete tree of ten Sephiroth on its own plane. Thus we have the Kether of Malkuth and the Malkuth of Kether. As we shall notice later, there are Malkuths far above the cognizance of many Kethers.

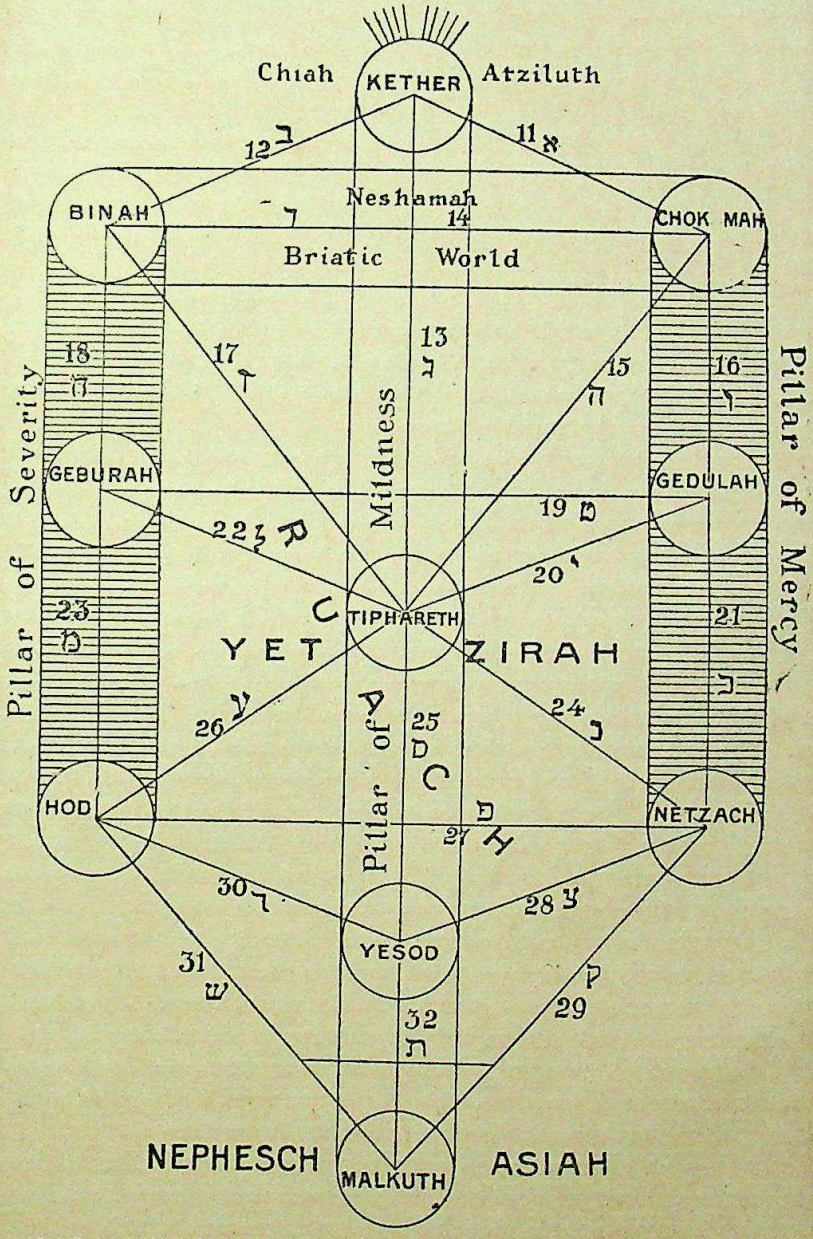
The Sephiroth are connected together by twenty-two paths, which, added to the ten Sephiroth, form thirty-two ways by which Light descends from The Unmanifested, and by which man can

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ascend. These twenty-two paths correspond to the twenty-two letters of the Hebrew alphabet, one of which is allotted to each,




and also with the twenty-two trump cards of the Tarot. In Alchemy a metal is given to each of the Sephiroth; they have



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also their astrological correspondences, and each has its proper colour. These colours vary so much according to different authorities that it is not worth while to give a list, but the Zohar gives Kether as colourless, Tiphareth purple, and Malkuth saphire-blue, while Chokmah may be assumed to be red, and Binah black.

It may seem strained to attempt to find correspondences between different occult systems, but does not the possibility of harmonizing diverse methods whisper the fact that after all everything is One, and that name and form are only veils?

Krishna said: "They who worship other gods worship Me, although they know it not"; and a poet who frequently clothes deep philosophy in a motley costume speaks truly when he says: "There are five-and-sixty ways of constructing tribal lays, and every single one of them is right."

It is one of the beauties of the Tarot pack that each card comprises such a number of ideas, and one feels that one would rather preserve the old crude cards than sacrifice any of the symbolism for the sake of beauty of design.

But to return to the Tree of Life. Diagrammatically the Sephiroth are arranged in three pillars. The right-hand masculine Pillar, or Pillar of Mercy, consists of Chokmah, Gedulah, and Netzach; the left-hand feminine Pillar, the Pillar of Severity, consists of Binah, Geburah, and Hod; while the middle Pillar of Mildness consists of Kether, Tiphareth, Jesod, and Malkuth.

It need hardly be pointed out that the right and left Pillars correspond to Right and Wrong and all opposites, while the middle Pillar corresponds to Buddha's Middle Path. Note that the middle Pillar, which runs straight from Malkuth to Kether, is the shortest path, but is also the steepest.

The Sephiroth are divided into three Triads. The first consists of Kether, Chokmah, and Binah. This Triad forms diagrammatically a triangle, with the apex upwards. The next Triad, Gedulah, Geburah, and Tiphareth, forms a triangle with the apex downwards, and is a reflection of the first. The third Triad, Netzach, Hod, and Jesod, forms another triangle with the apex downwards, and is a second reflection of the first.

The apex of each of these triangles is looked upon as the Principal of Union between the masculine and feminine potencies of the other two angles, or as the central point of a balance.

This arrangement of triangles is reminiscent of the saying that God geometrizes; and geometry must have some deeper

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meaning than any we can comprehend on the physical plane.

We read in Genesis that man is an image of the Divine. The Kabalah calls Kether, which, be it remembered, contains all the other nine Sephiroth, Adam Oilah, the Heavenly Man. The ten Sephiroth represent Adam Quadmon, the Archetypal Man. Kether is the Crown of Royalty and is not part of his body. Chokmah and Binah are the right and left halves of the brain, Gedulah and Geburah the left and right arms, Tiphareth the heart, Netzach and Hod the right and left legs, Jesod the digestive and generative organs, and Malkuth the feet.

But the Universe and each individual atom in it contains a perfect reflection of the Sephirotic Tree.

This application of the Sephiroth to the figure of a man must not be taken to imply that the Kabalist believes in an anthropomorphic God. The figure is used merely because man is considered the most perfect manifestation of God, and if one tries to think of God the idea is bound to be more or less anthropomorphic, though at the same time one knows the absurdity of the conception. (Compare with the above, the statement of Marcus, a Gnostic Father of the second century, that the Supreme Tetrad came down to him from the region that cannot be seen nor named in a female form, because the world would have been unable to bear her appearing as a male figure. This female figure is explained by the fact that in the Mystery Language a female figure was the symbol of Esoteric Philosophy, while a male figure represented the Unveiled Mystery, which the world was not ready to receive.)

Kether, which is far above the rest of the Sephiroth, is called Arik Anpin, or Macroprosopos, The Vast Countenance, and when represented pictorially is drawn in right profile, the idea being, according to some, that in this Sephira all is right, there being no wrong in it. It would be equally correct to say there is no right or left, as here all pairs of opposites are transcended.

When Kether is represented by an eye, this eye is lidless, to imply changelessness, for if the Eye of the Supreme were to close for an instant the Cosmos would be annihilated.

Kether is sometimes described as Father-Mother, and as emanating simultaneously into Chokmah and Binah.

Tiphareth, together with the fourth, fifth, seventh, eighth and ninth Sephiroth, forms Zauir Anpin, The Lesser Countenance, Microprosopos, The King, of which the six Sephiroth are the six members. He is represented pictorially in full face and with

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lidded eyes, to imply that He is on the plane of opposites and variations. Sometimes Tiphareth alone is referred to as Microprosopos.

Malkuth is called the Bride of Microprosopos, and the Inferior Queen and Mother, in contradistinction to Binah, the Supernal Mother.

There are other names that are attributed to the Sephiroth, and a few of the more important must be noticed.

Kether is called The Ancient of Days, The Ancient of the Ancient Ones, also Eheieh, " Existence is Existence."

IH belongs to Chokmah, and IHVH is applied sometimes to Chokmah and sometimes to Binah. When the name AMA is applied to Binah she is called the Mother, but when the word contains the fertilizing Jod and is written AIMA she is called The Great Productive Mother. She is also called Elohim. This word is also applied to Netzach. Elohim Tzabaoth, God of Armies, is referred to Hod, and Adonai and Shekinah to Malkuth.

The Divine Name IHVH is of the greatest importance kabalistically The Jod is attributed to Chokmah, the first Heh to Binah, the Vau to the next six Sephiroth, and the final Heh to Malkuth. The uppermost tip of the Jod is applied to Kether, not that Kether is nominally in the name, but to indicate that the influence from Kether animates it. The Jod represents the Father, the first Heh the Mother, the Vau the Son, and the final Heh the Bride of the Son.

It is interesting to compare the Trinities of the Kabalist and of the Christian.

The Christian in his aspect of monotheist speaks of one God. Now since God is presumably his highest mental conception—no matter how anthropomorphic that conception may be, it must be classed as Kether, even though his Kether may be a great deal lower than that of another. But when we come to consider the Christian Trinity matters become more difficult. No doubt the highest Christian conceptions of the Trinity correspond to the Supernal Triad of the Kabalist, but when regarded from the standpoint of the Apostles' Creed the symbolism becomes faulty. The Christian seems to have gone wrong through regarding all the Persons of the Trinity as male, and also by putting the Son directly after the Father instead of third in order. Ruach, Spirit, is a feminine noun, so that if the order were Father, Spirit, Son, and the Spirit were regarded as female, the symbolism would be correct, and the order would correspond to Chokmah, Binah, and Microprosopos, while Malkuth would correspond to

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the Church, in the way that the Christian applies the Shulamite in the " Song of Songs " to the Church.

The Union of the Bride with the Son enables her to reach Binah and enter with her spouse the womb of the Supernal Mother. The Supernal Triad is then the only one left, the last seven Sephiroth having been reabsorbed. In other words, all manifestation below the Supernal Triad having ceased, and the Supernal Triad being One, God is All in All.

There seems to be nothing in the New Testament which insists on the Holy Spirit being male or third in order, and the mistake has probably arisen through the conventional symbols of two male human figures and a dove, which has been assumed to be male, being taken as literal representations of the Divine Trinity instead of mere sigils.

This sexual symbolism is rather important, for, according to Genesis, God created man male and female in His own image. Since God is considered Triune there must be something to complete the Triad, and this must be a child, which proceeds from the Father and the Mother; and since God is not considered perfect unless He is Three in One, so a human marriage is not consummated unless there is a child to complete the reflection of the Divine Triangle.

The correspondence of the various parts of man's composition with the Sephiroth must be noted. There is, firstly, Chiah, Pure Spirit, which corresponds to Kether; secondly, Neshamah, Spiritual Aspirations, corresponding to Chokmah and Binah; Ruach, Mind, which corresponds to the next six Sephiroth; and Nephesch, the emotions and passions, which corresponds to Malkuth.

The Triads with Malkuth corresponds to the four worlds. The First World is that of Atziloth, or Emanations, a plane above the comprehension of any being. The second is the Briatic world, or world of Creation, a reflection of Atziloth, and quite spiritual. It is the plane of archangels, whose chief is Metraton, the angel who is said to have conducted the Israelites through the desert. There is an Archangel for each Sephira, and of course all ten Sephiroth exist on this plane, as on every other. The third is the world of Jetzirah, or Formation, still immaterial. It is the world of angels, of which there is an army for each Sephira. The fourth is the World of Asiah, or World of Action. It contains the physical universe, which is made of the grosser elements of the other three worlds. It is the world of the Qliphoth, or Shells, the elemental spirits and evil demons. But even this world is a reflection of the Supernal, and so as a reflection can have no real

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existence it must therefore cease to exist when the ABSOLUTE no longer manifests, and manifestation is not eternal, for according to Kabalistic teaching there is alternately manifestation and rest.

This, then, is a sketch of the Tree of Life, and of the Kabalist's idea of the origin of the numbers with which he works.

As has been said, the use of the Kabalah is primarily intellectual and requires considerable time and ingenuity, but by it one finds that the ABSOLUTE manifests, not only in the intellect, but that everything is Divine Manifestation, and returns to the Divine Unmanifest when the marriage of the Son and His Bride is consummated.

The teaching is exoteric, for in reality no esoteric teaching is possible. Each must climb the Tree for himself, and the most that one man can do for another is to suggest a branch by which he may attempt to mount.

But for those of us who cannot make much headway with the practical Kabalah it is still possible to catch reflections of the Tree of Life, even though they be but faint. Cannot one see Kether as Ideal Art in a picture, as Nature in a landscape, as Architecture in a cathedral; and so on down to the smallest things of life, if one regards nothing as common or unclean, but all as manifestations of the ABSOLUTE?

By diagrammatically joining the successive Sephiroth with lines, one gets a picture of a flash of lightning. At times one can distinguish this flash, and let it come never so dimly, man then knows that he is the House of God, and bowing to the ground he fearfully exclaims: "Surely the Lord is in this place, and I knew it not."

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# AS THE FLOWER GROWS

## AN INTERPRETATION of "Light on the Path"

By MABEL COLLINS, Author of "Light on the Path," "The Transparent Jewel," "The Crucible," "When the Sun moves Northward"

TO grow as the flower grows is the essence and the essential of the yoga of *Light on the Path.** To develop in quiet, in confidence, as the lilies of the field do, without thought for the morrow, but always eagerly anxious to bring forth a flower worthy of the sun and air, perfecting the petals within the mystic enfoldment, till the moment of opening arrives, is that which is set before the disciple.

It has been claimed by many students who look for a royal road and seek short cuts, and by some writers who cater for their desires, that *Light on the Path* can be used as a guide and text-book for everyday life for the ordinary man. This is not so. The stanzas can only be understood by a disciple who is already on the path towards freedom, the goal of the Buddha himself. It sets forth the manner in which to secure the great liberation, that which releases man from the wheel of rebirth. Should he desire to return, or remain, as a follower of the Christ, as a helper of the world, he does so as an act of grace, not as a deed resulting from bondage. Limitation is no longer his scourge.

The first aphorisms of *Light on the Path* can only be understood by a student who has mastered the yoga of Patanjali, and who has thus changed his attitude towards life and the phenomenal universe. The first aphorisms clearly show, as plainly as words can express occult matters, that this is so. They describe the state of that student who has understood and confirmed the supreme vow, which includes the five pledges contained in the teaching of Patanjali and which lie at the root of all religions, and form the basis of the commandments of all religions. These teachings, clear, simple, brief, eternal, come from ancient Persia, prehistoric Persia; the sage Patanjali was the first to write them down, and that is why his name is associated

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with them. Every Roman Catholic, every Protestant, every Buddhist, learns them in childhood. In England we see them written upon the chancel walls of village churches in the form given to them in the Jewish scriptures. *Light on the Path* was revealed to me thirty years ago ; ten years ago I began to understand how little I or any other student understood it, and I resolved to approach it by a study of the most ancient teaching. I worked for five years upon the Patanjali yoga, and I have put the results of my work into *The Transparent Jewel.**

The flower which is spoken of in *Light on the Path* is the mystic lotus which grows in the inner stillness of the soul. It lives hidden within the walls of the personality and the personal life. But it is there, always, for all, and for all time, ready to bud and to bloom, and to respond to the sun and air, which are life-giving and joy-giving. In return it sends forth an unutterably sweet and precious fragrance. The first thing the disciple has to do is to enter the garden of his soul, and as he does this, by doing this, he changes his attitude towards the phenomenal world, towards mankind, the world of animals, plants and inanimate objects. The way to do this is shown in *The Transparent Jewel.* There is no other way, no hasty method, no evading of study, or of suffering.

A walled garden has a witchery of its own. Secluded from the surrounding of open nature, especially attached to the dwelling of its owner, gazed on by no eyes of strangers passing in the roadway, it has a sense as of sanctuary about it. And while it is protected on all sides from the inroads of wind or dust, it is open to the great freedom of the sky, and revels in the rain as do the spreading garden spaces about it, while it draws the sun's rays into it and holds them hot within its walls. How strong and sun-fed is the fragrance of flowers that bloom within the shelter of the walls—how warm the earth about their roots.

There is an excitement in being admitted to a walled garden which is like no other sensation. The owner precedes you and turns the key—the lover of gardens quivers with anticipation. What will become visible as the door is pushed open ? I remember watching such a door opened in a high wall in a dark street in Geneva. The high walls on each side of the narrow street excluded the sunlight. What a vision as the door opened ! The sun poured down upon a secluded yard full of orange trees in flower. In England the walled garden is most often a place where fruit ripens safely in the shelter, and the fragrance of herbs

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fills the air. But in the wonderful past, when religion ruled the world, the temples had gardens within their walls. And in Spain these cloistered gardens are now within the churches, walled in and hidden from the outer world. We are thus led to the profound, world-old symbolism which is surely the inner source of the strange attractiveness of the walled garden. The temple is the representation of the physical body, that temple not made with hands; and the hidden garden symbolizes the garden of the soul, where the flower grows; that sacred flower which dwells in secret within every human being. But it can only be found by entering the walled garden; and the owner does not often open the door for another; it is possible that he never opens it himself, or even knows that he possesses the key.

The disciple is one who knows that he can open the door of the garden of his soul, and does so. There is but one way of entering this garden, and that is by the raising of Kundalini. The higher self-conscious centres of the ethereal form are like wheels of living fire, and are therefore called by the Sanscrit word chakra, a wheel. These are not the astral sense-centres of the astral body, but exist in a higher body and perform loftier functions. Nevertheless they have to be subdued by the advanced soul which has become a disciple. It is necessary to consider the meaning of the word disciple as used in the aphorisms of *Light on the Path.* The word itself contains only the idea of a "*learner,*" being derived simply from the Latin *disco,* to learn. It has no resemblance to the word pupil, which implies obedience, and is rightly applied only to children who are not of an age to guide themselves, not being yet fully inhabited by their own egos. The words disciple (learner) and master (great one) can only be understood by considering the context. In the case of these aphorisms, there is internal evidence that the disciples addressed are initiates of a high order. The reference will serve to show this; the calm after the tempest spoken of in rule 21 is clearly the Yoga-sleep (Karana-sarira) (see *Esoteric Writings,* by Subha Rao, p. 253).

This means that the disciple called upon to study these rules is sufficiently advanced to have roused Kundalini, the divine power which lies latent in ordinary men, to have by its strength broken through the seven Chakrams, and obtained the mastery over the powers located in them, thus gaining control over forces in supernature with which they are connected. He has reached Sahasaram, the seventh and highest centre, where is the lotus-tank. He has entered into the garden of his soul, and there in

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the shelter of the temple walls he finds the thousand-petalled lotus blooming in its perfect beauty, in the midst of the brilliant flowers of spiritual passion and aspiration. It is an unopened bud in the hidden and unexplored garden of the man of the world. But it is there—unknown though supremely beautiful—and he has but to open the door to perceive the splendour of the spiritual sun which pours down into it. It is not safe to do this until the moral nature of the man has been conquered by his own higher self, until the neophyte ("newly-planted one") is firmly set in his fresh place in life. Therefore are these rules written for all disciples. Those who read them with understanding and the desire to render obedience to them will find they give warning of great dangers which arise in the path and that they indicate the abysses which open before the pilgrim, into any one of which he may fall and become engulfed if not warned and prepared.

To be a disciple according to the standard of *Light on the Path* means being one who has the power to learn from his own higher self, who is able to gaze upon the light of the Logos within his own being where it sheds its rays upon the mystical seventh chakram.

No teacher is required in order that there shall be a disciple; neither an embodied nor a disembodied guide is necessary. The power of learning and the desire to learn are the sole essentials; these may be directed towards the Supreme Being or towards the ray which reaches the divine part within the man himself, from the Logos; and he is as it were self-illuminated, a learner from the Light itself without any intermediary. Or he may learn from another. The historical record that Sankaracharya was a disciple of Patanjali is a good instance of the meaning of the word; for Sankaracharya was held to be a much greater man than Patanjali by the Adwaitees; and, moreover, it is known that the views held by the two were not identical on many points. Thus Sankaracharya was not a pupil of Patanjali; but he learned from him and was therefore his disciple.

The word disciple occurs in the first line of the writing known as *Light on the Path*, and governs the three conditions of attention, seeing and hearing. These are the receptive states which the disciple must enter into first, and the price paid for attaining to them is told at once. So soon as the active states of speaking and standing are referred to the word Masters appears in the text. The manner in which these two words are used forms the key to the esoteric meaning of the aphorisms.

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The words themselves can be used, and are used, on every plane of human development. There are always learners, and always great ones above them from whom they learn. Right through life, from the child's school, where the one taught is a pupil and is compelled to learn, and is compelled to render obedience, so soon as the ego of each man asserts itself, he becomes a learner, seeking knowledge of some kind, good or bad, worldly or unworldly. Very often, it is true, he remains a pupil only, because the ego has not asserted itself. So soon as it does, the passion for experience and knowledge arises, and the man becomes a learner. Every step in life, every hardship, every trial, every joy and pleasure, has its profound lesson for the one who is a learner. Life itself is that which man, as man, learns from. The desire *to live* is a passionate desire, born of the inner knowledge that herein truth and reality are to be found. And out of the crucible of human life in which the whole nature burns and spends itself, rises at last a flame of a different order, brilliant and unwavering. The desire to reach to the inner truth, the absolute knowledge, has arisen in the man, he seeks to know himself and to awaken his own divine power. The passion of passions now possesses him, he is hungry and athirst for the consciousness of the Supreme. He is prepared to enter upon the suffering of self-conquest for the sake of the high goal which seems to be within sight, he is ready to set aside self, and to compel obedience and silence from his animal nature. To be ready to do this is one thing, to be able to do it is quite another. It is easy to talk about self-conquest, without in reality showing the least understanding of what it means, and those who essay the task find themselves continually turned back. They are obliged to begin at the beginning again because of having failed to understand the nature of that which is attempted. Self-conquest cannot be learned from another, it is a lesson which each man learns for himself, alone.

The complete control of the psychic and physical senses arises naturally from that moral training which is the first part of all true Yoga. This being accomplished, it is a further and very great effort and accomplishment that gives to the soul the stability which enables it to stand in the presence of the Masters. This *standing* is the attainment of the power of steadfastness, and is the result of certain conditions in the soul which are here laid down as constituting disciplehood. Ecstasy can be reached by the mystic from time to time, but if he desires to be a disciple he must be capable of remaining firm and unwavering in the

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highest place his soul can reach. There is no stronger test of capacity in ordinary human life than that of steadfastness, it contains within it that power of perseverance which is an essential of genius. This ranks as the last and highest of the four conditions which constitute disciplehood according to this standard.

The treatise opens by declaring the rules which form the text, to be written for all disciples, and then immediately sets forth in plain language the grade of disciples who will be capable of giving them the attention which they must have in order to be understood. None can see to read them until human grief has been overcome, so that the eyes are always bright with the joy of gazing on the Supreme, and are never dimmed by tears. The one who sees to read them can only attend to them if he has accomplished the great task which enables him to entirely change his attitude towards all living things, from that which is common to ordinary men. He is incapable of suffering, and incapable of inflicting pain. His attitude is that of pure compassion and love towards all beings. This state is only attainable by the highly developed and advanced Yogin, who has passed through the moral preparation and conquered himself by the training of the mind. Many who desire to enter upon the path of Yoga are capable of great efforts, but are unable to maintain the condition reached in these efforts. It is made so plain that none can mistake the meaning, in the first ten lines of this treatise, that the disciples called upon to attend to the rules are Yogins of such an advanced order that devotion through many successive incarnations must have been required in order to attain to it. And then the power of remaining unwaveringly in this high state is absolutely required. Only those who have made the attempt to leave the ranks of ordinary human beings and to enter upon the rapid evolution which is called the path of occultism, know how easy it is to fall back and return into the old world-worn way. At every point in the path, till man has climbed to the summit and passed over it, the fall is possible. The rules in this treatise are not written for those who fall away. The soul must be capable of the unwavering certainty which enables it to stand in the overwhelming presence of the Masters.

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# CELESTIAL HIERARCHIES AND THE SPIRITUAL ASPECTS OF ASTROLOGY

By W. J. COLVILLE

TO every student of ancient religious history it must appear self-evident that astrology played a very prominent and essential part in the religious concepts of the most distinguished nations, not one of which has failed to supply evidence of the high esteem in which the star-gazers were universally held, and those wise men of the East were certainly astrologers as well as astronomers. In times past astrology and astronomy were so inseparably united that it would be impossible to deal with one without considering the other also, and the astrology of such celebrities as Berosus the Chaldean was by no means a materialistic or fanciful superstition based upon any "supposed" influences exerted by the other planets in our system upon this earth, but its foundations are laid deep and wide in so sublime a concept of the universe that whenever we contrast it with the puny theories long entertained by the masses in more modern days, we cannot be other than deeply impressed with the majestic panorama outspread before our mental vision.

The shallow statements often made by astronomers regarding astrology prove conclusively that they are either ignorant of a subject they have never studied, or else that their judgment is so warped by prejudice that they inadvertently confound things which radically differ in such a manner as to fail to convince an impartial student of any one thing except that certain self-evident fallacies are incredible from a scientific viewpoint.

Before endorsing or condemning astrology, we certainly ought to know somewhat of the foundation upon which it rests. This is none other than the unity of the solar system. That the illiterate masses supposed the earth to be the centre of the system, and the sun a ball of fire possibly 10,000 miles distant, and the stars lamps set in a stable firmament, is no doubt the case, for uninformed persons judging all phenomena, as children invariably judge, from the point of view of obvious appearance only, it stands to reason that they could not reach any other conclusion than the one at which they actually arrived.



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Some of us think ourselves immeasurably superior to the ancients in our paltry intellectual conceit, but it is our ignorance, not our knowledge, which makes us so ridiculously arrogant and supercilious. Bacon's famous saying, "A little learning is a dangerous thing," applies not only to a small amount of learning, but also to exclusive study along a single line, and, without intending the slightest insult to any astronomers, we cannot but note from the published utterances of some of them that their information is so entirely technical that psychic elements in the universe are for them unknown realities. To a man like the illustrious astronomer of France, Camille Flammarion, such a remark could never apply, for he is essentially a poet as well as a scientist, who when a mere boy produced a marvellous and fascinating work on the plurality of inhabited worlds, and much later in life wrote delightful romances in which he interwove scientific facts with brilliant imagination. All religion must have something to do with the imagination as well as with the reason and the will; but on that account we have no charge to bring against it any more than against science itself, which cannot thrive where imagination is repressed unduly or seems entirely absent. Professor Tyndall, whose famous Belfast address, delivered in 1874, seemed to many to portray utter materialism in the mind of its author, declared in favour of the scientific imagination in the strongest and most convincing manner, and he was by no means alone in his eulogy of that far too often derided and discredited human faculty.

But though imagination has always played a conspicuous part in the findings of seers and artists of the highest rank, and has never been absent from the speculations of the greatest philosophers, science is very much on the side of the ancient seers and sages to-day, with its outspoken testimony to the reality and solidity of all-pervading ether. Nature permits of no vacuum so far as we can judge, therefore though it may be right enough when teaching the rudiments of astronomy to speak of the mean distance between the sun and our planet as about 93 millions of miles, when we contemplate the omnipresent ether, we can find no empty space or void between the orbs which stud immensity. Consequently the statements made by gifted seers both of ancient and of modern date that there are belts or zones encircling the various planets, and that the outermost of these belts interblend, is very easily comprehensible. The word Matter is a term of extremely wide and elastic import, for though it is commonly used to cover only what appeals to

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our five bodily senses, who shall determine the possible extension of sense-perception, and who shall dare to venture the assertion (unless he be an ignoramus), that solid matter, to use a favourite conventional expression, may not extend in ever increasing (not diminishing) degrees of solidity far beyond the extremely limited region in which our senses usually serve us ?

Occultism and Physical Science are so closely agreed on numerous points that we can draw no rigid line between them, the one actually melting into the other. The definitely scientific utterances of Sir Oliver Lodge, Sir William Ramsay, and many other contemporary scientists of the highest eminence, allude to the substance of the universe in terms closely according with the terminology of those long despised mediæval alchemists who were also practising astrologers in many instances. Alfred Russel Wallace, the veteran naturalist, in his extremely instructive and thought-provoking volume, *The World of Life*, arrived at a conclusion concerning the celestial hierarchies so nearly in accord with very ancient teaching that we cannot fail to see how a reverent and fearless study of Nature leads in all lands and climes to almost identical conclusions. When Robert Browning uttered his enigma " man is not Man yet " he rendered himself intelligible in print through correct capitalization. The ordinary man is contrasted with superman by the employment of *m* in the first places and *M* in the second. Masters are *Men* who have been only *men*, therefore Theosophists in general are particular with the use of capitals in their propagandist literature.

The Sun of our system, according to the ancients, is spiritually a celestial hierarchy having a material body, and all the planets are lesser hierarchies, having also material bodies. There were always meanings within meanings in the mythologies of old, and while some glyph was invariably employed, a hieroglyph was the particular kind of glyph employed by hierophants when dealing with the mighty question of celestial hierarchs and hierarchies. Though we may not find it necessary to confine our thought of directing companies of angels to highly advanced members of what we call the human race exclusively, judging from all ascertained facts concerning universal homogeneity of substance, we need not be in the least staggered when confronted with the assertion that all individual intelligences with whom we come in conscious contact as our superiors in development are of our own Great Family. Spectrum analysis reveals the same constituent elements in immensely distant suns as in our own especial ruler, and if outward consistency is so markedly similar,

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there is no reason for supposing that interior life is widely dissimilar. Whoever was the architect of the Great Pyramid must have had a conception of the Universe large enough to include knowledge of Alcyone and of the Pleiades, but though a vast and ineffably glorious Central Sun was a familiar concept among the most enlightened of old, it was only with the relation between the sun and planets in this our home system that astrologers in general dealt. If no one disputes that we are physically indebted to the sun for energy which supplies us with light and heat through the agency of our planetary atmosphere, why should it be difficult to apply the famous Hermetic axiom, "As above, so below," to the spiritual influence exerted by the unseen sun? It no more conflicts with our faith in the Absolute Supreme One to acknowledge the work of planetary angels than to allow for teaching and guiding ministrations on earth which may all be included in Divine appointment.

Were we committed in an iron-clad manner, as happily we are not, to a theory of Divine operation completely exclusive of all possible recognition of mutual spiritual ministries, we should be compelled, if logically consistent with our creed, to set aside all finite teachers and hold to the exclusive idea of receiving light and help solely through interior communion with Deity. So long as we acknowledge mutuality on the outer plane, we can consistently acknowledge it on the inner; so if we admit that the moon affects the tides of oceans, we can also allow that a spiritual Luna may affect us in some psychic manner, and that we are indeed dwellers in a family mansion in which the different planets may be compared with different apartments occupied by different members of a single family. Astrology, when undisfigured by harmful accretions, is by no means fatalistic in any depressing sense of that much controverted word.

Interplanetary influence can be so simply explained as to compel sympathetic consideration at the hands of all open-minded and fairly intelligent persons, but to thus explain it, it is imperative that we should firmly grasp the family idea as applied to the planets, so that we may actually think and speak intelligently of brother Mars and of sister Venus. The ugly words "infection" and "contagion" are constantly on the lips of modern speakers, and so exclusively has attention often been turned to the dark side of their connotation that all the encouraging aspects of a theory of healthful contagion and infection have been overlooked. It is greatly to the credit of "irregular" practitioners in the ample field of healing ministry that

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the question of the transmission of beneficial energy from healer to patient has been largely insisted upon, and it is nothing short of a shameful libel upon the sanity of the universe to insist upon communicable disease and vice, and deny the communicability of health and virtue.

When studying the outlines of astrology we shall find a simple theory of mutual influence originally proclaimed, and as no two planets are just alike, any more than any two nations are precisely similar, we cannot reasonably expect to get the same sort of influence from rapidly moving Mercury as from slower moving Saturn, though one is just as good and useful as the other. The idea of good and evil, regarded as opposing forces of almost equal power, is no part of the ancient Solar religion which taught of a confraternity of hierarchies, each fulfilling some especial ministry, and among these Saturn had honourable place with all the rest. Saturn and Satan may have originally had a single signification, but if so, we have certainly no reason for calling any planet *evil*, though there is one which has always had the reputation for presenting the shadow side of life's experiences and actually furnishing the gymnastic apparatus by means of which neophytes are, through trial and conquest, developed into hierophants.

Taking this entirely reasonable and altogether optimistic view of planetary influences, we are happily steering clear of every valid objection brought against the reputed teachings of some astrologers who practically neutralize the value of all their otherwise instructive teaching by unduly minimizing our individual ability to govern ourselves in the midst of all seemingly adverse circumstances. Nothing could be more depressing than a theory of human existence which placed us so utterly under the direction of external influences that we could do nothing but automatically submit to the sway of some unknown extraneous pressure. "The stars incline but do not compel," is one of those wise sayings applicable alike to all manner of influences that may at any moment be acting around us. We have all in some measure, though in widely varying degree, a sense of discretionary ability, and to the rational anthropologist no instinct of human nature, and certainly no deep-rooted and growing consciousness, can ever be ignorable.

The ancient Hermetic doctrine which lies at the base of all the great historic systems of religion and philosophy, provides us with an ample theory of human experiences, no matter how widely diversified these may be, because it treats the individual



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as a microcosmic replica of the entire universe, and deals with the growth of worlds and the conscious development of human entities in the light of unitary law. Just as an infant is dependent upon parents or other guardians and providers for food, shelter and raiment, but when infancy and childhood pass and adolescence is reached, the youth or maiden becomes capable not only of supporting self, but also of contributing toward the support of others, so does an acknowledgment of seniority and juniority in manifested life throughout our solar system explain our riddles by teaching us to contemplate the relationship which must of necessity exist between the more advanced and the less developed.

To overlook spiritual superintendence altogether on the plea that any sort of oversight cripples individual liberty and decreases the mind's dependence upon "inner light," is a fallacy into which extreme religious democrats are apt to fall in their eager zeal to escape entirely from every vestige of subserviency to extraneous authority. The basis of this exaggerated claim to total individual independence is, without doubt, admirable, and it would be thoroughly defensible were we all at an equal stage in spiritual evolution where there could be no leaders and no led.

The astronomical religion of antiquity was the cultus of the most enlightened, and entirely beyond the appreciation of the multitude who did actually conform to its most external form and language, but perceived extremely little of its true significance. To worship the sun and the stars in a literal external manner was quite natural to the observer of phenomena only, and to believe that we are all in the power of forces entirely beyond our control is but to accept the obvious, while experiencing nothing of that rising tide of inward energy which ascends higher and higher with every upward step in human progress, individual and collective, which assures us beyond peradventure, through the force of ineradicable interior conviction, that we are possessors of potential energy which can only be actualized by persistent effort to make those external things our servants which hitherto have been our masters.

The Solar Hierarchy may be compared to a company of architects, while the Planetary Hierarchies may be called builders. The familiar terms Archangels and Angels have the same relative significance. The balance of power and influence must always be in the keeping of the most enlightened; therefore, in every sense of the term, the solar or spiritually unfolded members of a race must be its supreme directing factors. All the planets revolve around the sun, and our sun revolves around a much

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greater sun than itself. If this world is regarded as a school, a workshop, a laboratory, and it is certainly all of these, probably a great deal more also in its deeper aspects, we find no difficulty in realizing in some definitely intelligible way how and why it is that we are in one sense under the dominion of the stars, and in another sense free individuals. Freedom is a growing power in the case of all progressive entities. Our liberty can only be commensurate with our knowledge, for while we may be perfectly free to do all we can, it is impossible to conceive of our being any freer than our unfolded capacity has rendered us. The Wise Men who are truly said to rule their stars, while the unwise are governed by them, are not of a different race from the foolish, but only in the same sort of different stage of development as Parsifal at the end from Parsifal at the beginning of the familiar story.

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# WHAT HAPPENS IN THE SPIRIT-WORLD OVER A BATTLEFIELD

## An Exact Description of What occurs, as Revealed by Clairvoyant Vision and Higher Sense

By H. C.

IF man possesses a soul; if he is a spirit that continues to live after the death of the body—as every religion in the world teaches—what happens to this soul—this spirit—directly after death; and, in the case of war, when thousands of men are "killed" at about the same time, what happens in the spirit-world when so many individual human souls are shot into the Great Beyond instantly and unexpectedly? (Many spiritualists object to war, chiefly on the ground that so many human souls are, in battle, sped into the next world, unprepared, and in the worst possible condition to go thither—with rage, hatred, malice and lust of war in their hearts!)

We have two methods of obtaining information on this point. One is by the direct vision of those gifted with peculiar powers—higher sight—so-called "clairvoyance"; and the other is by means of direct descriptions given by those who have been killed in battle. One is a description by men still living, the other by "spirits" from the Beyond. Their descriptions tally in a remarkable manner. Hear, for example, the following graphic account by the returning spirit of a soldier killed in battle. Coming back to this earth, he says—

"A darkness came over me. I felt the earth strike hard against me. I had fallen. Where or how I was wounded I could not tell. I was in no pain, but I could not move. After a time, the strange ringing left my ears, the mists cleared from my eyes, I saw dimly, but enough to know my friends were gone and the enemy were all around me. Then keen pains shot through my limbs. . . . Then I heard the hoarse voices of fierce combatants; they had made a stand directly over where I lay. Our soldiers fought desperately as they retreated, and many a pursuing enemy fell in their tracks. One was aiming his piece directly over me, when he was struck dead. He fell across me. I endeavoured to move, so as to shake off the dreadful pressure



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on my chest, but I was too weak : I could only suffer and think. Others fell thick around me. . . . The artillery came up, tearing towards me. The iron-hoofed horses were on me, almost ; but no—they passed me. But now the dreadful wheels approached ! I saw them coming ; one was directly over my eyes. That was the last I remember. . . .

" All was perfect silence. The sounds of war were all hushed. I think I must have been in perfect, dreamless slumber, for I felt, heard and saw nothing. When I awoke I was well, peaceful, happy ; John was standing by me, apparently in perfect health. ' You here ? ' I cried in astonishment ; ' I thought you were dead ! ' ' So I am,' he replied ; ' so are you ! ' I failed to realize it. It took me hours to realize that I was really dead—free from the horrors of war. Finally, I brought myself to the realization of the fact. Since then, I have watched the advent of many spirits on the battlefield. The emotions they manifest are as various as the dispositions they bore in life. Some arise from the body perfectly bewildered ; others filled with unutterable hate, and only inspired with the desire to wreak vengeance on the foe. Many meet dear friends who await their coming, and hover around their departed spirits. Guardian spirits stand by the side of all, to conduct them to the land ' where wars shall cease forever.' "

A celebrated clairvoyant, living in New York, was asked to describe his sensations, visions and experiences when watching a battle, as seen by the higher sense-perception ; and he replied—on the basis of much experience of this character :—

" You ask me to describe what I have actually seen taking place in the astral and spiritual worlds over a battlefield ? I will try to tell you ; but it is difficult—and terrible ! Thousands of spirits are being literally hurled into the spirit-world at one time, when they are least prepared for it. While they all ultimately revive, and resume their normal condition, many of them are in a terrible state for a time. They are confused, bewildered ; they do not know what to do, where to turn ; where they are. To explain to you just what takes place, let me first of all explain a little of the inner constitution of man.

" First of all, then, know that man is composed of three principles—body, soul, and spirit. The soul is the connection between body and spirit ; the soul is connected with the body by a sort of vital electricity ; the spirit to the soul by a form of vital magnetism. If any of these links are broken, the man dies. If broken suddenly, the man dies of so-called ' shock.'

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"During the past twenty-five years, I have watched many deaths from concussion, strangulation, drowning, bullet wound, etc., and the result to the spirit was in every case identical. Each person spiritually experienced the same physical sensations, which were caused by the unnatural and violent separation of the spirit from the body. It is well known that a sudden shock, sufficient to cause death, causes instant insensibility. This fact is due to the diffusion of the elements of the soul throughout the system of the person. It is as though you had struck a small bone with a hammer so powerfully and suddenly that the cohesion between the atoms was instantly dissipated; and what was before a solid mass is now only smoke and dust flying in the wind. In like manner, the surprise of the chemical relations, so to speak, between soul and body is so great that it results in a temporary suspension of all sensation, and the spirit is simply intuitionally apprised of what has just occurred in the region of its environment.

"Several soldiers who have returned to me from the spirit-world have come and conversed with me, and told me the particulars concerning their sensations immediately after falling dead by rifle or cannon ball. They relate how they intuitively or spiritually (of course, somewhat vaguely) realized the nature of the accident, and that they had just 'died' in the usual sense of the word, but they did not feel anything like pain—being only disposed to sleep very profoundly, regardless of the place, and forgetful of what had happened to them. This indifference has in many instances resulted in a kind of slumber for many days in the other world.

"The soul becomes the vehicle or 'body' of the spirit after death. This, however, is not the work of a moment. Whole hours, sometimes days, are consumed in perfecting the work and in its final organization. While this process is going forward, the spirit does not feel anything physical or sensuous. Its personality is not self-conscious. This is particularly true of those whose bodies have been very badly shattered before death—as, for instance, those who have been killed by the explosion of bombs, shells and cannon-wounds. I have seen many of these, and watched the gradual process of reconstruction of the spiritual body on the other side, preparatory to the passage into it of the inner, conscious spirit. Just as our physical bodies are built up here by slow, painful effort, so the spirit body, which normally is perfect at death, must be rebuilt slowly and carefully after death, in those cases where it has been badly shocked before

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death. In all cases, however, it finally reforms and reunites. The spirit then occupies it.

" Those who are killed in battle usually feel no pain. So long as they live, they do ; but these are the pains of life, not death. As soon as the spirit is freed from the mortal body, pain ceases, and the being thus liberated thenceforward suffers no more pain or anguish."

Asked to give his view as to the fact that War is being waged among civilized nations, at this late stage of the world's evolution, the seer replied :—

" Force and violence are natural, until the spiritual is reached. Then the spiritual is the natural, and force and war are monstrous and unnecessary. Let each one ask himself the question : ' Is war congenial to my reason and affections ? ' If the spirit within whispers ' Yes,' then sadly we must conclude that that man's development is not spiritual !

" This war will clear the air of Europe, as a thunderstorm clears the air when overcharged with electricity, and the clouds can hold no more rain. It was necessary. In the great cosmic scheme of things, one can see it could not have been otherwise ; indeed, sad as it may seem to our limited understandings, it is the best thing that could possibly have happened ! Looked at from a higher plane—one above that of limited human reason—one can readily see that lasting peace could only have been secured through such a war as the present one. It is the outlet for powers and energies in this world which have been increasing and fermenting for years. These forces had become so strong that they had to find a vent somewhere, somehow. Just as one can charge a bottle so highly that it will burst under the strain, so the military influences and forces in Europe had become so strong that they had to find a normal vent or outlet in some way or another. War is the avenue—the channel. And after this bottled-up energy has spent itself, after this gathered-up force has been exhausted in war, the various nations of Europe will see more clearly, and be in a position to conclude a lasting and permanent peace. No such peace could have been possible so long as the power of military rule lasted. I repeat, this war was necessary to allow it an outlet. So from the higher plane of vision and thought, this war—despite its horror, despite all the devastation and terror—is the best thing that could possibly have happened in the world. In the Universal Plan, like all things else, it was motived and directed by a wise, all-seeing Intelligence."

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# CORRESPONDENCE

[*The name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, is required as evidence of bona fides, and must in every case accompany correspondence sent for insertion in the pages of the* OCCULT REVIEW.—ED.]

## ANOTHER PROPHECY.

*To the Editor of the* OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—Perhaps you or some of your correspondents may know who "a Jew" was? I find the following curious prophecy in an old MS. book left to me. It is a concluding page in a MS. copy of *Divine Revelations and Prophecies*, by Mrs. Jane Lead; but whether it is one noted by her, or only added by the amanuensis some sixty or seventy or more years ago I do not know. It runs as follows:—

"REMARKABLE PROPHECY BY A JEW.

"There shall arise a certain man in England filled with all manner of Divine Knowledge and wisdom. Endued with the spirit of prophecy, elegant (sic) speech, of a composed gravity and calm address. A man, mild, innocent, temperate, chaste and merciful, above the rest of human race. People shall let their eyes fall on the ground when they meet him in the street, even before they know who he is, overcome by the lustre of modesty, grace and virtue which shines in his countenance.

"Then that which lay smothering shall suddenly burst forth into a flame! The light of God shall be diffused through his soul, his heart shall be like a lamp, and his tongue shall utter marvellous things when he opens his mouth in divulging the mysteries of God; his words shall be like the sparks of an eternal fire, kindling flames of love in the breasts of the hearers.

"This holy person shall argue with reason so forcible and cogent, so clear and demonstrative, that none but the wilfully obstinate will resist the truth which he divulges or oppose his authentic mission. For he shall go up and down, preaching and doing good works throughout Great Britain, till the number of proselytes is complete. Then he shall send apostles and messengers into other parts of Europe, who shall convert an innumerable multitude.

"After this, by an universal agreement of the Christians, this holy person shall be proclaimed the great Pastor of the Church; a prodigious Army shall be gathered together out of all the Christian nations to conduct him to the Holy Land and to crown him in Jerusalem. Then shall Jerusalem be rebuilt gloriously and the Temple of Solomon with sapphires and emeralds. That city shall become the seat of the Christians and this new Patriarch till the day of doom.



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"The eyes of the Jews shall be opened, and they shall acknowledge Jesus to be the true Messiah."

I copy this verbatim. There is nothing added or any other remarks in the MS. book beyond its title. It finishes the MS., which prophetically records "The Wars of David," etc., by Mrs. Jane Lead. I add no comments of my own, but beg to remain—Faithfully yours,

LLANGOLLEN. ISABELLE DE STEIGER.

## THE LIFTING OF ISRAEL'S YOKE.

*To the Editor of the* OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—In identifying the present war with the great day of the battle of God Almighty which was prophesied to take place in the latter days of the Christian era in which we now are—see Rev. xvi. 13, 14—we have to bear in mind that the present conflict between Germany and the allied forces of England, France, Belgium and Russia is but the beginning of hostilities and troubles, and that the closing scenes, after every nation has been duly drawn into the strife, are destined to be enacted in Egypt; the final contest being for the possession of Jerusalem, into which after the complete defeat of the Turks (modern representatives of Edom) the remaining remnant of the allied army (Israel) is to be gathered.

To those who think along these lines England is the Island of Israel, wherein the ten tribes have so long been lost to material history; and it is because Scripture promises that Israel shall never be defeated that England remains the only unconquered nation on earth.

The English have never been beaten since the Norman Conquest, and the Normans having been a tribe of Israel, it was as necessary then to receive and graft them into our Constitution in this country as it now is that we should be fighting shoulder to shoulder with the French in paving the way towards the repossession of our common inheritance. Viewing the present position, however, from this aspect, we must remember that the scheme—if we may so speak—of the Almighty, was first to reinstate the Jews in the Holy City, and afterwards to permit Israel to join them therein, Zech. xii. 7. Thus the Russian nation, which has so long been associated with the Jews, now fights on our side; of late she has strangely altered her tactics towards the Jews, not only fraternizing with them at home but receiving them in the ranks of a purified and inspired army, which is (consequently) marching forward to inevitable victory. Dan. x. 21.*

Presumably then, it is Russia who will, in advance of the other Allies, enter the Holy City and reinstate the Jews. Presumably she will emerge victorious from her battles with Germany and from every onslaught of the Turks, whom she will finally defeat; meanwhile we, the rest of the Allies, are, at the hands of the Almighty

* Michael, the Guardian Angel of the Jews.

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(through the instrumentality of the German scourge), receiving that "correction in measure" which is our due. See Jer. xxx. 11.

In this war we are told that a third of Israel shall fall by the sword, a third shall succumb to pestilence and famine, and the remaining third (prior to re-establishment in the Holy Land) shall be scattered to the winds and a chastening sword drawn after them. Ezek. v. 12.

Biblically, Germany is spoken of as "Assyria," and to the Assyrians was entrusted the final punishment of the offending Israelites.

Throughout the whole duration of the curse of spiritual blindness —according to W. Redding, a period of 2,520 years—which was laid upon the Israelites for their misconception and misrepresentation of true godliness (see Jer. iv. 22), the Holy Land has been "trodden down by the Gentiles." In other words, it has remained in the possession of peoples who were and are unadvanced in true spiritual knowledge, and consequently backward in evolution.

The Edomites, so named from the word Edom, meaning red, represented the ignorant, wild and vicious branch of the seed of Abraham, formerly represented by Esau and Ishmael; whereas the Israelites were, and will be again, the moral and religious (Jacob) branch which is destined in the near future to lead the world. The Edomites are now represented by the Turks, but modern Israelites, though largely found in the United States, England and France, are also widely scattered among other nations and, though few of them know it, are now gathering together into armies for the purpose of repossessing themselves of their promised inheritance. Though "corrected in measure" they will still prevail, because the curse was due to be lifted in 1914 (W. Redding), therefore Edom's ownership of the Holy Land is at an end, and thus we have seen Turkey drawn under the influence of Germany and, though doubtful of the wisdom of her decision, advancing towards her inevitable doom.

If then we accept Russia as Judah and ourselves as part of scattered Israel, we must allow no cloud of jealousy to shadow our praise of Russia though she be first to conquer in this strife, for though we shall finally regain our lost inheritance (Ezek. xi. 17, also xxxiv. 12), the Tents of Judah are to be saved first, and "Salvation is of the Jews" (St. John iv. 22).—I am, Sir, &c.,

I. E. TAYLOR.

N.B.—The first verse of the 12th chapter of the Book of Daniel should be read in conjunction with the explanation of the word "Tsar" which is thus given in *Chambers' Encyclopædia*:—"Tsar.—The title of the Emperors of Russia. . . The title of the Russian princes was *kniax* (prince) and *veliki kniax* (great prince). . ."

In the light of this explanation the conduct, operations and prospects of the Russian army in the present war should be carefully considered.—I.E.T.

[I insert this letter by request, but can pretend to no sympathy with Anglo-Israelite speculations.—ED.]

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## WILLIAM EGLINTON, MEDIUM

*To the Editor of the* OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—Mr. Reginald B. Span is in error in writing on p. 345 of your last issue, "Mr. E. Dawson Rogers (the well-known editor of the *Spiritualist*, and later of *Light*)," the editor and proprietor of the old *Spiritualist* being the late Mr. William H. Harrison. Towards the close of its career that paper was succeeded by the monthly journal *Spiritual Notes*, of which Mr. E. Dawson Rogers undertook the editorial charge during its career 1878–80, to be succeeded in its turn by the present weekly journal *Light*. This latter journal was established by Mr. E. Dawson Rogers, and edited for some years by the late Rev. W. Stainton-Moses ("M.A. Oxon"), subsequently by Mr. E. Dawson Rogers, who was succeeded by the late Mr. E. W. Wallis, and since his decease by the present Mr. David Gow.

Those of your readers who may be interested in fuller particulars of Mr. William Eglinton's remarkable mediumship should read *'Twixt Two Worlds*, by the late John S. Farmer, with a number of illustrations of direct, or independent, slate writings and progressive phases of so-called materializations. The book is a very complete history of Mr. William Eglinton's mediumship, testified to by a large number of influential and competent witnesses, observed and recorded under the best of conditions.

Mr. Reginald B. Span has rendered a service to present-day students of the "occult" by his article, and similar articles on other celebrated psychics of modern times would be a welcome feature to many readers of the OCCULT REVIEW.—Yours faithfully,

THOMAS BLYTON.

FINCHLEY SPIRITUALIST CENTRE,
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CHURCH END, FINCHLEY, N.

## STRANGE COINCIDENCES.

*To the Editor of the* OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—As long ago as May last year I sent you a letter regarding a remarkable chain of so-called coincidences, and it was not until quite recently that a friend drew my attention to the fact that replies to my letter had appeared in the June, July and August issues of the OCCULT REVIEW.

I think that the further researches into "coincidences" which have come my way since last writing may be of interest to you and your readers, and will begin by quoting from a letter which lies before me from Mrs. W[illegible], the lady mentioned in my letter on "Coincidence or Human Telegr[illegible]phy." She says:—

"I read your article on 'coincidence' in the OCCULT REVIEW owing to yet another coincidence. My mother-in-law had let a house

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of hers at Clifton, and the tenant on leaving left behind this magazine, which my mother-in-law picked up and glanced at quite unconsciously until the context suddenly struck her! Curious, was it not?"

The above letter from my friend Mrs. W. bears out what I said before regarding Human Telegraphy, or affinity between people of one family or community, which it seems is even transmitted through inanimate objects. I think, however, that there must be a certain bond of unity between such individuals in order to attain this result, for unless they have tastes, interests or feelings in common, there is no magnetic chain formed between them.

I have lately had a good deal of light thrown upon this most fascinating subject by reading *Transcendental Magic*, by Eliphas Levi, from which the following quotation is taken:—

"Magnetic currents have an influence and establish themselves according to fatal laws upon those on whom they act. Each one of us is drawn within a circle of relations which constitutes his world, and to the influence of which he is made subject." This learned writer also speaks elsewhere of one being led, only when one is ready for it, to read such books as are needful to one's advancement, and not until then. To each phase of existence belong the necessary school books for that phase alone, and almost mechanically the student finds them in both animate and inanimate Nature. Let those who talk with easy familiarity about "mere coincidence!" pause and define intelligently and lucidly what coincidence means or really is!

Regarding the strange chain of coincidence connected with Mrs. W., I may add that I was travelling by train not long ago between Bombay and Calcutta and shared a compartment with a little boy of about two and a young girl. The little boy's name was Peter, and this led me to remark that I also knew a little boy of that name (Mrs. W.'s child), but I did not mention his surname, which I naturally thought would be of little interest to my fellow-passenger. My surprise may be better imagined than described when she herself added the surname! "However did you know I meant Peter W.?" I asked, and then she told me that she had been at school with Mrs. W. and her sisters in England, and knew her and her family intimately, though how she ever came to connect Peter W. with the child Peter I had just mentioned she was herself unable to explain; it was just one of the strange coincidences which sometimes happen.

About the same time my husband was on a visit to Calcutta, and going into a place of business met a man who in no way resembled any one he knew, but who told him after a few minutes' conversation that he was brother to a Mr. H. in Gangtok, Sikkim! My daughter happened to be at a dance the week after in Calcutta and was introduced to a partner whom she had never seen before and who told her he had visited Gangtok, Sikkim. On my return to Gangtok I mentioned one or two of these coincidences to Mr. and Mrs. H., and said how strange I thought it that my husband should have come across Mr. H.'s

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brother in a large city like Calcutta without any clue to his whereabouts. Whereupon Mrs. H. said : " My daughter was at a concert in Edinburgh the other day, and found herself sitting next to a man who used to sing in the same choir as she did when they were in India ! "

Now if such so-called " coincidences " do not prove that persons belonging to the same small community of Gangtok are connected in some mysterious way I wonder what will. I think each one of us who seriously reflects upon the subject will find that, throughout life, we are constantly coming across people we once knew or met. We dine with them in Bengal and find them sitting in the same row as ourselves in a theatre in London or Scotland, or else come across them while out shopping in Paris. Theosophists, of course, have a theory that families, friends, and communities are grouped together through countless incarnations. I do not know how far this tallies with Oriental beliefs, but at one time, when I was making a study of Aboriginal Folklore in the Satpura Hills of India, I found it to be a common belief among aborigines that a deceased person was expected to re-incarnate *in his own family*. So rooted was this belief that if a newly-born babe had any mark upon its body which resembled that of its deceased relation the truth was immediately tested by divination. A small household implement used in cooking was placed in the infant's hand, and if it held it tightly its identity was established, but if, on the other hand, the infant immediately let it drop, it proved that it was not the re-incarnation they expected.

Yours faithfully,

GANGTOK, SIKKIM. ALICE ELIZABETH DRACOTT.

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# PERIODICAL LITERATURE

THE *General Report* of the Thirty-ninth Anniversary and Convention of the Theosophical Society, which was held at Adyar in December of last year, forms a comprehensive record, extending to 316 pages, and is a memorial of Theosophical activities "all the wide world over." It is made up in the main of subsidiary reports from a great number of quarters. A considerable space is occupied by some, but those which have been ingarnered from the allied countries, from Germany and from Austria are significantly slender in their dimensions. The French secretary remarks that the outbreak of war and the general mobilization stopped all work, turning the headquarters into "a home for French and Belgian refugees." At the present moment there is no little pathos in the confident expectation, which finds utterance in the closing words, concerning a promise descried in the future and the hope that purified and invigorated Europe will be found "ready to receive the Great Teacher" whom Theosophy expects, of whom it is the herald and whose ways it seeks to make smooth. The report from Belgium has no such note of confidence, though it mentions the same aspiration. "We all try to hope that soon will come, with the Great Teacher, the advent of Peace and Joy." The secretary, however, left Brussels prior to the German invasion and has since then been without news from the members of his section. The German report makes no reference to events of the time. It records that sectional membership on May 31, 1914, amounted to 372, thus indicating how vast an exodus from the Society followed the severing of Dr. Steiner's connection with Adyar. From Bohemia no account has arrived, while as regards that of Austria it appears that there are only 160 active members. The secretary, over whose signature it appears, tells how he was subjected to "long detention in a romantic castle on the Adriatic, as an English spy." The activities of a summer school near Dresden are mentioned. It was frequented till last July by "Frenchmen, Russians, Englishmen and Belgians, in the greatest peace and happiness, right in the centre of Germany," till the war "suddenly dispersed them." The total membership in Hungary is 204, distributed over eleven Lodges. The work at headquarters has continued unbroken, "in spite of the present turmoil and suffering." The Russian section has increased to 3[illegible] members,



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...striving to be faithful knights in this time of stress." Taken altogether, the *General Report* is an interesting and in some respects a memorable document, though we observe that the Society's Balance Sheet shows a deficit of 7,312 rupees, carried forward to the new account.

As we have mentioned on a previous occasion, *Theosophy*, of Los Angeles, offers practically nothing in the way of original contributions to its particular field of interest, but it reproduces from month to month a sheaf of old papers from *Lucifer*, *The Theosophical Review*, *The Path* and *The Theosophist*. They awaken curious and not unpleasant memories, sometimes of our old friend H. S. Olcott, sometimes of H. P. B., and many lesser notabilities. The available store is well-nigh inexhaustible, and at the back of one's mind there is a feeling that the selections might be made with an eye to broader interests. Attention has been paid so far to things that are militantly theosophical in the conventional sense of the word, but in the old periodicals enumerated there is a mine of material belonging to a general psychological, occult, and even mystical order, which ought not to be left untouched. But this is on the assumption that it is really worth while to produce a periodical panarion of the kind which *Theosophy* has undertaken.

We confess to have been curiously interested by a minute periodical called *World-Speech*, which has reached us from Ohio for the first time, though it has existed since 1912. It summarizes the notable War Prophecies, as they have appeared from time to time in the OCCULT REVIEW, and it gives a dismal prediction by the president of an Ordnance Corporation, who "believes that with the ending of the war, and probably as a cause of the ending, all of the countries will be financially bankrupt." An enormous issue of paper securities will bring about a rebellion of the working world. The democracy at large will repudiate the debts, "just as was done by nine of the Southern States, which repudiated their bonds after the Civil War." The condition will surpass that of the French Revolution. In yet another article, we learn that the gold available for coinage in the whole world is worth about four billion dollars, while the national debts of the world are forty billion dollars. *World-Speech* is about the smallest magazine that we have met with, but if the contents are so uniformly intimidating as those of the present issue, we question whether we shall welcome a second visit until "the star of peace and justice" has risen over our country and our life.

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Beneath the square and compasses which form in their co bination the most characteristic symbol of Masonry, we find on the cover of *The Builder* those more familiar words: Let there be light. And it can be said that this new "journal for the Masonic student" calls to be included among channels for the diffusion of that light which is Masonry. It is doing more than fulfil the promise of its earlier issues. Here is a series of papers on the philosophy of the mystic Craft, with side-issues on history and biography; there an account of the establishment and early days of Masonry in America; or again an editorial monograph on some personality of the past, distinguished in other paths than those of the Brotherhood, but memorable also therein. Professor Roscoe Pound offers notable example of the first kind in his lectures delivered, under the auspices of the Grand Master of Massachusetts, in the Masonic Temple of Boston. Mr. Melville M. Johnson, who is the Grand Master mentioned, opens his story of American Masonry and tells of "the earliest footprint," being a stone bearing the Masonic Emblem, with the date 1606. It was discovered on Goat Island, Nova Scotia, in 1827. From the standpoint of personal interest and literary finish, the palm must be accorded to Dr. Ford Newton's study of Edwin Booth, as Actor and Mason. . . . *The New Age* also maintains the general improvement mentioned in a previous notice. It is and will remain the official organ of the Scottish Rite in its Southern Jurisdiction, and it is in every way proper that this influential body should have its representation in journalism. The field, moreover, is wide—as Masons of the Higher Degrees should know. Recent papers on the Mithras Lodge of Perfection and on the Jewel of the 32nd Degree are examples of the interest which attaches to this field. But voices of more catholic Masonry are heard in *The New Age*, and an attempt to trace back the legend of the Widow's Son to that of Osiris is an instance of investigation in the world beyond the Scottish Rite. We do not believe for a moment that the story of the Master Grade can be accounted for in this manner. It is not of Egypt to the exclusion of Christendom, nor of Christ to the exclusion of Osiris. It belongs to that department of veridic mythos which lies behind all cults of the Mysteries. There is one memorable Grade of Masonry wherein the Master-Builder rises as Christ, an interpretation which we accept unconditionally, as we should accept that of any other Grade which pictured his resurrection as Osiris. But that which is truly shown forth is the mystical death of those who on the basis of Masonry have elected in their

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own persons a structure perfect in its parts and honourable to the builder. They die to themselves in God and arise in God to themselves. . . . It has perhaps to be said that *The Builder* and *The New Age* are not in the same category, but there is nothing in English Masonic literature that can compare with either. Our old friend *The Freemason* is, however, a journal which moves with the time and is far better than it was in some preceding days. Whether we agree with their results or not, the speculations and researches of Dr. Churchward lend interest to its contents, and the editorial work is done with care and ability. There are good weekly notes, and sometimes they touch upon points which should be kept in the mind of a Mason who is a student of his own subject.

*Modern Astrology* for May contains an ingenious speculative horoscope of the British Prime Minister. The horoscope is a good deal more plausible than most of these guess figures usually are. The rising sign is given as Libra 22°, and Mars is close to the ascendant in sextile aspect with the Moon, Venus culminating in Leo. Mr. Asquith has got some powerful positions on his day of birth, the Sun being in trine with Saturn and in sextile with Jupiter. But the hour at which he was born has always been a problem, and he does not clearly suggest to the astrological student any specific sign of the zodiac. The fact, however, if fact it be, of Mars rising in a Venus sign would certainly to some extent explain this. There are only two alternatives to this horoscope which appear at all plausible; one giving Scorpio rising, and the other Virgo. All things considered, the horoscope offered in *Modern Astrology* seems to be the most likely and open to the least objection of the three, though we should be inclined to suggest that the ascending degree might perhaps be a trifle earlier. Mr. Asquith, whatever we may think of his political career, has been one of the most uniformly successful men of his day, and has never been in the habit of failing in that which he undertakes. The greatest difficulties of his career and his most serious embarrassments have arisen in connection with Ireland—a point which the horoscope fully bears out, the two malefic planets, Saturn and Uranus, occupying, in this figure, the sign Taurus, the traditional symbol of Ireland.



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# REVIEWS

BOOK IV, PART II. CEREMONIAL MAGICK. By Frater Perdurabo and Soror Virakam. London: Wieland & Co., 33 Avenue Studios (76 Fulham Road), S.W. Price 2*s.* net.

HEREIN are described the implements of the Magician, their magical significance, the furniture of the temple wherein he works, and the *modus operandi* of one who would be called Adept. Although we have here much sound information of a magical nature which should prove of the greatest value to those who chose the Path of Ceremonial Magick as the means of attainment best suited to their temperament, there are not lacking incongruities whose absurdity is only too manifest. For instance, we are told that the Magick Cup is "full of bitterness, and of blood, and of intoxication": yet in another place it is asserted that the same cup is "the heavenly food of the Magus." On p. 39 we read, printed in big black type, that "any will but to give up the self to the Beloved is Black Magic," and again on p. 81 that "the soul must descend into all falsity in order to attain All-Truth." We are further informed, regarding our latent tendencies, that "every one must be awakened, and every one must be destroyed." One would have thought it quite sufficient to be a spectator of the horrors of hell without taking especial pains to materialize them in the magic workshop of the mind. It seems unnecessary, not to say dangerous, to invoke demons, which, after all, must be destroyed. On p. 100 we read that "The mind must be broken up into a form of insanity before it can be transcended." This also seems unnecessarily severe, though a likely enough sequel to the prelude of invoking the dog-faced demons of the Abyss. While quite agreeing that the few who will survive the ordeals of this method of initiation will be in every way exceptional men, it is doubtful whether one who has thus survived is justified in inviting others to follow in his footsteps or even in thinking that the method whereby he attained may be employed safely by any one but himself. For one's man's profit is another man's loss. Be that as it may, the intelligent perusal of this work will enable the student to penetrate the mists that shrouded the writings of the mediæval magicians. He will certainly discover that the most sublime truths are hidden beneath their obscure symbolism. Also the most abstruse problems are, on the whole, dealt with in an exceptionally clear manner, and for this reason alone the book should appeal to a large number of persons. Clear language and transcendental experiences are not often such close companions as in this instance. It is safe to say that an occult work of this character will exert a decided influence upon the majority of its readers.

AQUILA.

THE PROPHECIES OF PARACELSUS. Translated by J. K. With Introduction and Portrait of Paracelsus. Cr. 8vo, pp. 125. London: William Rider & Son, Ltd. Price 2*s.* 6*d.* net.

A CURIOUS interest attaches to this publication, both within and without the appeal that it makes to the popular concern of the moment in prophecy, as related to the war. The anonymous editor, who tells us that



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he has been engaged in occult studies for over forty years, cites as his justification in chief for undertaking the task a very striking opinion of Éliphas Levi, as follows: "The Prophecy of Paracelsus . . . is the most astounding and indisputable proof of the existence and reality of the gift of natural prophecy." In the words of Theophrastus himself, the prophecies "describe the courses this world will pass through in twenty-four years"—or forty-two, according to an alternative reading of one of the early editions. The editor suggests that either number is possibly a veil, and that the actual period intended—i.e., 420 years—would bring the field of prophecy down to the present epoch and beyond it. He thinks further that those who study the predictions will recognize that worldly affairs have followed the lines here laid down in symbolism. Finally, as there are thirty-two prophecies, consisting each of a picture and letter-press, he groups them into various classes and suggests tentatively that there are allusions to Napoleon at St. Helena (No. 6); to the Kaiser (Nos. 3, 5, 8); to the Balkan Federation (No. 27); and to the appearance of a new religion (Nos. 17, 29, 31). However this may be, the allegorical figures are suggestive and have been excellently reproduced from the original copper plates. As a lover of curious things, I am glad that they have been made available—quite apart from prophetic values. There are also incidental points of interest, e.g. that the lost theological writings of Paracelsus have come to light in Germany. I know of them only through the *Golden and Blessed Casket of Nature's Marvels*, by Benedictus Figulus, who—in the year 1606—said of Paracelsus: "Particularly his theological works . . . have been totally suppressed," the reason being that they "do not suit children of this world." The editor of the present volume speaks of their clear indications that Paracelsus derived his prophetic gift from "mystical illumination," as the source of all seership. The prophecies are said to have been published originally in 1530—that is, in the lifetime of Paracelsus, who died in 1541. There seems no reason to question their attribution, though Alexander von Suchten deposed, in the sixteenth century, that "much is ascribed to Paracelsus that he never wrote," and though the great Geneva edition of 1658—containing the supposed *Opera Omnia*—omits the prophecies—without, however, specifying them among the spurious tracts mentioned in the preface.

A. E. WAITE.

THE EAGLES AND THE CARCASE. By Theta. London: Morgan, Son & Co., Ltd., 88–90 Chancery Lane, W.C. Price 2*s.* 6*d.* net.

THE aim of this pamphlet is to show the sacred origin of the war, its gigantic issues and the glorious destiny of the English-speaking race. The authoress shows that we are now in process of fulfilment of the third of Christ's "Signs" given to His disciples regarding His coming. The first was the destruction of Jerusalem. The second was the appearance of false Christs deceiving the Elect. The third was the greatest Tribulation that the world has ever seen or will see. This war surpasses the horrors of the Middle Ages, "the Hell of Dante pales beside that of the Kaiser." This is the gathering of the "Eagles" and the carcase is that of the sick man of Europe, Turkey. In the Apocalyptic vision of the Great Armageddon the three "unclean spirits," the dragon, the beast and the false prophet or teacher, are Austria, Turkey and Germany. In

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Israel the authoress sees the Anglo-Saxon, the little nation that "should become a thousand and a small one a strong nation." In the prophecy of Isaiah it is seen that when men are in the worst state of blindness Israel would be found, having been sustained all these years by God, the wealth of the Gentiles pouring into her treasuries, the paths of the sea leading up to her, the colonies bringing in their gold and silver to her in ships from afar, the sons of strangers building up her walls, and the East supplying her with camels and dromedaries. In the prophecy of Esdras the Son is said to be revealed at the time of the great war. England is to possess the "gates of her enemies," the Jews are to return to Palestine under British protectorate. Israel and Judah are to be reunited. Egypt is to be revived, freed from the tyranny of the Turk. The highway between Egypt and Assyria will be Palestine and Israel will make "a third with Egypt and Assyria." The Stone of Jacob is in Westminster, the Ark of the Covenant in Ireland. The day is at hand A very luminous interpretation of Scripture prophecy in relation to the great crisis.

SCRUTATOR.

THE WAY. By James Porter Mills. Demy 8vo, pp. x + 238. London: A. C. Fifield. Price 3s. 6d. net.

ILLUMINATION: Spiritual Healing. By James Porter Mills. Demy 8vo, viii + 174. London: A. C. Fifield. Price 3s. net.

THERE is no need to introduce Dr. Mills to our readers, either as a healer or a writer of certain books designed to elucidate the principles upon which his professional work is based, and from which his various courses of instruction to pupils are developed. I believe that his volume on the science of self-consciousness, entitled "From Existence to Life," is known to many readers. At this day, when the old philosophies and the new are alike in the crucible, one has reason to be grateful for anything which contributes to the doctrine concerning self-knowledge. So far from the last word having been said on the subject, I believe that we are only at the beginning of its true and radical considerations. I speak, however, not so much from the standpoint of ordinary metaphysics, for I question whether its exponents hold the right keys. But whatever has been advanced so far on the ground of mystical teaching or experience concerning consciousness is not so much under need of revision as of complete restatement. The two books of Dr. Mills which are here under brief notice are concerned with things arising from the study of consciousness. Both are courses of instruction to pupils, who must have found them helpful, as they will prove now to those who read them in their printed form. It is difficult to open them at random and not find something which is winning from its point of view or in its counsel. My testimony by no means signifies that I am in agreement with Dr. Mills on several fundamental matters, more especially on the identity between human and divine self-knowledge; but the question does not signify—for the present purpose at least. It is good to have read, and it is good to recommend the essays in these volumes on Faith in God, the Kingdom of Heaven Within, the Holy Spirit of Health, and as much may be said of several other sections. Subject to the reservation which I have made, these books on The Way and its Illumination offer much that is of light on the way.

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THE MAGICAL MESSAGE ACCORDING TO IÔANNES. By James M. Pryse. New York: Theosophical Publishing Co. London: Luzac & Co., Price 9s. net.

THE title of this book may sound more attractive to the popular mind than the Gospel according to St. John with which we are familiar. Mr. Pryse has set before him, in translating the Greek text, the importance of preserving the philosophical and mystical terminology and as far as possible the peculiarities of the original. The statement that Jesus spake "in parables" serves as valid ground for a new and peculiar interpretation of this Gospel, and with the elimination of the fictitious theological terminology vitiating the "authorized" version, we have a rendering which reads more like a new scripture than the familiar Fourth Evangel. Mr. Pryse calls attention to the fact that the teaching had "an inner and concealed meaning" as well as an ethical system based upon the laws of man's inner nature. Essays upon "The Seen and the Unseen," "The Four Evangels" and the "Drama of the Soul" serve as an introduction to the position held by the translator, and the work is brought to a conclusion by two monographs, "The Prodigal Son" and "The Birth from Above."

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THE ARCANA OF FREEMASONRY. By Albert Churchward, M.D., M.R.C.P., F.G.S., P.M., P.Z. Demy 8vo. Fully Illustrated. London: George Allen & Unwin, Ltd. Price 7s. 6d. net.

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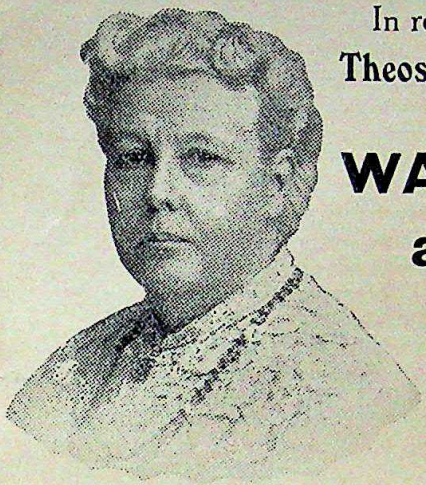
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P. S. WELLBY.

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irresistibly. In the course of this progress, while humanity is still in a stage of immaturity and incapable of realizing the truth taught and manifested by Christ, there must occur crises, due to this immaturity, when "the inevitable travail pains of the birth of a nobler life for the race" must be endured. There are already evidences that "all things, even war, work together for good."

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SUN LORE OF ALL AGES: A Collection of Myths and Legends concerning the Sun and its Worship. By William Tynan Olcott. London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Price 10*s.* 6*d.* net.

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IN HOC VINCE. By Florence P. Barclay. (G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1s.)

THIS little book which bears the appropriate sub-title "The Story of A Red Cross Flag," is a reprint from the touching incident in the Great War, which Mrs. Barclay contributed to *King Albert's Book*.

Some of her final remarks addressed to the noble King of the Belgians, which were omitted from his Gift Book, are reproduced in the present issue of her narrative.

It is a touching little story in the same strain as *The Rosary*, and though this latter work descended into bathos, *In Hoc Vince* remains true pathos to the end. Miss Marie Corelli and Mrs. Barclay have the same touch of sentimentality in their work, but this little volume relating how, when the Red Cross Flag was shot away from a base hospital, a young officer made a new one of a sheet and strips of linen steeped in the blood of the wounded, will not fail in its appeal in these grim times and will be as good a souvenir of its kind as that charming little book *His Master's Voice* which appeared when King Edward died.

REGINA MIRIAM BLOCH.

MEMORY TRAINING: A PRACTICAL COURSE. By Ernest Wood. 7¼ inches by 4¾ inches, pp. vi + 102. Madras: The Theosophical Publishing House, Adyar. Price 6 annas (6*d*.).

MANY extraordinary stories are related of the Indian fakirs, concerning feats of memory, which need, in some cases at least, to be taken *cum grano salis*. But certainly much attention has been given to the subject by the students of that country, and consequently a book on Mnemonics hailing from India is one well calculated to arouse our expectation. Nor shall we be disappointed with Mr. Wood's book; for, although it contains nothing startlingly new, it is well and clearly written, and explains, amongst other things, an interesting and useful development of the method of substituting words for numbers. The law of the association of ideas is the basis of all systems of mnemonics, and Mr. Wood explains and illustrates the various types of association at some length. He rightly insists on the necessity of giving a clear reason for linking two ideas together for mnemonic purposes, and warns the student against inventing "any unnatural reason."

There is little to criticize in the book. Perhaps too free an introduction of subsidiary ideas is not always guarded against, as in the example given of how to memorize the scientific names of plants, in which fanciful names are first invented. Such fanciful names, and their connections with the scientific names, seem somewhat "unnatural." To memorize the meanings of the Latin names, which are usually descriptive of the plant or its habitat, seems to me to be the better method. Finally—does the use of note-books weaken the memory, as Mr. Wood asserts? Sometimes it is more useful to remember where certain facts can be found, rather than to attempt the memorization of the facts themselves. Or a note-book may be prepared, as containing the essence of a text-book or lecture, in order that its contents may be committed to memory, a method I have personally found exceedingly useful.

H. S. REDGROVE.

THE MYSTERY OF LUCIEN DELORME. By Guy de Feramond, translated by Mary J. Safford. Illustrated by J. Henry. London and New York: D. Appleton & Co. Price 6s., or $1.25 net.

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to discover the perpetrators of two particularly atrocious murders, the first victim being a wealthy financier, the second a Yankee lady whose lavish display of her costly jewels cost her her life. Through an extraordinary faculty possessed by the hero of the story, he obtained a clue to the identity of the assassins. The reader must not suppose, however, that Monsieur Delorme's clairvoyance was the kind usually possessed by psychics. But it would be unfair to suggest wherein lay the difference. Plotting and counter-plotting follow each other in rapid succession. Even a woman's beauty is but a mask for a soul as unlovely and treacherous as the soul of Lady Macbeth. The story is well-written and illustrated, and the scenes move with the briskness of a cinematographic show. The characters are well-defined, and never interchangeable. The moral—were there a moral—would seem to be that it is not always well to see too much!

EDITH K. HARPER.

FIFTY-ONE TALES. By Lord Dunsany, London: Elkin Mathews. Pp. 112+frontispiece portrait of author. Price 3*s.* 6*d.* net.

THE gift of ironic fantasy continues to abide with Lord Dunsany, though there are pieces in this volume which might have been excluded for the reason that they are too slight and lacking in novelty to count as works of art. His best is very good medicine for civilization in a form of art at once vivid and concise. The principal ideas distributed through these pages are the greatness of religions regarded as dreams, the majesty of the past, the offensiveness and impermanence of cities, the deific power of laughter, the evil of puritanism, and the unheavenliness of demagogy. The portrait of Lord Dunsany in military uniform, which faces his title, reminds us that his antagonism to the demagogue is superior to that of a contemplative drone: as I am at present concerned with the mere description and artistic valuation of his work I will say no more on that point.

Rather do I direct the reader's attention to the tiny masterpieces called "How the Enemy came to Thlūnrāna," "The True History of the Hare and the Tortoise," "The Storm," "Alone the Immortals" and "What We have Come to." If he or she does not here or there among these and other pieces feel a glow of sympathy with the author, then not only Lord Dunsany but beauties and forces which speak through him are beyond that reader's range of spiritual vision. I do not, however, suggest that anyone, save an inveterate lover of eerie fiction, should thank his lordship for presenting him "a small orange which had an evil laughter in its heart."

W. H. CHESSON.

GLIMPSES OF THE BEAUTIFUL SHEPHERD. By Olive Hope. (Elliot Stock, 1*s.*).

THIS will do well as a presentation volume. The only remarkable part of it is, that it is like a very weak imitation of that fine bit of writing *Trooper Peter Halkett of Mashonaland*, by Olive Schreiner.

The idea is good throughout and the writer has a true touch of mysticism, but lacks a differentiating sense between religious beauty and sickly sentimentality. But she is evidently young and ardent and should persevere, for the book is a dainty little gift for the young, and after all, they are the ones who really count to all those who, like Ibsen's "Master Builder" always hear the coming generation knocking at the door.

It is a pity that the book was not better read. There are several grammatical errors in it. We hear that Clarissa "*laid* happily down to sleep" and that some violets were all "fresh and *dewey*."

This is the kind of work which is hard on a good-natured critic, for it is so very much akin to the historical curate's egg.

REGINA MIRIAM BLOCH.

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# OCCULT REVIEW

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE INVESTIGATION OF SUPER-NORMAL PHENOMENA AND THE STUDY OF PSYCHOLOGICAL PROBLEMS.

EDITED BY RALPH SHIRLEY

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VOL. XXII. OCTOBER 1915 No. 4


## NOTES OF THE MONTH

WITHIN some three weeks of the appearance of the present issue of the OCCULT REVIEW there will be issued from the publishing house of Wm. Rider & Son, Ltd., a romance by Mr. J. W. Brodie Innes, dealing with the subject of witchcraft in a manner in which I do not think it has ever yet been handled either in the fiction of the present day, or in that of any previous period. Romances dealing with the subject of witchcraft are indeed few and far between, and in the fiction of the present day the only instances, as far as I am aware, are another novel by Mr. Brodie Innes entitled *For the Soul of a Witch*, and Mr. Algernon Blackwood's romance of the Witches' Sabbath which appears in the series of stories published under the title of *John Silence*. Though the previous novel of the present author dealt with the subject of witchcraft in a very thoroughgoing manner, it was admittedly a romance pure and simple. Cecily Ross, the fascinating h roine

A NOTABLE NEW NOVEL.



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who lived a dual existence, partly as the witch Elspet Simpson, and partly as a charming maiden whose sympathies, though broad and unorthodox, were all towards the nobler and more idealistic side of life, was admittedly a fictitious character, as also were the leading actors in the story. Not so Isabel Goudie, the central figure in *The Devil's Mistress*. As the author well says of his present work, "if the story were to be regarded as a work of imagination, it might justly be characterized as too weirdly fanciful to deserve even serious consideration." Never was the old adage that truth is stranger than fiction more fully exemplified. A more dramatic romance has, perhaps, not appeared in contemporary fiction since Mr. Bram Stoker gave to the world his blood-curdling *Dracula*. *Dracula*, however, in spite of the vivid sense of reality with which the author has contrived to invest it, was pure and unadulterated fiction of the most daring kind. In the case of the present narrative not only is Isabel Goudie, as already stated, an historic personality, but her own story of her life in full detail given voluntarily and under no coercion is, observes Mr. Brodie Innes, "preserved in the archives in the Judiciary Court in Edinburgh."

ITS HISTORICAL BASIS.

Nor does the story rest only upon Isabel Goudie's own confession. Other contemporary records corroborate it. The illness of Harry Forbes, the minister of Aulderne, for which Isabel admitted responsibility, is recorded in the Presbytery Minutes. With regard to two other characters in the story, the diary of Lord Brodie is well known, and there are still copies extant of the writings of Father Blackhall. Of the old house at Gordonstown, which is still standing, I subjoin a photograph, and of the celebrated race with the Devil of the owner, Sir Robert Gordon, the countryside of Morayshire still tells tales. Thus not only are all the leading characters in the story actual historical persons, but the incidents narrated of them are also vouched for by contemporary records. It is, indeed, possible to believe them in a sense, and yet adopt one's own interpretation of the actual nature of the experiences described; just, for instance, as one may accept the bona fides of the witnesses to the psychic phenomena at Mons, without admitting the actual presence on the fields of battle of Joan of Arc, St. Michael, or St. George, or even while adopting the hypothesis that they were all the result of some strange psychic phase of collective hallucination. To Isabel Goudie her life as the mistress of the Dark Master, the learned student of the magical arts, was undoubtedly a very

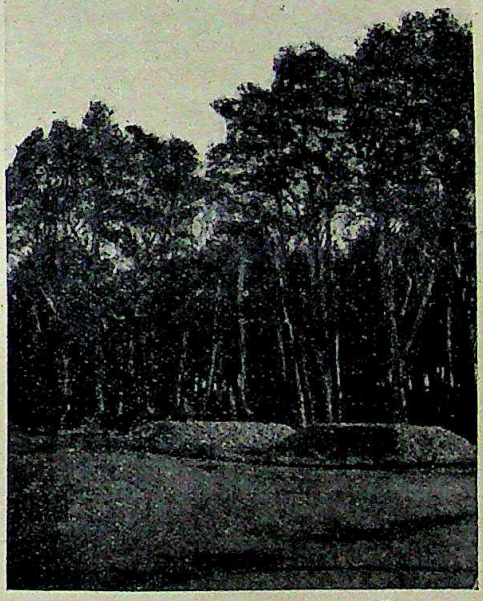
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real one, even though we may admit that her experiences took place under conditions of what we are pleased to describe as the fourth dimension. So, too, at times are our own experiences in the more vivid and realistic phenomena of dreamland. The knowledge that the romance of *The Devil's Mistress* is indeed founded on fact, gives what would in any case be one of the strangest and most remarkable novels of the day an added fascination, which is in no way lessened by the fact that it is possible to inspect the very spot where Isabel Goudie first met the Devil in the guise of the Dark Master, and to visit the ruins of the old church in which she was baptized by his Satanic Majesty. The ruins of the castle of Inshoch still stand to bear witness to the romantic assignations between the Dark Master and the fair but frail wife of the farmer of Lochloy, the tedium of whose unsympathetic environment and monotonous life was transformed with the touch of romantic glamour by the visits of her demon lover.

THE DEVIL'S MISTRESS.



WHERE ISABEL GOUDIE MET THE DEVIL.
There was no wood then, but isolated clumps of trees.

It is, of course, familiar ground that the phenomena associated with witchcraft have long since fallen into discredit. It is not equally familiar ground that the evidence in favour of the genuineness of these phenomena is overwhelming. Yet a no less dispassionate, judicial and broad-minded historian than the late Mr. W. E. H. Lecky makes this astounding admission, while granting that at the present day we are so firmly convinced of the unreality of witchcraft that it is only by a

EVIDENCE FOR GENUINENESS OF PHENOMENA.

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strong effort of the imagination that we can realize the position of the defenders of the belief. Mr. Lecky continues his argument with the following pregnant and remarkable observations.

ADMISSIONS OF A GREAT HISTORIAN

It is, I think, difficult (he remarks),* to examine the subject with impartiality without coming to the conclusion that the historical evidence establishing the reality of witchcraft, is so vast and so varied that nothing but our overwhelming sense of its antecedent improbability and our modern experience of the manner in which it has faded away under the influence of civilization can justify us in despising it. The defenders of the belief, who were often men of great and distinguished talent, maintained that there was no fact in all history more fully attested, and that to reject it would be to strike at the root of all historical evidence of the miraculous. . . . The subject (observes our historian) was examined in tens of thousands of cases in almost every country in Europe, by tribunals which included the acutest lawyers and ecclesiastics of the age, on the scene and at the time when the alleged acts had taken place, and with the assistance of innumerable sworn witnesses. . . . In our own day it may be said with confidence that it would be altogether impossible for such an amount of evidence to accumulate round a conception which had no substantial basis in fact. . . . If we considered witchcraft probable, a hundredth part of the evidence we possess would have placed it beyond the region of doubt. If it were a natural but a very improbable fact, our reluctance to believe it would have been completely stifled by the multiplicity of the proofs.

The above is an admission of a historian of world-wide reputation who had himself studied the historical records on the subject of witch trials with the most painstaking care, and found it impossible, on *a priori* grounds, to admit the reality of the phenomena. It is an admission from the camp of the sceptics which, it is impossible to deny, gives away the whole case of the disbeliever. But Mr. Lecky goes even further than this. He not only admits the overwhelming evidence in favour of the reality of the phenomena, but also recognizes the fact that the abandonment of the belief in witchcraft was not in any way due to the value of the evidence on the subject being called in question; that, in short, there was at no time any scientific investigation of the phenomena themselves which led to their being discredited. What, then, we may ask, was it which led to the rejection of a belief so universally held, and admittedly supported by such overwhelming testimony? Mr. Lecky finds it in the changed intellectual standpoint of the times; and he is doubtless right. The intellectual atmosphere of a period is in a

WHY WITCHCRAFT BECAME DISCREDITED.

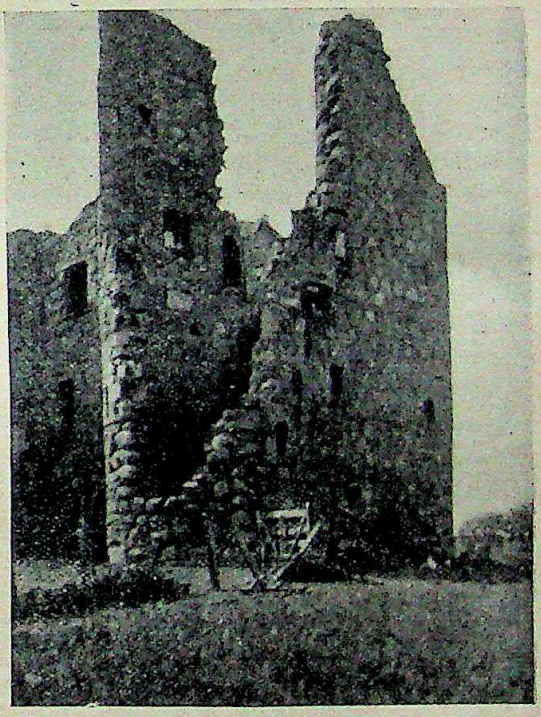
* In the *Rise and Influence of Rationalism in Europe* (London: Longmans).

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sense very like the physical conditions of a climate. Suppose the climate of this country were suddenly changed by increase or decrease of either temperature or moisture, we should find that certain flora and fauna would inevitably dwindle in size and finally die out. So with beliefs. A certain intellectual atmosphere either encourages their acceptance or renders their retention within the category of the belief of the man in the street practically impossible. And this, quite apart from their intrinsic truth or falsehood. In a certain scheme of thought or philosophy, a faith in this or that particular dogma can find no niche. For example, the scientific standpoint of the school of which thinkers such as Spencer, Huxley and Darwin were the high priests, had no place in its outlook upon life for the occurrence of miracles. It was the accepted standpoint of this school that, as Matthew Arnold forcibly put it, "miracles did not occur." The report that the truth or falsehood of this statement depended upon your interpretation of the meaning of the word "miracle" would simply not have been listened to. A miracle was a miracle. It was, in short, a violation of a law of nature, and laws of nature were never violated. The fact that if Newton had caught his apple as it was falling to the ground he would have counteracted the law of gravitation never seemed to have occurred to them. You do not, in short, violate laws of nature by counteracting them, and the extent to which such laws can be counter-



CASTLE OF INSHOCH: THE SOUTH-EAST ANGLE.

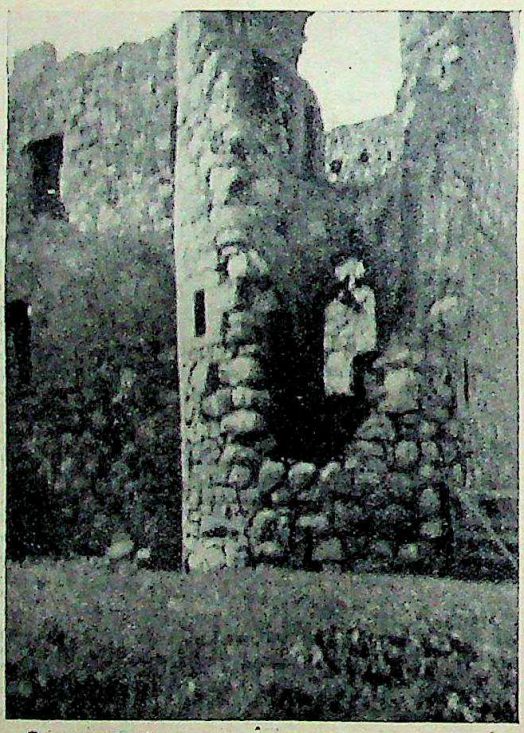
The great hall where Isabel and the Devil met was to the left of the picture. There is a door just beside the Tower in the shadow, but I think they entered by the west.

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acted or modified by unknown forces on another plane was never attempted to be gauged by nineteenth-century science. On the question, then, of the disproof of witchcraft by a more sceptical age our historian is perfectly candid. "If," he says, "we ask what new arguments were discovered during the decadence of the belief, we must admit that they were quite inadequate to account for the change." "And," he adds with equal candour, "those who lived when the evidence of witchcraft existed in profusion and attracted the attention of all classes and of all grades of intellect, must surely have been as competent judges as ourselves, if the question was merely a question of evidence."



CASTLE OF INSHOCH: A NEARER VIEW OF THE PRECEDING PHOTO.

Lecky's argument against witchcraft, then, is mainly based on the fact that the gradual growth of civilization and science has led to its disappearance. From the standpoint of modern thought, he argues in effect, the belief in witchcraft has become impossible, because from the standpoint of modern thought it has become absurd. In the ruder forms of savage life we find the belief in it universal. In proportion to the spread of the knowledge and understanding of the laws of physical nature, the belief in such phenomena gradually dies out. There is, in short, a definite relationship between the growth of material science and the disappearance of such superstitious beliefs. A wider historical survey might probably lead us to reconsider this

LECKY'S ARGUMENT AGAINST WITCHCRAFT.

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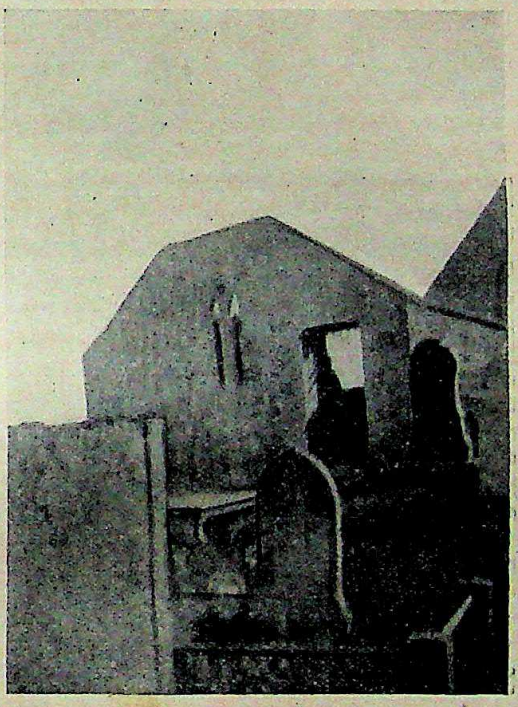
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judgment. The trend of the science of the nineteenth century was generally assumed by nineteenth-century thinkers to be the eternal trend of Science with a big S. But though we are not yet near the end of the first quarter of a new century, this faith in the trend of science as an accepted dogma or belief has already vanished into thin air. The very foundation stones on which this science was built have crumbled to dust. The theory of the ultimate atom as a material thing has given place to the

ALREADY DISCOUNTED.

conception of the immaterial electron. The very existence of matter itself as an essential reality is openly challenged. The scientific investigator is pushing his outposts further and further into the psychic realm, into the territory with regard to which his nineteenth-century predecessor avowed that he had neither concern nor interest. So far the scientist has not carried his active operations into the domain of witchcraft. But how long will he withhold his spade from this fertile field? We may, I think, safely say that it will not be many years before he makes his first inroads. And when he has done so, when he has had time to search for and sift the evidence and draw the inevitable deductions, what will have become of Mr. Lecky's plausible argument? Obviously it will fall like a house of cards, while the historian's own admissions will rise up in evidence against him.



KIRK OF AULDERNE: THE EASTERN GABLE OF THE OLD RUINED PART FROM THE NORTH.

All this is *apropos* of Mr. Brodie Innes's latest romance. The scientist, when the hour strikes, will doubtless consider the

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sources from which our author has drawn his story as by no means among the least valuable evidence on which he will attempt to build his new edifice. As to what use Mr. Brodie Innes has made of this material from the point of view of the writer of romance, I think he can best tell us in his own words, and I am therefore subjoining the statement on the subject which he has been kind enough to send me for the special benefit of readers of this Magazine.

A FIELD FOR PSYCHIC INVESTIGATION.

It is a little strange (says Mr. Brodie Innes) that among all the diligent investigation of occult phenomena, one of the most instructive and fertile fields has been almost entirely neglected, namely, the so-called witchcraft of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. In the records of this subject we find nearly every class of phenomena that attracts inquirers to-day, and examined by the keenest judicial intellects of the time. This was especially the case in Scotland, where we find a man like Lord Advocate Mackenzie, brilliant, sceptical, and trained in the most exact sifting of evidence, devoting much time and thought to the study of the subject, and convincing himself at first hand and against his will of the reality of many of the alleged phenomena. We find not merely the vulgar spells familiar to every one's mind, but all the range of telepathy, clairvoyance, psychometry, prediction, trance-mediumship, levitation, in fact all the subjects that are the field of occult students to-day, recorded in exact detail, and submitted to careful and thorough judicial investigation. And it is safe to say that there is not a single type of occult phenomena that may not be found in these remarkable records. The accounts are very voluminous, some of them very difficult of access, they are full of much that is purely trivial, yet to the patient student they yield a rich harvest.

Perhaps one of the most interesting of all, and the key to nearly all the occult phenomena of the time, is to be found in the confession of Isabel Goudie, the witch of Aulderne, the manuscript of which is preserved in the archives of the Court of Justiciary, in Edinburgh, and considerable parts of which are printed in an Appendix to Pitcairne's *Criminal Trials*. The occult powers and knowledges at that time were ascribed to the direct agency of the Devil. But, be it said in passing, this was not the Devil of theologians, or of the Bible, but rather a species of Pan, the personification of the Powers of Nature. The very same powers which the brethren of the Rosy Cross claimed to possess seem to have been exercised by many of the witches, and proved by very complete evidence, and in these witchcraft records the *modus operandi* may be traced in full detail.

THE WITCHES' DEVIL.

To Isabel Goudie the Devil came in the guise of a man, who became her lover, and here we may note a remarkable circumstance. At the identically same date in various parts of Scotland, and also in America, there are accounts of the appearance of the Devil in human form, and every one is precisely similar. I have in my library two somewhat rare little books. One is entitled, *Witchcraft in Kinross-shire—being Full Details of Criminal Trials for Witchcraft and Sorcery at Crook of Devon*; the other *Wonders of the Invisible World, or Salem Witchcraft*, published at Boston, and consisting largely of letters

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addressed to the well-known Mr. Cotton Mather in the latter half of the seventeenth century. It is practically impossible to imagine a common origin for these accounts. Yet in every one the personal appearance of the Devil is the same, the grave scholarly aspect, the neat grey clothes, knee breeches and grey stockings, the buckled shoes, the blue Scotch bonnet. How then did Isabel Goudie, in the lonely farmhouse in Aulderne, at the very same time give the same description to the minutest details? She alone, however, gives the account of the Devil as a lover, and from other confessions of the same place and time we gather that she was the prime favourite—the queen of the coven.

The great value of her confession lies in her obvious desire to tell every thing, all that the witches did, and how they did it. Much was of the



GORDONSTOWN.

The nearer wing is that which contains Sir Robert's laboratory and private rooms—and where his ghost has been seen. His bedroom by tradition was on the second floor below the balustrade on the nearer side. From the flat roof Isabel raised the storm.

nature of what is now called "Sympathetic Magic"—and Isabel's spells may be usefully compared with the voluminous accounts of the same formulæ collected by Frazer in *The Golden Bough*, from all countries, and all ages. It is impossible that these could have been known to the farmer's wife in a remote country district in Scotland. Yet she was taught the very same means to attain similar results. In her accounts of how she was taught and the things she was shown, either in words or in pictures, we see a great resemblance to what is now called in modern occult slang "The Subliminal Consciousness." At that time it was ascribed to intercourse with a personal Devil. The theory, perhaps, matters little, the results are very similar. Isabel Goudie records how she drew the moon down from heaven.

SIMILARITY OF WITCH PHENOMENA IN ALL CLIMES AND AGES.

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Now, whatever this means precisely, the very same thing, and the very same process are stated to be used in Morocco to this day, as is told by Dr. Emile Mauchamp, whose remarkable posthumous work, *La Sorcellerie au Maroc*, has been ably edited by M. Jules Bois, and these again are precisely the same spells as were used ages ago in Thessaly, as told by the ancient Greek writers, and recounted by Virgil in the sixth Book of the Æneid. How then came Isabel Goudie to use the same ceremonies, and practically the same words, which, it is safe to say, were unknown even to scholars of her day? The Devil, the Etheric Double, the Higher Self, the Subliminal Consciousness, all are theories, more or less plausible; the one thing certain is that these phenomena do occur.

Another remarkable point is her visit to Fairyland, as told in her confession, and how she got there. There is a manuscript in the Ashmole collection at Oxford, which was copied by Bishop Percy, and of which an account appeared in *The Queen* for May 14, 1881, entitled, "An Excellent Way to Gett a Fayrie," and this same excellent way did Isabel adventure on, with success as she avers.

It is also to be noted that the things which Isabel says she did by magic art are recorded in absolutely independent documents of the time to have occurred, such as sicknesses, deaths, and other catastrophes. It is, of course, possible here that she may have heard of all these events, and claimed to have caused them. But the coincidences are too many to make this probable. Isabel Goudie was the wife of a farmer living in a lonely farm on the edge of Lochloy, which was a dreary mere some two miles from the town of Nairn. She was of superior station to her husband, who seems to have been a dull, heavy man, and in the neighbouring ruins of the Castle of Inshoch she met with the grey-clad scholar whom contemporary records describe and term the Devil.

WHAT ISABEL GOUDIE LEARNED.

In the Kirk of Aulderne, some two miles off, she was baptized by him, renouncing her Christian Baptism, and the old Castle of Inshoch became their rendezvous, transformed as her imagination pictured it, or diabolical glamour caused her to see it, to a magnificent feudal hall. Here, under the guidance of her demon-lover, she learned the spells that would make a floating straw into a splendid horse, how to make the wax images so famous in all witch lore, how to use the flint arrow heads to this day called "fairy arrows" in Devon and Cornwall, and in the West Highlands; how to make the Moon Paste, which also is a formula current in Morocco and in Britanny to-day, and derived from ancient Thessaly. She made the acquaintance of Sir Robert Gordon, of Gordonstown, the famous wizard, who had been a privy councillor of King Charles I. He also, according to tradition, had made his own pact with the Devil, and in Gordonstown House to-day are many letters from the "wizard laird"; his portrait hangs in the drawing-room, and the remains of his alchemic furnaces may still be seen.

In the local folk lore of Morayshire are still many traces of the witchcraft of Isabel Goudie, many customs not to be understood without reference to the confession. The spell of "horse and hattock," whereby the weird riders got their horses, and hunted not merely deer, but men, was long known and it is said, practised by the boys of Forres, for pure mischief.

It would take far too long to follow out all the curious lines of investigation suggested in this wonderful document. But the diligent student of occultism will be richly rewarded if he will take the confession and care-

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fully verify every point. Where, for instance, Isabel records how the minister of Aulderne was cursed by the witches; turn up the Presbytery records and see how that curse bore fruit. Above all, compare the ceremonies, and the words of the Spells, with those directed to the same end in other ages and other countries, and notice particularly that Isabel was both a black and a white witch. She could ban or bless, kill or heal, but her healing was in the name of the Holy Trinity, and the cursing was in the name of the Devil.

Altogether in this confession and in the various documents and records suggested by its study, lies a mine of occult information hitherto practically unexplored and promising the richest results.

A MODERN STORY OF WITCHCRAFT.

Cases of witchcraft in remote districts in England are not unknown even to-day, as the following well-attested story goes to prove. The narrator is a student of occultism who, with his father, met at a public gathering a young man who proved to be a neighbour of theirs. On learning that the elder of his newly-found acquaintances was a powerful mesmerist of the old school, the young man expressed a desire to "sit" for the development of clairvoyance, and evenings were set apart each week, when he would drag himself round to the mesmerist for treatment. For it should be explained that at the time of forming the acquaintance, C——, as we may designate him, was a cripple who, with a crutch, trailed a useless limb about with him. Advantage was taken of the sittings to endeavour to restore the lifeless limb to usefulness, and, as the acquaintance ripened, C—— volunteered the story of the origin of his infirmity.

C——'s early years were spent in a remote village in one of the eastern counties, the inhabitants of which lived in mortal fear of a woman reputed to be a witch. To guard against her malign influence his parents would secrete on the threshold of the cottage a knife, which, as often as not, was brought to light in triumph by the witch herself! And sometimes, after having warned the children without effect to cease their chatter, she would remark, "Oh, well, I'll soon stop that," and would sit for a few moments, as though absorbed in thought, whilst the children, one after another, would quickly fall asleep. He was a healthy boy of seven or eight years of age when he somehow incurred the displeasure of the witch, whose curse took effect whilst he was playing in the fields. He was seized with frightful pains and fell, his lower limbs paralysed. From that time until he was about twenty-five years of age, when he met Mr. S——, the mesmerist, he was a cripple. He proved very sensitive, but only occasionally exhibited trance-clairvoyance, although he was, in normal consciousness, wonderfully clever

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at crystal gazing. At first, unfortunately, he derived little, if any, benefit from the treatment for paralysis. But one evening an incident occurred which proved to be the turning point towards his recovery.

It was almost dark in the room where the subject lay entranced. All was silent, the stillness being broken only by the breathing of the mesmerist and his son. Suddenly, to the surprise of the watchers, the patient stirred in his sleep, and symptoms of abject terror quickly developed, as he cried out repeatedly, "Send her away! Send her away!"

"Who?" asked the mesmerist.

"The old witch. She's looking at me. She's coming nearer."

"All right, my boy, she can't touch you while I'm here. Listen, and find out what she wants."

"Keep her off! Keep her off! She's doing something to my legs!" exclaimed C—— in great alarm. And so great was the patient's agitation that Mr. S—— had difficulty in restraining him as he struggled to disengage himself from the grasp with which the mesmerist endeavoured to restore tranquillity. At length, sighing a deep "Ah!" of relief, he sank back once more into trance.

Nothing further happened, but on awaking C—— remembered everything. He stoutly averred that it was the spirit of the witch, who had long since died, that had sought him out; and *from that moment he made rapid and uninterrupted progress towards recovery*, threw aside his crutch, and to this day has had no further occasion to use it. Mr. S—— himself believes that his patient is right in his conclusion, and that the witch visited him from another world, to undo the evil she had wrought in her lifetime and thus mitigate the penalty she had to pay for her misdeeds.

THE PHENOMENA AT MONS.

Some further interesting information has come to hand since the publication of the last issue of this magazine with reference to the psychic phenomena at Mons, and elsewhere. Among other correspondence, a communication has reached me from the Rev. Alexander A. Boddy, Vicar of All Saints, Monkwearmouth, Sunderland, and author of various works of interest (*To Kairwan the Holy, with Russian Pilgrims; Days in Galilee*, etc.), who was two months at the front with the troops in France, and in the course of his work among the soldiers was the recipient of some interesting accounts confirmatory of these phenomena. Mr.

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Boddy narrated some of these at an open-air meeting at the Division Hospital, Fulwell Road, Monkwearmouth. One of the stories was told by a soldier of the 3rd Canadians, who stated that after the second battle of Ypres, when their battalion was retiring through their communication trenches towards their rest camp, they were obliged to halt where a West Riding Regiment was stationed. During the halt one of the men of this regiment was narrating to those around him a strange experience of his own. He had seen, he said, what seemed at first to be a ball of fire. Afterwards it took the form of an angel with outspread wings standing between the British first line and that of the enemy. Mr. Boddy also told a story of a gentleman who had given up his house to convalescent soldiers. His sister was working with him among the wounded, and heard there for the first time direct from a survivor of the retreat the following story. The wounded soldier stated that at a critical moment an angel with outspread wings like a luminous cloud stood between the advancing Germans and themselves. This figure appeared to render it impossible for the Germans to advance and annihilate them. The lady in question was subsequently speaking of this incident in the presence of some officers, and herself expressed incredulity. One of the officers, a colonel, looked up at this, and observed, "Young lady, the thing happened. You need not be incredulous. I saw it myself."

Another sidelight is thrown on the Mons phenomena by a letter written to the Editor of the *Daily Mail* by Mr. Lionel Edmunds. He tells how at the time of the Boxer insurrections in China he heard a lecture by an Englishman who knew China and its language as well as the narrator knew English. The lecturer had been through the siege of the British Legation by the Boxers at Pekin. The house that they occupied was obviously untenable, and it was imperatively necessary that they should move to another position. It was fully expected that many lives would be lost in the transfer. While the movement took place the British were in full view of the Chinese insurgents, who, they took for granted, would fire upon them. To their great surprise they failed to do so. Later on, the lecturer took an opportunity of asking one of the Chinese why they missed such a chance. The Chinaman gave him as a reason the fact that "there were so many people in white between them and the British that they did not like to fire."

Another valuable addition to the list of records in this connection was supplied by Miss Callow, Secretary of the Higher

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Thought Centre, at S. Kensington, London, to the *Weekly Despatch*. She wrote :—

An officer has sent to one of the members of the Centre a detailed account of a vision that appeared to himself and others when fighting against fearful odds at Mons. He plainly saw an apparition representing St. George, the patron saint of England, the exact counterpart of a picture that hangs to-day in a London restaurant. So terrible was their plight at the time that the officer could not refrain from appealing to the vision to help them. Then, as if the enemy had also seen the apparition, the Germans abandoned their positions in precipitate terror. In other instances men had written about seeing CLOUDS OF CELESTIAL HORSEMEN hovering over the British lines.

Miss Callow also adds that a nurse at the Front on one occasion asked her patients why they were so strangely silent, to which the men replied, "We have had strange experiences, which we do not care to talk about. We have seen many of our mates killed, but they are fighting for us still."

As I go to press, the *Liverpool Evening Express* of August 23 publishes a sworn affidavit from Private Robert Cleaver, of the 1st Cheshire Regiment, who claims himself to have witnessed the vision of the angels at Mons.

THE ANGEL WARRIORS AT MONS.

So much interest has been shown in the stories current with regard to apparitions during the retreat from Mons and elsewhere, that I have issued a penny pamphlet (post free, 1½*d.*) dealing with the subject, and giving various historical parallels.* The evidence in detail is not yet as strong as one could wish, but it is so strong cumulatively that one cannot help feeling that a plausible case has been made out for the occurrence of these phenomena. At the same time I am reprinting in the present issue in smaller type Miss Phyllis Campbell's article, *The Angelic Leaders*, in view of the fact that owing to the great demand for last issue hundreds of readers were unable to obtain copies.

* *The Angel Warriors at Mons.* By Ralph Shirley. 16 pp., in coloured cover. London: The Newspaper Publicity Co., 61 Fleet Street, E.C. Price 1½*d.* post free.

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# OMENS AND WARNINGS OF THE WAR

By PHYLLIS CAMPBELL

ON May Day, 1914, I travelled as far as Metz with a young English Officer of Engineers—one of a party invited by the German Emperor to make a tour of the German fortifications and battle-fields of the Provinces conquered in 1870. He was a gay, handsome, manly boy of twenty-three or four, brimming over with the high spirits natural to immense physical vitality—yet with an underlying seriousness that is so remarkably evident in all men who have had an English public school education—the result I believe of their religious training, scanty as it seems. We were passing a grass-grown earthwork high over the waters of the Meuse, when he suddenly pointed it out to me, and said with a curious solemnity: "See that?—my grandfather was killed there in 1870."

"With the Germans?" I asked rather superfluously.

"No fear!" exclaimed the boy proudly. "My people are always on the Right Side."

"And you think France had the Right Side in *Soixante-dix?*" I asked.

"Yes," he returned positively, "I do."

"And you are going to be the Kaiser's guest," I laughed. "Tell me—if war broke out now—would you be with Germany or France?"

"With France," he replied instantly. "And I wish I had the luck."

"What! after eating the Kaiser's salt?"

"Oh no! Rather not." He brushed away the insinuation. "Fact is," he began with some embarrassment, "I'm not going to eat his salt. I'm on my own—my grandmother is—er—she can't stick the Germans, and we had such a rum thing happen—she—she's a believer in omens and all that you know. Are you?"

He broke off with a laugh—half embarrassment, half diffidence.

"You'll be amused——?"

I assured him I would not.

"Then I'll tell you—but it's an odd thing—and I don't know what to think of it. But, anyway, it's the reason why I came with the other chaps, but decided against the Kaiser's salt. My grandmother is an Irish woman. She adores my



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grandfather's memory. We all do. He was a hero. After his death, a French soldier arrived at her London house, famished with hunger and in rags. How he got there God knows. He had lost his right arm and was wounded in the head. He brought my grandfather's sword, his watch, and purse, and pocket book—all stained with blood, in the last few leaves his farewell to his wife, and a curious message. His sword was to be suspended under his portrait, in the old house where he was born, and 'when the time comes, let that one of his blood on whom it fell, fight on French soil, as he had fought, the same cruel and remorseless foe.'

"Now the queer thing is, that I am my grandfather's living image, and naturally the Old Lady is a bit fond of me If the mater wasn't such a real good sort, she would be jealous. Well, I was down there last week, and I was just sitting down to dinner —I must tell you that the Old Lady makes me take my grandfather's place at table, and the portrait with the suspended sword is immediately behind where he used to sit—and facing the Old Lady at the head of the table. Jones had pulled the chair out, and I had my hand on the back, when suddenly the sword rattled down on the mantelpiece, struck it sideways, the blade slid out of the scabbard, struck the back of the chair, a clear five feet away, and fell with the handle towards me and the point to the table centre, right across my plate. The Old Lady rose, and stood beside me looking at it.

"'Take it up,' she commanded. 'I have always known it would be you!'

"Well, there it was; I put it on to please her—feeling as if I were dreaming, you know. There won't be war with Germany for thirty years, our chaps say. But you know the queer thing is that I always feel the touch of that sword in my hand, and I feel as sure of war as of the sun rising, and there isn't a shadow of reason for it. But I promised the Old Lady two things—that I would pay my own expenses this trip, and that I would return before the 12th of July."

At that time the fear was, not war with Germany, but civil war. What happened is now history—and the young officer died on October 31, at Ypres, with his grandfather's sword in his hand. His younger brother carries it now fighting for the Right, as his house has always done.

A friend of mine is the last living representative of an ancient and semi-royal French family. In the time of Henri Quatre, the then head of the house was the intimate companion of that

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indomitable fighter. The present Comte de —— has known my youngest sister since she was a small child, and a pretty and romantic friendship has always existed between them. In January, 1914, she went to Germany to finish her education—she was not very happy there, and wrote frequently asking to be brought home to Paris.

On June 25 the Count dropped in to tea, as he did so often; we were not surprised to see him, but we were surprised at his restlessness and absence of mind. He was unable to sit still. He forgot his tea, upset the cakes, and was anything but himself. Finally he threw himself into a chair, and asked when Joan was coming home. I said not till the August holiday.

"Listen! my friend," he began with an air of great impressiveness. "She must return at once—go this day, and bring her back with you."

It flashed into my mind that Joan had been complaining of the German school again, and had thus wrought on her friend's emotions. I felt greatly annoyed, and said so. It would be out of the question to bring her away in the middle of the term for no reason but home-sickness—but the Count denied having heard from Joan at all. What then was his reason for desiring so imperatively her removal? The Count was not very willing to give it—but realizing the unreason of his demands, he bound us over not to talk of it, and told the following story:—

"I went last week for the week-end to my Chateau of ——. I took down with me a party, including the Prince and Princess N——, and we remained late playing Bridge and so on. I drank nothing. I am, as you know, on regimé, and can drink only a little Vichy. We parted at about 2.15, and I went to bed, falling immediately into a heavy sleep, from which I was suddenly awakened by some one shaking me violently by the arm. I sat up and confronted a man wearing an outrageously battered old hat, and a voluminous cloak sweeping the floor behind him. The moonlight fell right across his face, and I saw him distinctly. He had a long sunburnt face, with a strong jaw, and a firm humorous mouth. His eyes were extraordinarily bright under shaggy eyebrows, and I could see he wore one ear-ring under the shabby hat. His whole personality was quite familiar to me, but I could not recall his name—I just sat and stared at him speechlessly. Suddenly he shook me again as if admonishing my silence.

"'Wake up!' he whispered, calling me by my name. Some-

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body seemed to answer for me quite clearly by my side, 'I am awake, Sire.'

"'Up!' said the man, in tones of urgency. 'Arm! France needs thee!'

"He bent towards me as he spoke, and a sudden sense of impending disaster overwhelmed me; it seemed to me as if I must hasten to the uttermost to prevent catastrophe. The next instant I found myself standing in the middle of my room *alone*; the man in the shabby hat and the long cloak was gone absolutely. So was my sleep; I took a bath and dressed and read till my coffee came in. Afterwards I told my dream or vision to our old Curé, who explained to me something I had never heard—a tradition in my family, that always when France is threatened, Henri Quatre comes like that and, awakening the head of the house, calls him by name to arm for France. My father was called thus three times in 1870. Before the Revolution also, and after Moscow, it was the same. I am so convinced that war is approaching immediately with Germany that I implore you to bring the little one home. Nay, if you will not *I* will."

By this time he had so imbued my elder sister Margaret with his conviction that she agreed instantly to go for Joan. We started by the train leaving Paris at 6.35, and at midnight of June 24, she was with us again in Paris. For a fortnight after I was inclined to smile, somewhat ruefully, at the manner of getting her back, which was not without some unpleasantness. Then all other feelings were swallowed up in thankfulness—Joan was the only English girl out of thirteen who escaped unmolested, and we owed it indirectly to Henri of Navarre.

In the meantime we had been offered the loan of a beautiful little old house in the forest which spreads from St.-Germain-en-Laye to Compiègne. This house had been built in the time of François Premier, on two floors, spacious living rooms below, and sunny airy sleeping rooms above. It had been originally the hunting lodge of the noble who owned it, and each successive owner had enriched it with some rare or beautiful thing of his time. It had many little additions in odd places, paintings on the walls and carvings on the panelling, and in the garden many trees and plants exotic to France planted there by a Marshal of France who had brought them from Canada and the West Indies, in the time of Louis Quatorze, including a wonderful forest tree with a leaf like an exaggerated maidenhair which threw its long pale brown branches over the *grenier* roof. On July 14 our Bonne and the Concierge departed together for the town, leaving

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us to our own devices. We spent the day in the garden under the maidenhair tree, reading and writing letters. At sunset a strange mist fell on the air, such a stillness as enabled us to hear distinctly the music in the streets, and the cries of the dancers.

In all my years in France I had never known anything like the noise they made on July 14 of last year! The singing and dancing and music continued till the morning, as loud as if it were only a stone's throw away. Old Pierre, the gardener, crept in at 12.30 on his way home, his old face flushed with wine, his voice hoarse from much shouting. He was shaking in every limb. "Pardon me, ladies!" he apologized to the two girls, as he sat shakily down on a garden chair. "I am undone a little in myself. I have to-night met many old friends whom I have not seen for forty-four years. Sapristi! How proud they were, also; there was André for instance, my cousin, who helped me to bury the Prussian sous-officier in the Fosse in *Soixante-dix*, and behold he would not speak to me, and old Abbé Crequez, whom they hanged, the dirty Prussians! from this tree. I assure you all they did that infamy, and I dug a hole and buried him there just under the white rose—that little blush in the rose is the good Abbé's kind heart. Sapristi! Yes, I assure you, and the Prussians hung him and took the sacred vessels away with them. A strange thing, monsieur, that I should meet the Abbé, is it not? and he hanged forty-four years ago, and he blessed me also, as he used to do, but he was in haste with the Viaticum pressed to himself thus, and his head sideways as I last saw it"

Pierre gave a gruesomely realistic representation of the manner in which the murdered Abbé hung his head, and we shuddered simultaneously, and hastened to get rid of him by filling up his glass again and advising him to hurry into bed. He tottered as far as the door, and turned before entering. "Ecoutez!" he said solemnly, his finger uplifted, "singing and dancing to the music—it is *Soixante-dix* all over again! All over again! Presently they will be weeping, those ones, just as they did before." We avoided each other's eyes as we ascended the polished staircase on the way to our rooms. We felt, each after her own fashion, uncomfortable and ill at ease, and each tried to hide it from the other by an assumption of great cheerfulness. We all laughed at Pierre and his ghosts; it was no uncommon thing, we told each other, for men of eighty-three to see ghosts, especially after celebrations. So we went to bed, where the excessive heat, and the shrieks of merriment from the dancers kept us awake till after two a.m., then I fell asleep, and was

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awakened almost immediately by the most horrible outcry I ever heard. With one simultaneous bound both girls were in my room clinging to me in terror. It was an old reedy feeble voice coming apparently from the room overhead. We all heard the words quite distinctly, "The Prussians are coming! The Prussians are coming again!"

The old voice shrilled out in an agony of fear three times and died away again. Then there was a sound as if a body had fallen, and a shuffling, rustling sound followed, like some one on hands and knees crawling towards the door.

Frankly, I admit that the perspiration was dripping from me. It would be impossible to convey an idea of the concentrated fear and horror in that terrible wailing old voice. Instinctively I grasped the girls' arms and listened for the sound of marching feet. There was nothing but the soft whisper of the maidenhair tree beginning to stir in the wind of dawn.

"M'sieu', M'sieu'!" old Pierre was beating softly with his palms against the panelling of the corridor. I went to the door and opened it. "Did you hear? Oh, mon Anglais! did you hear? the Prussians are coming!"

"No! no! Pierre," said Joan, suddenly, "it was you."

"No, mademoiselle, no!" he protested. "I would it were so—but alas! that is the cry of the old Abbé whom they hanged. He would not say it again unless it were so."

At this moment the Concierge and Anna appeared together, clasping each other's hands. Anna's fat face was blanched to a pasty whiteness, and Madame Duprat looked all eyes.

"You heard?" demanded Pierre in his quavery voice. "My girl, you cannot remember—you were but three years old."

"Oh, but my father, I *do* remember," wept the Concierge. "I remember perfectly—it is the old Abbé—I was with him when he saw them coming and cried out like that."

"Truly thou art a clever one!" Old Pierre was so lost in admiration of his daughter's memory, that for the moment he forgot his fears. Then he began to weep again and to recount his meeting with the long dead Abbé in the forest, and his daughter persuaded him gently to his bed in the *grenier*.

Shaken and terrified we went to bed again, though the sunlight was beginning to pour through the slats of the shutters, and slept through sheer exhaustion.

In the morning Anna, the German Bonne, declared she must return to Mainz—she felt ill. She departed that morning, and with her went all the contents of her master's bureau (he was

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a Secretary in the French Foreign Office). The theft was not discovered till the mobilization was over, and fortunately there was no paper of any importance to the enemy, though much necessary to the well-being of our kind host.

Recounting this curious episode to Madame d'A—— in St. Germain, she grew very pale, and glanced sideways at her husband, who hastily picked up his Panama, and mumbling some excuse went out. The d'A——s are a very old and devoted Catholic family, and fearing I had offended her husband's prejudices by my story, I apologized to madame.

"No! no!" she cried; "on the contrary, ours is a family in which such things have happened. One has happened just at the instant, and it is that has upset him."

Briefly this is what Madame d'A—— told us.

In the reign of Louis XVI an ancestress of M. d'A—— was Governess to the children of France, and the trusted friend of Marie Antoinette. This ancestress was a true child lover, and beside her great rambling old château, she had built a long low quadrangle of little white houses, each with a tiny garden behind it, and facing a square of beautiful lawn, with a fountain in its midst, and in each little house she had a family of children, picked off the streets of Paris for the most part. Little waifs and strays, whom she fed and housed, and taught—sometimes five or six in a house, with a lay sister from the Augustine convent in charge.

Madame d'A—— of that date was before her time; she held that the hope of France was in her little children. Fortunately for her they loved her dearly, and they repaid her well—for in such esteem did the hundreds of children who had passed through her hands hold her, that they saved her, almost by main force, from the Sea-green Monster, and forced the Revolution to house her in her own quadrangle among her beloved waifs.

And a home for waifs and strays it continued to be till 1870, when the Prussians came to St.-Germain-en-Laye, and a company of the Prussian Guard was billeted in the little houses, then, as they had always been, presided over by a daughter of the Foundress's ancient family—a beautiful saintly nun.

In 1870 the German Army pillaged, murdered and raped even as they do now. Only in 1870 the world would not believe what every French man and woman knew. The officer commanding the Prussians tried to outrage the nun, and she struck him dead at her feet, being prepared, as all women were, for the German. She died herself almost instantly after, preferring,

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in her proud fashion, death by her own hand to dishonour.

Then as now, the German punished vicariously. Her youngest brother, a boy of fifteen, was brought to the side of the dead nun, told of her splendid crime, and shot. M. d'A——, then a prisoner of war at Mont Valerian, was sent for, and forced to bury his sister and brother in the little convent garden. On July 21, 1914, he was planting flowers on the grave, and looking up casually he saw beside him, standing hand in hand, the dead nun and his murdered brother. They stood regarding him at first seriously, and their lips moved—but he heard nothing. Then both smiled on him, and he thought they spoke the name of his elder son, who had just gone up for his service. Then something *within him* spoke distinctly and quietly for about five minutes, commanding him to go instantly to a certain friend of his, the commandant of a vitally important military centre, and tell him a certain thing concerning his wife, a very beautiful Alsatian lady, but of German parentage. M. d'A—— was overcome with horror at the prospect of delivering this message, and while he protested dumbly the vision passed. Madame had insisted on the message being delivered and had herself accompanied her husband to the Commandant. Instead of being furiously indignant, as they naturally expected, the Commandant was at first speechless, then questioned them closely till every word of the ghostly communication was in writing. When it was finished he told them of a singular dream he had had, almost identical in detail with M. d'A——'s vision.

The sequel to this story is, the day before war was declared the Commandant's wife disappeared and with her certain important papers. When she was found on the French frontier with these in her possession, she believed she had stolen the plans for the French mobilization. But, as her husband explained to her in the brief interval before she paid the penalty exacted by France for espionage in high places or low, those plans had not been sent to him but to his subordinate, thanks to the warning conveyed by M. d'A——.

These are only a few of the stories current among French people of happenings that took place before the great war came. There were great omens known to many, such as the sudden gust of wind which carried the immortelles off the statues of the lost Provinces, leaving them clean of all mourning, and the fall of the Kaiser's portrait in a certain gallery, and if rumours are to be trusted, among the Hohenzollerns themselves have appeared many signs and warnings that their day is come to an end, and they must needs prepare for the long night that will close over them.

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# MAGIC AND SORCERY IN ANCIENT MEXICO

By LEWIS SPENCE, Author of "The Myths of Mexico and Peru," etc.

THE occult history of old Mexico is at least as obscure as that of ancient Egypt. The principal authorities regarding Mexican magic and sorcery are the works of the Spanish conquerors and their immediate descendants. But little is to be gleaned from native sources, and the belief that the ancient Mexican and Maya hieroglyphic paintings possess any magical significance may here be disposed of once and for ever. These are mostly calendric in their significance, and their only connexion with occultism is that they may have been employed for astrological purposes. Of occult secrets they hold none, and for the records of sorcery in the land of the Aztecs we have to fall back upon the writings of Spanish priests, who were naturally unfriendly to the science they discussed, and to its practitioners.

Therefore, we have to search among anathemas for notices of the Black Art in Anahuac, the "Place by the Water." An intensive examination of the subject points to resemblances and affinities between the occultism of the peoples of Mexico and the Red Man of North America. For it is necessary to remember that the Aztec and Chichimec inhabitants of the Mexican Valley were closely related to the Indians of British Columbia and the Zuñi of New Mexico, and that, although they had fallen heirs to an ancient and complex civilization, they received the rudiments of this when in a condition of savagery.

The early settlers in New Spain, as Mexico was designated under Castilian rule, frequently allude to the *naualli*, or magician caste. The name is derived from a root "na," which contains the germ of a group of words meaning "to know." These men were masters of mystic knowledge, practitioners in the Black Art, sorcerers or wizards. They were not invariably evilly disposed, but as a class they were feared and disliked. Our earliest information regarding them is to be found in the *History of New Spain* of Father Sahagun, which says of them—

"The *naualli*, or magician, is he who frightens men and



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sucks the blood of children during the night. He is well skilled in the practice of this trade, he knows all the arts of sorcery (*nauallotl*), and employs them with cunning and ability; but for the benefit of men only, not for their injury. Those who have recourse to such arts for evil intents injure the bodies of their victims, cause them to lose their reason and smother them. These are wicked men and necromancers."

Father Juan Bautistia, in a work of instruction to confessors, printed at Mexico in the year 1600, says :—

"There are magicians who call themselves *teciuhtlazque*, and also by the term *nanahualtin*, who conjure the clouds when there is danger of hail, so that the crops may not be injured. They can also make a stick look like a serpent, a mat like a centipede, a piece of stone like a scorpion, and similar deceptions. Others of these *nanahualtin* will transform themselves to all appearance (*segun la aparencia*) into a tiger, a dog or a weasel, Others, again, will take the form of an owl, a cock or a weasel; and when one is preparing to seize them, they will appear now as a cock, now as an owl, and again as a weasel. These call themselves *nanahualtin*."

This passage recalls to us the contest between the magician and the princess in the *Arabian Nights*. Some of the leading questions which the clergy put to members of their flock whom they suspected of the practice of sorcery throw light upon the nature of the magical rites indulged in. For example, Nicolas de Leon puts into the mouth of the priest such questions as the following :—

"Art thou a soothsayer? Dost thou foretell events by reading signs, or by interpreting dreams, or by water, making circles and figures on its surface? Dost thou sweep and ornament with flower garlands the places where idols are preserved? Dost thou know certain words with which to conjure for success in hunting, or to bring rain?

"Dost thou suck the blood of others, or dost thou wander about at night, calling upon the Demon to help thee? Hast thou drunk *peyotl*, or hast thou given it to others to drink, in order to find out secrets, or to discover where stolen or lost articles were? Dost thou know how to speak to vipers in such words that they obey thee?"

It is interesting to observe that, as under similar primitive social conditions elsewhere, the Mexican sorcerer is suspect of vampirism. The intoxicant *peyotl* which they are here said to employ is a species of the genus *cocolia*, having a white tuberous

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root, which is the part made use of. The Aztecs were said to have derived their knowledge of it from an older race which preceded them in the land, and Sahagun states that those who eat or drink of it see visions, sometimes horrible, sometimes merely ludicrous. The intoxication it causes lasts several days. In a list of beverages prohibited by the Spanish authorities in 1784 it is described as "made from a species of vinagrilla, about the size of a billiard ball." The natives were wont to masticate it, and then place it in a wooden mortar, where it was left to ferment, after which it was eaten. Another plant employed by the *naualli* for the purpose of inducing ecstatic vision was the *ololiuhqui*, the seeds of which were made use of externally. They were one of the elements in a mysterious unguent known as *teopatli*, or "the divine remedy," into the composition of which they entered along with the ashes of spiders, scorpions and other noxious insects. This ointment was smeared over the body, and was believed to constitute an efficient protection against evil agencies.

Just as the witches of mediæval Europe were in the habit of taking drugs to assist levitation, rubbing themselves with the ointment known as "witches' butter," preparatory to setting forth on the ride to the Sabbath, so did the sorcerers of ancient Mexico intoxicate themselves by the use of some potent drug, or apply unguents to their bodies when they desired to travel afield. Says Acosta :—

"Some of these sorcerers take any shape they choose, and fly through the air with wonderful rapidity and for long distances. They will tell what is taking place in remote localities long before the news could possibly arrive. The Spaniards have known them to report mutinies, battles, revolts and deaths, occurring two hundred or three hundred leagues distant, on the very day they took place, or the day after.

"To practise this art the sorcerers, usually old women, shu themselves in a house, and intoxicate themselves to the deg of losing their reason. The next day they are ready to ual to questions."

But all the terrors of Spanish ecclesiasticism could oject an end to the practice of magic among the Mexicans. then feats of sorcery flourished in every Mexican town protect Sahagun tells us how a class of professional con ime spot, who could roast maize on a cloth without fire, p ccompany or well filled with fishes from nowhere, and aft ult had the and burning huts, restore them to their origin just as the themselves into

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conjurer, asserts the chronicler, might on occasion even dismember himself and then achieve the miracle of self-resurrection!

Perhaps a higher caste of the *naualli* were the *naualteteuctin*, or "master magicians," who were also known as *teotlauice*, or "sacred companions in arms." Entrance to this very select order might only be attained after severe and prolonged tests of initiation. The head and patron of the society was the god Quetzalcoatl, or "Feathered Serpent," a deity of the mysterious elder race, the Toltecs, who had been forced from the soil of Mexico by the inroads of the less cultured Aztecs and allied tribes.

Divination and the kindred arts were professed by the *tonalpouhque*, or diviners, whose principal instrument was the *tonalamatl*, the "book of days," or calendar. When a child was born one of these priest-seers was called in and requested to cast its horoscope. But as a general rule no enterprise of any kind was engaged in without taking the advice of this brotherhood.

Out of the system of magic obtaining in ancient Mexico arose the body of modern esoteric or magico-religious belief called *Nagualism*. The ideas embraced in its tenets are but little known to Europeans, and this ceases to be surprising when it is discovered that Nagualism was originally instituted by the remnant of native priests and sorcerers who survived Spanish persecution, for the purpose of combatting and counteracting the effects of the Christian faith which had been forced upon the natives, and which was regarded by them merely as a cloak for the exactions and oppressions of its ministers and professors. Thus all sacraments and holy ceremonies were annulled or counteracted in private by the priests of the sect immediately after they had been celebrated by the Spanish ecclesiastics.

This mysterious secret society embraced numerous communities, and its members were classed under various degrees. Initiation into them was by ceremonies of the most onerous and solemn description. Local brotherhoods were organized, there were certain recognized centres of the cult, as, for example, at Huehuetan in the province of Soconusco, at Totonicapan in Guatemala, Zamayac in Suchiltepec and Teozapotlan. At each of these places dwelt a high priest or chief who had beneath his sway often as many as a thousand exercised control over all the Nagualistic practitioners in a large district. The priesthood of this cabalistic society was military. The highest grade appears to have been that of *Xochiquetzalca*, or "flower weaver," probably because of

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the skill they possessed to deceive the senses by strange and pleasant visions.

The magical pretensions of this secret caste was well illustrated by their behaviour in the Maya revolt which broke out near Valladolid, Yucatan, in 1761. It was led by a full-blood native, Jacinto Can-Ek, who claimed for himself occult powers of no common order and announced himself as a high priest of Nagualism, a sorcerer and a master and teacher of magic. Addressing his followers, he urged them not to be afraid of the Spaniards, their forts and cannon, "for among the many to whom I have taught the arts of magic (*el arte de brujeria*) there are fifteen chosen ones, marvellous experts, who by their mystic powers will enter the fortress, slay the sentinels, and throw open the gates to our warriors. I shall take the leaves of the sacred tree, and folding them into trumpets, I shall call to the four winds of heaven, and a multitude of fighting men will hasten to our aid." Then he produced a sheet of paper, held it up to show that it was blank, folded it and spread it out again covered with writing. This act convinced his followers of his occult abilities, and they rushed to arms, but only to meet with defeat and an ignominious death.

The basis of Nagualist magic was the belief in a personal guardian spirit or familiar. This was known as the *nagual*, and was apportioned to each child at its birth. In a History of Guatemala written about 1690 by Francisco Fuentes y Guzman, the author gives some information about a sorcerer who on arrest was examined as to the manner of assigning the proper *nagual* to a child. When informed of the day of its birth, he presented himself at the house of the parents, and taking the child outside invoked the demon. He then produced a little calendar which had against each day a picture of a certain animal or object. Thus in the *nagual* calendar for January, the first day of the month was represented by a lion, the second by a snake, the eighth by a rabbit, the fourteenth by a toad, the nineteenth by a jaguar, and so on. The invocation over, the *nagual* of the child would appear under the form of the animal or object set opposite its birthday in the calendar. The sorcerer then addressed certain prayers to the *nagual*, requesting it to protect the child, and told the mother to take it daily to the same spot, where its *nagual* would appear to it, and would finally accompany it through life. Some of the worshippers of this cult had the power of transforming themselves into the *nagual*, just as the witches of mediæval Europe were able to turn themselves into



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certain animals. Thomas Gage, an English Catholic who acted as priest among the Maya of Guatemala about 1630, describes in his *New Survey of the West Indies* the supposed metamorphosis of two chiefs of neighbouring tribes, and the mortal combat in which they engaged, which resulted in the death of one of them. But a Nagualist of power was by no means confined to a single transformation, and was capable of taking on many and varied shapes. Speaking of one of the great magician-kings of the Kiche of Guatemala, the *Popol Vuh*, a wonderful native book, states that Gucumatz, the sorcerer-monarch in question, could transform himself into a serpent, an eagle, a tiger, and even into lower forms of life. Many of the confessions of the natives to the Catholic priests remind one forcibly of those which were discovered by the European witch trials of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Thus an old man in his dying confession declared that by diabolical art he had transformed himself into his *nagual*, and a young girl of twelve confessed that the Nagualists had transformed her into a bird, and that in one of her nocturnal flights she had rested on the roof of the very house in which the parish priest resided.

It is strange that a religion despised and discredited and forced into dark and remote places of hiding should almost invariably assume the complexion of magic. Indeed, the religion of an alien or conquered race usually seems to have a magical significance to its conquerors. It is also remarkable that on entering into this subterranean phase it takes on a new lease of life, growing stronger and more hardy the more it is assailed; just as Druidism was strengthened by being driven into the remote island of Anglesey, where it speedily took on the colour of pure magic, so Nagualism, driven into the caves and wild places of Mexico and Yucatan, became so powerful locally as to baffle the most intense watchfulness of the Spanish priesthood. It is easy to understand that when vengeance becomes the main object of a people, the higher elements of their national faith become neglected, and those which they believe will assist them against the hated oppressor occupy their attention more fully. So Nagualism, or the magical part of the Mexican religion, flourished apace, in contradistinction to its more exalted tenets, becoming ever more firmly established as time advanced. Thus when the Austrian traveller, Dr. Scherzer, visited Guatemala in 1854 he found the Nagualist system in full force in the more remote districts, and there is every reason to believe that it flourishes there at the present day.

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But metamorphosis and prophecy were not the only magical weapons of the Nagualists. Their arts were manifold. They could render themselves invisible and walk unseen among their enemies. They could transport themselves to distant places, and returning, report what they had witnessed. Like the fakirs of India, they could create before the eyes of the spectator rivers, trees, houses, animals and other objects. They could to all appearance rip themselves open, cut a limb from the body of another person and replace it, and pierce themselves with knives without bleeding. They could handle venomous serpents and not be bitten, cause mysterious sounds in the air, hypnotize both persons and animals, and invoke visible and invisible spirits, which would instantly appear. Needless to say, they were regarded by the natives with a mixture of terror and respect.

The details of the ceremonies and doctrines of Nagualism have never been fully revealed, and it is only from scattered passages in the writings of the Spanish colonists that we can throw any light on this mysterious magical system. One of the most remarkable features in connexion with this brotherhood was the exalted position it assigned to women. It is, of course, a circumstance well known to students of occultism that the religion of a discredited and conquered race very frequently has to fall back upon the services of women, either as priests or conservators of its mysteries. This may become necessary through the decimation of the male portion of the race, or because of their constant warfare with those who threaten to overrun their territory. Does this account for the genesis of witchcraft as being almost a purely female manifestation? Be this as it may, the Nagualists appear, like similar confraternities, to have admitted women to their most esoteric degrees, and even occasionally advanced them to the very highest posts in the organization. Pascual de Andagoya states out of his own knowledge that some of these female adepts were so far advanced in magical knowledge as to be able to be in two places at once, as much as a league and a half apart. Repeated references to powerful enchantresses are discovered in the Spanish-American writings of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Acosta, in his *Natural and Moral History of the Indies*, speaks of a certain Coamizagual, queen of Cerquin in Honduras, who was deeply versed in all occult science, and who at the close of her earthly career rose to heaven in the form of a beautiful bird, in the midst of a terrible thunderstorm. Jacinto de la Serna says that the Nagualists were taught the art of transforming themselves into animal forms by a mighty

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enchantress called Quilaztli. Such a dread being it was who when Pedro de Alvarado was marching through Guatemala in 1524, took her stand at the summit of a pass with her familiar in the shape of a dog to prevent his approach by spells and nagualistic incantations. In 1713, too, an Indian girl known to the Spaniards as Maria Candelaria headed a revolt of 70,000 Nagualists, over whom she had the power of life and death. After a revolt characterized by the most merciless brutality she succeeded in making her escape into the forest. Mr. E. G. Squier, travelling in Central America, about the third quarter of the nineteenth century, met a woman called by the Indians Asukia, who lived amid the ruins of an old Maya temple. The Abbé Brasseur de Bourbourg encountered another such witch in the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, who was dressed in the most magnificent manner. He described her as a person of the most fascinating appearance. Her eyes, he says, were intensely bright, but there were moments when they became fixed and dead like those of a corpse. Was it, he asks, a momentary absence of soul, an absorption of her spirit into its *nagual*?

These facts seem sufficient for the establishment of the hypothesis that Nagualism was not merely a belief in a guardian spirit. From other sources we know that the Nagualists had meetings, the dances and ceremonies which remind one of the Witches' Sabbath, and there is little doubt that it was a powerful secret organization extending over a wide area, bound together by mystic rites and necromantic and occult doctrines. In such a short sketch as the foregoing only the surface of the subject can be presented, but it may serve to show that, like other communities boasting an ancient civilization, Mexico possessed a well-defined system of magical science, a system which yet survives in regions where the European lords of the soil have not yet succeeded in penetrating.

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# THE PAPER MAN: A DREAM

By NEVILLE MEAKIN

BELOW the great city lay like a map, its lights glimmering faintly, the river a silver thread winding out of gloom into gloom. At first nothing was clearly seen, the parks were but spaces of blackness, the loftiest buildings only hillocks in the plain of roofs, the widest of London's thoroughfares as furrows in a field. But gradually spires, columns, and towers shot up, the streets broadened, even men became visible as ants running to and fro, each full of unknown conflicting purpose. The river appeared, vanished and reappeared, now calm and desolate, gliding between quiet banks, now full of shipping, lined with crowded docks. I had passed over it from north to south; again I was crossing, south to north, nearer and nearer at each passing.

The whirlpool of London had caught me in its swirl and was drawing me deeper and deeper into its vortex.

But whence had I come and what was I? A floating wreath of grey mist, nothing more, a being without body, filmy, formless, more impalpable than air, yet something, some one, for I thought. From some other world I had descended, some world of which I remembered nothing, not even the manner of my descent; I knew only that I had come to behold and to learn, and I surrendered myself to the eddy without fear.

Faster and faster the soundless whirlpool rushed, smaller and smaller the circles, louder and louder the noise of the streets contended with the gusty night winds that tossed the smoke hither and thither, but the eddy that swept me on knew nothing of London's mirth nor the bubbling of her tortured air. I too, being of the swirl, heard the tumult of the place of men without heeding it, saw without noting, for on a sudden a loneliness smote me, and I sought for a being like myself, who might read me the riddle of the world in which I was and the world that was below.

It seemed that other wisps of mist floated round me, differing from the eddy as white of egg formed in water differs from the water. Their shape, too, was after the fashion of an egg, but they swept by careless of my presence. I could not greet



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them, perchance there was not language in their place, or perchance I had not the key. For it came to me that they were souls of men and women, dead and doomed to haunt the vortex of the whirl, while I was but a living soul brought within by chance or fate for a little space only and for an unknown end. Between them and me was a gulf fixed.

Down drew the vortex of the whirl, a blank and then stillness. I seemed to have passed the great eddy of void, though I was not of it, for still I remained bodyless, floating without motion above the pavement of a street, Piccadilly.

It was night, but yet early, neither the most crowded now nor yet the emptiest. Dowdy women of the pavement passed and repassed, men went in and out of cafés and clubs. Sometimes I thought that dark shapes of dead souls flitted below me, clinging round the women, striving to enmesh the men. I watched without attraction, without repulsion, for amid all these livng souls and their attendant spirits accursed, I found no one who seemed to me akin.

Then suddenly a strange pair attracted me. One was an artist. He carried a portfolio under his arm and walked rapidly, threading his way through the crowd homewards. He was rather over the average height, young and strong with blue eyes and a fair Vandyke beard. He wore a black velvet jacket, a soft felt hat, and a loud flaring tie, yet despite his energy and look of intellect, there was a pucker of care between his brows; he was no stranger to trouble, hopeful though his step was now.

But his companion even more than himself arrested me. Beside him walked, or rather glided, a man, or the semblance of a man. This being, if being it was, seemed the very copy of the artist, but was a shape without substance, as though fashioned of the frailest tissue paper, and within but empty air. The face was the face of the artist, but all changed. Feature and feature was the same, yet the look of power, the strength of mind, was gone. The eyes were abstracted as in contemplated adoration; the lips parted a little, as though dwelling on the memory of a kiss. A pinkish glow seemed to suffuse from within suggesting a Japanese lantern faintly illuminated by a red lamp. Perhaps the heart of this being, if heart it had, glowed with undying fire.

For a little I floated over them, watching both, the artist and the Paper Man. The artist seemed unconscious of his strange comrade, and the Paper Man of him, yet never did

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they separate. Wherever the artist went, the Paper Man slid on beside him, without ever turning his head, following without effort of will, wrapped forever in his very dream. I noticed, too that no one seemed to perceive the Paper Man.

Who, what was the Paper Man? Was he a phantom that I alone could behold, and why did he cling thus to the artist, a shadow yet not a shadow. I was consumed by the passion to know; but how?

The thought came to me that I myself was even less material than the Paper Man, that I could pass whither I would, through even the midst of men. I hovered over the artist, from him, through him, still baffled in my attempt to find the mystery.

Then shaking myself, as it were, into a cloud of unseen vapour I descended upon the artist, enveloping him. But he felt nothing. I willed to enter within him, and, gathering together, I absorbed myself within his body; but still he knew nothing, felt nothing. As a sponge holds water he held me all ignorantly. What his ears heard, his eyes saw, his mind thought, planned and willed, all was clear to me as the page of a printed book; I could read his inmost soul.

But over his doings I had no control, and my own senses remained my own thoughts, my own will. The sponge and the water are in one place, but not one. The first thing that I learned was that the artist did not perceive the Paper Man; that I saw, and watched he taught the artist nothing. He carried me and my question unheeding. He held in himself the answer, that I understood; and I vowed to remain till I found the truth.

I abandoned watching the streets and even the Paper Man, and watched instead the thoughts within my careless heart. I read that he was poor, that the struggle was hard, but that to-night a dealer had given him hope. He was to sell a few pictures, to get a commission for others. He saw bright prospects, built castles in Spain, and was bringing his dreams to his wife.

He walked on, and I watched all his thoughts. Once he stopped at a flower-girl's appeal. She offered him a dark rose for his sweetheart. The Paper Man stood by dimly illuminated, gazing ever at that vision wonderful. The artist bought the rose.

Quick was his mind, full of many fancies lightly started, but all moved inwards to one centre, the thought of the woman whom he loved. Long or short, straight or crooked the course, she was the bourne.

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He lodged in a mean street, at the very top of the house. The staircase was dingy, unlit; but it was the stair of paradise to him. He ran up lightly, and by his side slid ever the Paper Man.

The attic formed his studio, I perceived, and also the chief living-room. The door was in the narrow side; in the opposite angle a small fireplace with a hob, to the right of which was an old armchair. A wooden stool, bearing a litter of chalks and rags, stood in the corner where the roof sloped down. Overhead were glass windows, none in the walls. His easel and a stock of paints were behind the armchair; a few Turkish rugs relieved the bare boards; a helmet and shield glittered over the mantel-shelf, on which stood a meerschaum and a tin of Latakia.

In the midst of the room was a deal table with two places laid. Some sausages were frying over the tiny fire. Evidently with bread and cheese they were the entire meal. But the woman who was cooking it was the object of his thoughts, and at that I did not wonder. Her dress might be cheap, ill-fitting, even slatternly, that could only make her beauty seem out of its true sphere, but have no power to dim it. She stood up facing him as he came to kiss her. But to me it seemed that her lips were cold, the wealth of her red brown hair that glowed in the firelight held no warmth for him.

He gave her the rose with a lover's speech and gesture. She accepted it indifferently with some muttered word about waste. Then they sat down to their supper, and he told her of his hopes.

Meanwhile the Paper Man had entered with us, and was near. He had not changed, only he seemed to look ever towards the woman, as did the artist himself. She did not see him, that I understood. Only once he altered, yet it might have been but a fancy. For when she received her husband's gift so hardly, I knew that there was a chill in the artist's heart, and I looked at the Paper Man. I thought that the glow within him seemed to flicker for an instant, and again I wondered what he was, what was the hidden meaning that with all my power I could not read aright.

The artist had gained a little money, a very little, for some of his sketches, and he built for her his castles in Spain. They were not new to me, I but dwelt in his body and watched the woman. She listened, saying little. She needed few words, for her beauty spoke for her.

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But I noticed certain things. He talked of the days when fame should come and wealth, when she would not need to toil, hurting her hands and making her fingers rough that should wear other jewels than the plain gold ring. At this her eyes, dark dreamy eyes, kindled a little, and she smiled sleepily.

What the artist did not see, I saw. It was not only work that made her fingers rough, the one blemish on her loveliness. Fair was her face, shapely her form, but the soul within had shown one trace of its true self without.

Afterwards he went over to the fire, sat in the armchair, filled the meerschaum with his tobacco and smoked. Beside him, in the corner on the wooden stool that was covered with the litter of the craft, sat the Paper Man, pinkly luminous, staring at his rosy dream, smiling his never-changing, child-like smile. They were happy, that strange pair, man and shadow, man and wraith; but wraith of what? They were happy, that was all I knew; and the artist's busy brains were bright pictures while the Paper Man dreamt of him.

Within the artist's body I turned to look behind him, towards the table where the woman was clearing the supper. I saw her counting over the few coins he had gained and given her. She pocketed them with a shrug, ungracefully. Then she looked at his unconscious back. Her face grew hard, stony with contempt; she despised him.

But he did not know, and still the Paper Man smiled like a child that nestles against his mother's bosom.

So in that attic studio we dwelt together—he, she, and I, and that other, the Paper Man. I knew too well their hearts, and only one thing was hid from me. She knew too, but nothing of my presence nor of the other's, and he nought at all. And the Paper Man existed unchanging, following his lord. Knowledge could never be his, that I understood, though not yet understanding why.

I stayed to learn. Their history was simple: a young artist, a beautiful model; a man with ideas, a woman with ambitions; he wedding for love below his class, she marrying that some day she might be raised above hers; poverty and struggle following. It was a common tale, yet a romance to him that might have been a poem for both, but she had no liking to make it so. From her nought fair could be born, by her dwelt nothing, not even so fragile a being as the Paper Man. Was she the cause, I wondered, that he was so frail, in all his mimicry to substance

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so nigh to nought. Could I have feared or sorrowed I had trembled for his life, if life he had, when I saw the hardness of her face. But without human body as I was, a sojourner in another's form, I had but the passion, the desire, to know.

Time passed. How long I do not know, for having no needs of the flesh, the change of day and night, the round of little earthly needs, had no claim upon me, and there was no call for me to count the passing hours. The Paper Man, too, ate not, nor slept, remaining ever the same, lost in beatitude. Yet sometimes I thought that he grew frailer, and that the glow within him sometimes failed. But it was only for an instant, when such things chanced as the giving of the rose.

Time passed, but brought no fortune to the artist. Sometimes he painted furiously, his brain creating noble things, which he dared not attempt, for he needed money, and must work to sell. He wrought in black and white and sought vainly to find a buyer; he tried to teach his craft, but he was married and could get no post. Still he had one hope, in the dealer who had spoken him fair before I became his unknown guest. Of his failure he told her nothing; but she knew. And ever accompanied him the Paper Man. Surely, though his face never changed, surely he grew more frail.

One by one the Turkish rugs disappeared. He suffered, but she took the money, and while he smoked over the fire, would eye him with ever deepening contempt. I saw, but he never saw, and on the stool in the corner smiled happily the Paper Man.

The helmet and shield went too. They were relics of his race, his forefathers had carried them in battle, and it wrung his heart to bid them go. He smoked slowly and sadly that night, but it was for her sake. All his sorrows were for her, and she took the money, saying only that he had been cheated, they were worth more. I knew too well he had been cheated, robbed, in all ways, of his due. But the Paper Man, happy in having no power to know, sat ever in his corner glimmering roseate, frailer but smiling still.

She despised him more and more, and I watched her while he stared into the fire. I knew all his thoughts now, the centre ever the same, like the Paper Man, the ceaseless planning for money, that she might not starve, one unvarying endless round. He dared not create; it wasted time. Once art had reigned, taking him into a higher world of his own making. From that

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world now he shut himself out to scheme for her. He felt helpless, and he too despised himself, doubting himself. In the one test comprehended by the world, the test of making money, he was tried and found wanting, and he knew it. Yet he had still his love and trust, still his one gleam of life, still beside him the Paper Man. So he tortured himself vainly, like a beetle twirling on his pin, so ran the artist's mind. But knowing it all I watched her. A new look was in those sleepy eyes when his back was turned. She would play with her wedding ring, slipping it up and down. Hardness and scorn were in her glance, and something else, cunning.

He was starved, worn and thin, but she showed no sign of pinch or want. I turned to the Paper Man. So unsubstantial was he now that he was but the shadow of himself, the shadow of a shadow. Could nothing make him real, I wondered? Yet he smiled as of old. What was the secret of his being? Could she have made him real? I should know the answer soon.

The meerschaum had disappeared, in its place was a brier. There was no more Latakia in the jar on the mantelpiece, only shag, and she complained that it made her cough. The jar vanished too, and he ceased to smoke. On her lips, in her eyes, was that cunning craft, while the pucker of care deepened on his brow. There was no change in the face of the Paper Man.

At last came a night of rain and storm. With it came a letter from the dealer. He took it up trembling. She watched him oddly, while he tore it open, looking inside for what was not there. The note was polite, its words encouraging, but the pictures had not sold, the commission was not to be obtained. What use was it to him to be told that his work was full of promise? That was for years to come, not for now.

Then he told her, while at his side stood the Paper Man. Was I mistaken, or was there a change in that unchang 'm of a face, a look in those abstracted eyes, as of one the earl g for reality, for life, to be made true and no more a shad( *of Ivel*

The artist was speaking, slowly, b okenly, then wi app rush of words the cry of a man broken on e wheel of fate oking rning not for himself, but for her whom hathad brought the right his starvation and his ruin. Yet even this dep rd, one caress from her could have lighte of th half his d or dying led the dumb prayer in the face of th at th aper M tor was ab tuous as once it had seemed, was now tra and i to me that th eyond al exit.

But she only listened, mute, on prag before Sir H yes. farew

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Even I, remote from all human feeling, a mind dispassionate and detached, had almost thought she would respond. And she only listened, doing nothing, cruel in her immobility, harder than the nether millstone in her calm acceptance, without pity and without reproach.

She put out a little bread, some water, and a few parings of cheese for supper, that was all. He stopped at last, and gave her one look, all his heart in it. She turned away, with a slight shrug of her beautiful shoulders. He flung himself in his chair, before the expiring fire.

Without, the rising wind wailed like a sick child, and the rain splashed on the rattling skylights. Only a stump of a candle lit the attic, barely penetrating into the corner where lay heaped his unsold canvasses, and the nook where was wont to sit the Paper Man.

I glanced round to him. This once he had not followed the artist, but stood by the table. I beheld the woman slip off her ring. She put it on an unused plate, the artist's, and went from the room without a backward look. After her slid the Paper Man.

The fire died down, the candle burned lower, the storm raged. Water began to drip through the skylights, making little pools on the bare floor, spoiling the canvasses, beating at the litter of chalks upon the wooden stool. Want and gloom rained inside, wind and rain, and black night without, but darkest of all was the artist's soul.

He sat huddled, beyond power of thought, in numb agony. I had known that this must come to him, but the abyss was deeper than I could fathom. He knew not my presence, he had never known, and I had no comfort to offer him in this extremity of suffering. Yet I lingered, for I had yet something to do, and here.

My powers were gradually I began to diffuse from his body, as the water would evaporate on vapour from the sponge. I heard faint sounds imperceptible to him; the woman moaned in their garret bedroom, frail. After a time she descended the stairs, very quietly. The despised door shut, then soon after the door of the attic studio opened into the there slid the Paper Man. But he was changed, horrible the same, changed. He Paper wet from the storm, the light had died that she had he was still as the phantom of a corpse, his eyes did not create and waste. Yet still he resembled the artist, more him into a higher world he was ghastly as the desolation in the artist's heart.

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# AS THE FLOWER GROWS

BEING AN INTERPRETATION OF "LIGHT ON THE PATH"

BY MABEL COLLINS, Author of "Light on the Path," "The Transparent Jewel," "The Crucible," "When the Sun Moves Northward," etc.

PART IV

DREAM consciousness, being the next consciousness to that of the ordinary waking state, is often attained by the normal person who is not making any definite effort to walk upon the Path. Its reality is demonstrated by the fact that not infrequently the dreamer sees something which is happening to persons in whom he is interested, at the very time of the event, as though his etheric form were transported to the scene of some great tragedy in order that he may be actually present at what is taking place. There are many recorded cases of this in the chapter on "Dreams" in *Human Personality*. A remarkable instance of this kind of "dream" consciousness, in which it is clear that the inner form of the dreamer was taken far from his body, in order to witness an occurrence of deep interest, is the dream of Mr. Tapping, in connexion with Mr. Laurence Irving's death.

Mr. Tapping, stage-manager of the Kingsway Theatre, was in the provinces when the tragedy happened at which he was invisibly present. On June 2, 1914, he gave the following account of his dream :—

"Last week," he said, "we were at Sheffield, and during the early hours of Friday morning, just about the time that the *Empress of Ireland* went down, I dreamt I was one of a gathering in a handsomely appointed room, where a number of people were assembled. They were mostly gentlemen, although there seemed to be a few ladies also. Looking round the room I plainly saw Sir Henry Irving seated at a table on the right hand side.

"His face had the waxy appearance of that of a dead or dying man. The people present seemed to realize that the great actor was about to quit for ever the scenes of his triumphs, and it seemed to me that this was his farewell appearance among his friends before his final exit.

"Then all present passed in solemn procession before Sir Henry's chair, and shook him by the hand in sad farewell. Irving's face gradually



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seemed to have a mist gathering on it, and his eyes were becoming dim. It was evident his strength was fast failing.

"When all the company had passed before him he rose, and, with one of those gestures we all remember so well, and in low, halting tones, as if overcome by the sympathy displayed towards him, he uttered the words, which I could hear quite plainly, 'I can endure it no longer.'

"Placing his hand on his forehead he bowed his head and disappeared, death having claimed him.

"The people then began to leave the room quickly, and when most of them had gone out I looked round again, and saw Mr. Laurence Irving, whom I had not noticed particularly during the mournful procession before his father. He was standing alone at the far end of the room. I went towards him and, stretching out my hand appealingly, exclaimed, 'Don't you see what is happening? Your father is dying. He has left us for ever.'

"The son looked past me with amazement in his eyes, and seemed for a moment as if he would collapse; but suddenly, drawing himself up and with a resolute expression on his face, he followed his father with unfaltering step.

"It was a most dramatic departure and made a deep impression on me. There was no farewell on the part of the son whose call to go seemed to come suddenly and unexpectedly.

"I did not see Miss Hackney, Laurence Irving's wife, among the company.

"On the same morning came the news of the disaster of the *Empress of Ireland*, but at that time I had no reason to suppose that Mr. Laurence Irving was on the boat. As soon as I heard the news, however, I recollected my dream and told it to the members of my company, and also to my wife, remarking that I hoped Laurence Irving and his wife were not on board.

"The dream haunted me all the day, and when it became known that they had actually sailed on the *Empress* the news quite unnerved me, as I felt certain it was a message that the young actor and his wife had perished.

"Mr. Shiel Barry, a member of the company, seeing that I was much shaken, did what he could to buck me up before I went on the stage that night."

Mr. Tapping added that when he saw in a Sheffield paper a picture of the saloon of the *Empress of Ireland*, he at once recognized it as the room of his dream, from which Laurence Irving passed out after his father, although he has never in reality seen either of the *Empress* boats."*

The record thus clearly set forth is most valuable, and the detail in it is full of interest. The part played by Sir Henry Irving can only be understood by a student of the inner life of man who knows the difficulty of returning to this external state when once it has been left behind. The hardship of assuming even the ghostly form is very great. I have been visited by the ego of a friend who had been gone some time and who much wished to communicate with me in dream consciousness. The form

* *Daily Chronicle*, June 3, 1914.

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approached me, clear, plain, familiar, as Sir Henry Irving's form appeared to Mr. Tapping, and then, before a second had passed, these same words were uttered—

"*I can endure it no longer.*"

I heard them—oh so plainly—the last words I have ever heard uttered by that familiar voice, for I never would ask again that we should meet on that plane. It must be I who bore the suffering of raising myself to a higher state of consciousness.

I understood it to mean that the ego, which had been living in a spiritual condition for several years, could not endure the constraint and harshness even of the etheric form. I knew well that it could not even approach the physical plane to give any sign of its existence. I should interpret the dream I have quoted to mean that Sir Henry Irving had come down through the planes of consciousness to meet his son, and that he endeavoured to get as near to the physical as possible. But even the condition of the etheric was unendurable, and he was compelled to leave it. This looked to the dreamer, who knew not at the time what it was he saw, like physical death. It was no doubt the final effort of the etheric form which would then disintegrate. It seems undoubtedly the case, from the many recorded instances, that this form retains its life for some such purpose as the welcoming and helping of one who is expected soon to pass through that plane.

It is not probable that the dreamer really understood what was taking place between Sir Henry Irving and the other persons who were in the room. The fact that he had no idea that this room was the saloon of the *Empress of Ireland* shows that he was not fully aware of what he was looking upon. This is one of the great difficulties we have to encounter in entering upon the inner planes. I have many times been present at crowded gatherings on inner planes of consciousness, without being able to ascertain what the actual event was that I was witnessing. It requires a conscious effort to ascertain this, which one learns to make, in the course of time. But the dreamer who was unexpectedly introduced to such a scene could not be able or prepared to do this. Sir Henry may have found it possible to comfort or encourage those among whom his errand brought him, and did so as long as he could endure the limitation of the form he had descended into.

The sight used in "dream" experiences is liable to mistake what it looks on, as the sight of a child in earth life. Experience and training are needed before the child knows that it cannot

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pluck the moon from the sky. Infinitely perplexing and misleading are the sights we look upon when our eyes open upon the etheric world. But the follower of Patanjali Yoga and the disciple of Light on the Path has attained the illuminated and unerring perception of the true mystic, by reason of the complete conquest of self, the first step in the path of true Yoga, the conquest of the mind, which is explained in the *Transparent Jewel*, is that of changing the attitude of the self towards the world. The undeveloped man regards himself as the centre of the world and the one supreme object of interest and compassion. The change of view makes the man into the mystic seer, who looks no longer on himself, but on all other creatures, with love and the desire to understand the mystery of being. He sheds no tears, for his vision perceives the mystery of the crucifixion and sees how man must hang upon the cross until he can free his spirit from time and space, and the torture caused by the pairs of opposites, which control the physical world.

Death is continually freeing the spirit between the incarnations and in the moments of passing. The freed spirit can waken the mourner when the love that binds them is strong enough, and show the limiters world, " out of time, out of space." This is the greatest impetus that can be given to an incarnated human soul, and thus Death, in its incessant weeding of the earth, becomes one of the greatest factors in life.

The return of the disciple at the beginning of the Yoga, in distance of time as the adept or full disciple, having been raised by the suffering of the War to so high a plane that he can develop between the incarnations by contemplation (Patanjali and Transparent Jewel).

When the Yogin has attained self-conquest, then the power of receiving impressions which is awakened within him carries no message to the senses, these marvellous organs of action and absorption have passed through their fullness of experience in his physical body and his inner forms and he is ready to attain the hearing of the disciple. The ear of the disciple is an instrument, set, so to speak, for the use of intelligence ; the Thinker has no longer to suffer or rejoice through it, but to learn by its means. It brings amazing information, news of the doings of the whole phenomenal world, and by its aid he becomes aware of man and the spiritual possibilities of man, in a new and wondrous manner. The school of mysticism led by Eckhart in the fourteenth century had some remarkable students in its ranks. One of these, Henry Suso, developed the inner sight, and saw

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angels who showed him how to look within himself. Then, after Eckhart's death he saw that "blessed Master" in what must have been one of the highest forms, either the luminous ethereal shape, or the flaming spiritual body, for it was glorious. Then Suso obtained the inner hearing, and Eckhart told him that he was in exceeding glory, that his soul was "quite transformed and made Godlike in God." He further explained to him in the mystic utterance that "words cannot tell the manner in which those persons dwell in God who have really detached themselves from the world." Thus the disciple learns of the mysteries of the spiritual life. His inner hearing admits him to the secrets of the universe; he hears the music of the spheres, the whisperings of the stars when their ruling powers speak together in the night; he hears the plants grow, he hears their Gods breathe life into them, he hears, amidst the wondrous chorus of the Universe, the cries of human joy and pain. But none of the senses of his bodies are touched by these voices; they cause him no sensation but that of adoration, for his hearing is no longer of that order which transmits sensation. He is aware of the glory of the God of this world, and of the splendour of the Supreme, and nothing can interfere with this consciousness of the majesty of life. Suffering and sorrow have fallen into their true position as a part of the duality of human life, belonging to one side of the tree of crucifixion. Therefore, though he is full of compassion he knows no grief, for he knows that Man came hither for the experience of Crucifixion. Pleasure and happiness, and the cries of joy which arise from these states, do not move him, for he knows that they also are but a part of that duality which, in itself, constitutes crucifixion.



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# THE ANGELIC LEADERS

## By PHYLLIS CAMPBELL

[Reprint]

THE torrent of blistered, bleeding, stony-eyed Belgian refugees which had poured through our hands unceasingly, night and day, for the first hot breathless weeks of last August, was suddenly stemmed by the wounded. The miseries of those first wounded cannot ever be written. To those who tended them they brought like misery, for, individually and in the mass, they expressed a conviction of swiftly approaching disaster. They bore their sufferings with unexampled heroism; but their very dumbness suggested the hopeless silence of defeat. When they spoke at all, they spoke, if they were French, of "Soixante-dix"; if they were British they said heavily they were "up against it now." One man, a Highlander, opened his dying eyes and urged us to fly while there was time. "Get awa', lassie," he whispered. "Get awa'. They Germans is no men; they're devils. All Hell is open now."

Briefly, that is what all the wounded thought—what they all sought to convey to us, and as the days dragged on and the bloody toll increased, the members of the ambulance diminished. They, or their fathers or mothers, remembered "Soixante-dix," and those who could go went; and so our work became harder, and the wounded poured in and in, till the expectation of quick victory for the Allies faded, and though the small band of us remaining disdained to acknowledge fear, yet we also were instructed by the commandant to prepare for retreat, taking the wounded with us. Then came the torrid days of Mons, and suddenly a change in the wounded, utterly unaccountable. The French, who had tolerantly accepted badges and medals of the saints from the Catholics of our post, now eagerly asked for them, and were profusely grateful for "holy pictures"—those little prints of saints and angels so common in all Catholic communities. But what puzzled the post was that these men, without a solitary exception, demanded invariably, "St. Michael" or "Joan of Arc."

Also, these men, in spite of their horrible wounds and great weakness from loss of blood, were in a state of singular exaltation. We thought at first some of them had been supplied with wine, but that was clearly impossible, as our post was the first stop, and the trains came right through from the clearing station, without attention of any sort, as the fighting was then at its fiercest.

This curious mental condition in the wounded continued during the long retreat on Paris. Many of the wounded died in our hands, but the living no longer urged us to fly; they "died in hope," as if they were mentally visioning victory, where their immediate forerunners had only seen defeat.

I tremble, now that it is safely past, to look back on the terrible week that brought the Allies to Vitry-le-François. We had not had our clothes off for the whole of that week, because no sooner had we reached home, too weary to undress, or to eat, and fallen on our beds, than the "chug-



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chug" of the commandant's car would sound into the silence of the deserted street, and the horn would imperatively summon us back to duty, because, in addition to our duties as *ambulancier auxiliaire*, we were interpreters to the post, now at this moment diminished to half a dozen.

Returning at 4.30 in the morning, we stood on the end of the platform, watching the train crawl through the blue-green of the forest into the clearing, and draw up with the first wounded from Vitry-le-François. It was packed with dead and dying and badly wounded. For a time we forgot our wearness in a race against time, removing the dead and dying, and attending to those in need. I was bandaging a man's shattered arm with the *majeur* instructing me, while he stitched a horrible gap in his head, when Madame de A——, the heroic President of the post, came and replaced me. "There is an English in the fifth wagon," she said. "He demands a something—I think a holy picture."

The idea of an English soldier demanding a holy picture struck me, even in that atmosphere of blood and misery, as something to smile at, but I hurried away. "The English" was a Lancashire Fusilier. He was propped in a corner, his left arm tied up in a peasant woman's head kerchief, and his head newly bandaged. He should have been in a state of collapse from loss of blood, for his tattered uniform was soaked and caked in blood, and his face paper-white under the dirt of conflict. He looked at me with bright courageous eyes and asked for a picture or a medal (he didn't care which) of St. George. I asked if he was a Catholic. "No," he was a Wesleyan Methodist (I hope I have it right), and he wanted a picture, or a medal of St. George, *because he had seen him on a white horse*, leading the British at Vitry-le-François, when the Allies turned.

There was an R.F.A. man, wounded in the leg, sitting beside him on the floor; he saw my look of amazement, and hastened in, "It's true, Sister," he said. "We all saw it. First there was a sort of a yellow mist like, sort of risin' before the Germans as they come to the top of the hill, come on like a solid wall they did—springing out of the earth just solid—no end to 'em. I just give up. No use fighting the whole German race, thinks I; it's all up with us. The next minute comes this funny cloud of light, and when it clears off there's a tall man with yellow hair in golden armour, on a white horse, holding his sword up, and his mouth open as if he was saying, 'Come on, boys! I'll put the kybosh on the devils.' Sort of 'This is my picnic' expression. Then, before you could say knife, the Germans had turned, and we were after them, fighting like ninety. We had a few scores to settle, Sister, and we fair settled them."

"Where was this?" I asked. But neither of them could tell. They had marched, fighting a rearguard action, from Mons, till St. George had appeared through the haze of light, and turned the Germans. They both *knew* it was St. George. Hadn't they seen him with his sword on every "quid" they'd ever had? The Frenchies had seen him too, ask them; but they said it was St. Michael.

The French wounded were again in that curiously exalted condition we had remarked before—only more so—a sort of self-contained rapture of happiness—"Yes," it was quite true. The *Boches* were in full retreat, and the Allies were being led to victory by St. Michael and Joan of Arc.

"As for *petite* Jeanne d'Arc," said one soldier, "I know her well, for I am of Domrémy. I saw her brandishing her sword and crying

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'Turn! Turn! Advance!' Yes, he knew others had seen the Archangel, but little Joan of Arc was good enough for him. He had fought with the English from Mons—and little Joan of Arc had defeated the English—*par example!* Now she was leading them. There was a combination for you. No wonder the *Boches* fled down the hill."

After the train crawled out, and we had time to speak, the President drew me aside, and confided to me, that a wounded officer of high rank had told her he had seen St. Michael at Vitry-le-François. He was quite close to the Blessed Visitant, and there could be no doubt on the subject. At first he had thought he was to die, and, as he had been a violent Agnostic and materialist all his life, that this was a warning to him to make swift repentance in preparation for judgment. Soon however, he saw that, so far from requiring his life, God had sent assistance in the fight, and that so clearly God was on the side of the Allies, and the Germans must needs therefore be evil, and of the Devil.

I then told Madame de A—— the story of the two British soldiers who wanted pictures of St. George, and we decided to compare notes with the others. Only one of us had not heard the tale of the Angelic Leaders, and she had been detailed by the *majeur* to guard three wounded Germans, one of whom had died of tetanus, the other two had gangrene. Her duty was to stand some paces off and prevent any one touching them, so she had consequently no opportunity of conversation.

On discussing the matter between the trains of wounded, we remarked: First, that the French soldiers of all ranks had seen two well-known saints—Joan of Arc—to whom many of those delirious with the torrid heat and loss of blood were praying—that she was in armour, bareheaded, riding a white horse, and calling "Advance," while she brandished her sword high in air; and St. Michael the Archangel, clad in golden armour, bare-headed, riding a white horse, and flourishing his sword, while he shouted "Victory!" Second, the British had seen St. George, in golden armour, bareheaded, riding a white horse and crying while he held up his sword, "Come on!"

There were individual discrepancies, naturally, but in the main the story was the same, seen in cold blood at a moment of despair, and continued in the realization of victory. It was always related quietly and sanely, in a matter-of-fact fashion, as if it were a usual and quite expected occurrence for the lords of heaven to lead the hosts of earth. Of one thing all were assured—that the Germans represented the powers of evil, and that so doubtfully did victory hang in the balance, that the powers of good found it necessary to fight hand to hand and foot to foot with the Allies, lest the whole world be lost.

That night we heard the tale again, from the lips of a priest this time, two officers, and three men of the Irish Guard. These three men were mortally wounded, they asked for the Sacrament before death, and before dying told the same story to the old *abbé* who confessed them.

That was our last night with the ambulance at the post, we were now moved on to the hospital, and took our regular work as *ambulancier*. There we had time to hear more, and the men told us in fragments of the long retreat from Mons, fighting all the way like Trojans, marching night and day, and day and night, of the men falling in the ranks and being kicked to their feet by the officers—of the officers falling off their feet drunk with sleep, and being kicked and pushed to their feet again by

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the men—of men who dragged and carried their officers, of officers who dragged and carried their men—of horses falling dead in the traces, and of men who harnessed themselves in and dragged the guns—of motor transport that drove itself with the drivers hanging dead asleep over the wheels, or sitting with wide-open eyes, and dead hands steering the munitions and food of the retreating army.

For forty-eight hours no food, no drink, under a tropical sun, choked with dust, harried by shell, and marching, marching, marching, till even the pursuing Germans gave it up, and at Vitry-le-François the Allies fell in their tracks and slept for three hours—horse, foot and guns—while the exhausted pursuers slept behind them.

Then came the trumpet call, and each man sprang to his arms to find himself made anew. One man said, "I felt as if I had just come out of the sea after a swim. Fit! just grand. I never felt so fit in my life, and every man of us the same. The Germans were coming on just the same as ever, when suddenly the 'Advance' sounded, and I saw the luminous mist and the great man on the white horse, and I knew the *Boches* would never get Paris, for God was fighting on our side."

There is no "religiosity"—if I may coin a word—about this vision of saints and archangels, it is just a common everyday, iron-bound fact. Joan of Arc, the Archangel Michael, St. George of England, have come from wherever they are, and have led the hosts of England and France. Everybody has seen them who has fought through from Mons to Ypres; they all agree on them individually, and have no doubt at all as to the final issue of their interference. "The Allies will win; it may take a long time, it must be a pretty hard case for us, when the Almighty sends His best fighting man to help," said a Breton peasant to me. "You see, Mlle Mees, it is an old feud between Satan and St. Michael; but they got him out of Heaven, and they'll get him off the earth, but it'll take time."

Poor Dix, when he came into hospital with only a bleeding gap where his mouth had been, and a splintered hand and arm, he ought to have been prostrate and unconscious, but he made no moan, his pain had vanished in contemplation of the wonderful thing he had seen—saints and angels fighting on this common earth, with common mortal men, against one devilish foe to all humanity. A strange and dreadful thing, that the veil which hangs between us and the world of Immortality should be so rent and shrivelled by suffering and agony that human eyes can look on the angels and not be blinded. The cries of mothers and little children, the suffering of crucified fathers and carbonized sons and brothers, the tortures of nuns and virgins, and violated wives and daughters, have all gone up in torment and dragged at the Ruler of the Universe for aid, and aid has come.

I have not seen the Angelic Leaders nor heard their war-cry, but I know they have led and are leading the Allies, and that through untold loss and suffering and sacrifice we shall be led to final victory. Even now I have seen France rise from her own corruption in a new and virile youth. Silent, determined, filled with holy vengeance, and I shall live to see Britain setting aside all other things as vanity, gird herself about as France has done, and be One, even as France is One. True, her soil has not been polluted by the Huns, her young girls violated, her priests tortured, her old women thrown to dishonour in the streets, her children

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mutilated, her priests burnt and hunted, and her population robbed and enslaved. None of these things have happened to England—*yet*.

But a month ago, there came to where I am in France, a wounded German officer of high rank, who chose, with that strange perversity which distinguishes the Hun, to speak English only, because he hoped to pass himself off in the end, perhaps, as English. To him was sent the English driver of the Red Cross Ambulance which runs to the Front now for our wounded.

To him the officer addressed many questions which could not be answered, and finally on hearing that only a few days of life remained to him, he made boast of many horrible things he and his kind had done to hapless women and children.

"*And*," he concluded triumphantly, "you French and English say, I have heard, that the saints fight with you; but do they? No! '*Gott mitt uns*.' We can do what we will—and what we have done to the Belgians—and what we have done to the French—are as *nothing, nothing* to what we will do to the English, when the time is arrived for us in England—and St. George cannot save you."

The driver of our ambulance is not a soldier, nor yet a young man, he is a country gentleman who is "doing his bit," and for a while his gorge had so risen at the evil boasting of this son of the Devil that he could not speak, but at last he said: "You are a dying man, so I will not say much that I would like to. Only this—at the beginning England is never ready, so she always loses, and out of her losses she grows steadily stronger till she wins. We have always won, because we have always fought for the right, and you will lose because you have God on your foreheads, and not in your hearts, and the saints are with us, as you say."

So the German died, and was buried, and his works follow him wherever he has gone, and the new wounded who came down from the Labyrinth say that the Lord was with them in the trenches, and many saw Him.

Much of what I have written here is not new to the Editor of this Review, because when I had a moment to spare I wrote to him after August 4 last year, and much also I wrote to friends whose names I enclose with this, mentioning these things as they came, with the time. Naturally, these friends may not like their names mentioned, so I do not publish them; but the Editor may, I am sure, if he so desires, communicate with them for his own satisfaction.

In conclusion, I would like to draw attention to the remarkable revival of religion in France. How it is in England I do not know, but in France it strikes the most careless observer. I do not say the Roman Church will resume its spiritual dominion and its temporal power in this country, because I do not think so. Nor could I say that France is more Christian. I only remark that France as a nation of unbelievers no longer exists. It is a nation which prays *to God*, and believes in Him, though after what religious form, and in what manner of expression I cannot understand. Only time will show.

But that God *is*, and His saints and angels, *they know*.

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# CORRESPONDENCE

[*The name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, is required as evidence of bona fides, and must in every case accompany correspondence sent for insertion in the pages of the* OCCULT REVIEW.—ED.]

## A PREMONITION.

*To the Editor of the* OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—In a recent number of the OCCULT REVIEW the problem of "Fate *versus* Free Will" was almost like a chapter from my own experience. I make no pretensions to possessing any psychic powers, but now and then I have had premonitions, which come to me entirely of their own accord. I call them mere coincidences, for there is nothing supernatural about them. What surprises most is their actual verification in any case. Telepathy, and sometimes prevision, I think are the probable explanation.

Here is an instance of "a lucky shot." At noon, one day, about February 1, 1914, the topic of conversation happened to be concerning losses by fire. I spoke of my father and mother having twice been burned out; first, in New York State, when they lost their mahogany furniture and household linen that was carded, spun and woven for my mother's wedding outfit. Then they wished they had been insured. Years afterwards, in Vermont, the second fire occurred, and thereupon my parents built the house that still stands upon the ancestral acres.

I felt impelled to inquire, just then, of those present if their new home in Florida was insured. The answer was in the negative, with the assurance, "It's not necessary. There's no danger of fire where they are now and they are all very careful." I said, "That is all very true, but tell them to do it without delay. Do it at once. Otherwise, they will lose it within a year. It may burn down at any time." The urgent words came like a flash and it was easy to form a mental picture, for a few seconds, of what was ere long to transpire.

Nearly a year passed. Suddenly, the first Sunday morning of this new year, I seemed to hear very distinctly the excited words, "It's almost in ashes—all burning down—no hope of saving it. What shall we do?" Naturally, I thought of my prediction and wondered at it, quite incredulously. The first letter from them brought news which confirmed my impressions, or presentiments, on both occasions. Nevertheless, to me, it was most astonishing that it really did come true. I had hoped that it never would, and when I asked if they remembered what I had said that day, at the table, the reply was: "I remember that very well. I only wish we had insured it. It would have saved us $500."

Cordially yours,

JULIA F. FOSTER.



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## A VISION OF ANGELS.

*To the Editor of the* OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—Dr. H. Bourchier's account in your July issue, p. 23, of "a celestial group of winged angels, standing out in the sky," brought back to my memory an incident of 1907–8.

I was then staying at a *pensione* at Florence, in the oltr' Orno region. One winter's night I was writing in my room, very high up; the *pensione* being, I think, on the third or fourth floor of an old *palazzo*. I was writing, to send to London, a very long and exhaustive business letter, of a troublesome kind, taking up point after point of a matter that had become almost hopelessly embroiled through the misdoing of a trustee. Naturally such a letter made an extreme demand upon my attention, and the time fled by unperceived.

It was about 1 a.m., when the letter was finished, and before turning into bed I opened the great two-leaved Florentine window and looked out. The beautiful city lay silent, bathed in moonlight.

Just to my extreme right rose the dome of the church of San Spirito shimmering like silver in the moonbeams. And suddenly I became aware, not through my bodily eyes, but as by some inner vision, that there was a chorus of angels, of the ethereal tender beauty of one of Perugino's pictures, flying or hovering like very "birds of God" * over the gleaming dome.

In a moment the vision was gone again. Between this heavenly host and the miserable human sordidness that had necessitated my letter, how profound the spiritual abyss!

Yours truly,

D.

## THE FEAR OF THE DEAD.

*To the Editor of the* OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—Mr. Hubert Wales is always stimulating in his queries; but he appears to be outside the situation in his generalization that Fear of the Dead is practically universal. In your own footnote to his letter you have given a helpful clue to the mystery, i.e., in calling attention to the fact that this sensation of dread is not felt at a materializing *séance*. Let me remark, however, that I can discount, by a personal experience, this reservation—for I shall never lose remembrance of the absolute panic which came over me at a private sitting, when the late Oscar Wilde placed his hand on my shoulder.

"The sceptic," you say, "will have an answer ready" to the statement that one does NOT usually feel fear in the presence of the materialized Dead—the cynical assurance that there is nothing to fear, inasmuch as there is no supernatural presence at all!

Now the paradox of my story lies here: some months after the experience I have described, the medium, who was making a *tour de force* among Paidophils, of his Wilde "ghost," was proved to be

* "Uccelli di Dio"—*Dante*.

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a fraud of the most flagrant type. Among his paraphernalia were a score of masks, robes, walking sticks, cigarette cases and even valuable manuscripts.

This man had been masquerading himself as Oscar Wilde. *Ergo:* I had sensed a craven terror of the LIVING!

Conversely, I have been compelled to meet death in the Tropics in many forms, mostly revolting. I have had a watchman murdered on one of my trading sites, and arrived, *alone*, on the scene within five minutes of the ghastly crime, moving through a darkness that could almost be felt. I have assisted on juries, where the body has had to be disembowelled. I have seen the brains of a dear friend taken away from the skull after death by sunstroke. I have witnessed two public hangings. *And I have not in these circumstances felt the physical prostration and spiritual apprehension which Mr. Wales describes.* So long as everything has been "normal" (as we count normality in these advanced days of discovery) I have recognized Death as a necessary scientific fact, reverenced it as such, and done my duty without question.

Only the other day I saw a corpse carried from the Market Place and "dumped" stark naked on the open road. No one seemed able to identify it. The police took no apparent notice—and I was horrified toward five in the evening, when cycling home from my water-side beach, to find that the body was *still* lying by the roadside. In this case, my indignation was entirely against the callous "not my palaver" attitude of the native community. The body was buried immediately.

I will make the needed concession to Mr. Wales in the matter of "hauntings." When the aura, the psychic senses, the impressionable "ego," assures the brain of a human being that he is being HAUNTED by a dead person, the strongest of nerves must give way. This is no longer an accident on the psychological plane—it might then leave the mind unshaken in its self-confidence—it has become a deliberate attempt to affright! Under such conditions, the Fear of the Dead is entirely pardonable. I have been through this experience once. I shall never forget the long, long weeks of distress and dismay, the insomnia, the physical prostration, the weariness of life, before I succeeded in laying the ghost. It was the spirit of the watchman to whom I have referred, and it seemed to be my task to influence the discovery of his murderers (three), and to bring them under the censure of their chief. They were not arraigned before the European bench, and the only explanation that I can elicit from the natives themselves is that the murder arose out of some family feud, and that the *vendetta* had been condoned!

As Wilde himself once wrote:

> He who lives more lives than one,
> More deaths than one must die!

This appears to sum up the situation—that familiarity and under-

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standing will alone rob the After Life of its Terrors! Once we have all been taught to approach Death in the spirit of Love, instead of Fear, this general trepidation, in presence of the mysterious, will disappear. If we continue to neglect the study of psychology, we shall continue to demand "blind leaders of the blind" in our churches. Each of us should lead his individual life so freely, so fully, and with such hearty goodwill towards the Unknown, that the thought each night of opening one's eyes "in another world" before the sunrise of another day leaves us unafraid. Whether we specialize in the Unknown, or whether we are content to wait for revelation until the great final act has happened, we should welcome Death as the fitting Crown of a well-filled and useful career.

I shall be interested to hear further from Mr. Wales.

Yours faithfully,
JACK O'DAZI.

HALF-WAY TO THE BUSH, (Author of *The Coaster at Home.*)
ONITSHA, S. NIGERIA, WEST AFRICA.

## ANNA KINGSFORD AND THE NINE MOONS OF JUPITER.

*To the Editor of the* OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—As many of your readers may not have seen the monthly astronomical report in the *Daily News and Leader* of July 31 wherein a full account is given of how, when, and by which astronomers the now known nine satellites of Jupiter were discovered, there must be some to whom it will be of interest to recall the fact that Anna Kingsford, during her "Vision of Adonai," declared Jupiter to have *nine* moons. Speaking in trance, she said, "Here is Jupiter! It has nine moons! Yes, nine, some are exceedingly small." (See *Clothed with the Sun*, p. 282, Redway Edition.) In her time only the four moons discovered by Galileo were known to science. The fifth satellite (a quite small one) we are here told was discovered in 1892 (i.e., four years after A. K.'s death), and the ninth one only last year. The last four satellites to be discovered, it is stated, were revealed to the astronomers by means of photography.

Yours faithfully,
E. FOUNTAINE.

## ASTROLOGY AND REINCARNATION.

*To the Editor of the* OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—With reference to Mr. L. J. Dickinson's letter in your September issue, I may say that up to the present I have found that to reckon the movement of the luminaries and planets clockwise, as a possible guide to past and future incarnations, is reasonable, because the extension of consciousness to such lengths back and forward is the reverse of the use to which the "ancient science" is put to in respect to the current earth life. Of course I again frankly admit that I am only

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experimenting in the above at present. As a suggestion your correspondent might look at both sets of interpretations of Charubel's *Degrees of the Zodiac Symbolized* in respect to the degree before and the one after the current ascendant, the 8th and 10th of Sag. in my own case, which according to the La Volas Fera interpretation, support the knowledge I have obtained to date from various sources and personal experience, with the modification that the full 10th Sag. ascendant incarnation will not be lived until the next incarnation but one, as death in the present earth life between 47–50 will leave a little of the 9th degree karma which will militate against my surviving infancy "next time" (a matter of less than ten years' delay).

Touching on Mr. P. H. Palmer's courteous rejoinder, I would say that when I find belief is better than knowledge I will fall back to his comfortable dug-out. I see, however, that he admits some people DO KNOW in respect to occult matters, and for myself I can say that the little knowledge I have found is more stable, robust and definite than all the belief in the three planes of manifestation. A vigorous and definite teaching founded on knowledge is worth all the emotional belief and (generally sensational or even semi-vulgar) "proof" that has ever been evolved, and long as the Buddhas, the Christs, the Lâo-tszes and other great comrades KNEW, I want to be somewhere near, if I cannot be actually with them.

In regard to the *Daily Sketch* and the "reincarnation curiosity" on page 72, may I point out that in your issue for December, 1914 I stated that even in the case of still births the ego was usually re-born of the same parents within eighteen months to twenty years? Six years in the case you state is a very fair period, even where the previous personality survived a little while.

Yours faithfully,

6 TREWINCE ROAD,
WIMBLEDON, S.W.

ARTHUR M. TURNER.

## KABALISM AND THE WAR.

*To the Editor of the* OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—As a reader of the OCCULT REVIEW my attention was drawn to the dates of the Franco-German War given by the writer of an article on the numerical deductions he made by adding the figures of the 2 years together, viz., 1870–1871, which equals 3741. He says that the 3 and 7 = 3rd of 7th month (July), and 4 and 1 = 4th of 1st month (January), hence, the 3rd of July the commencement of the War, and the end the 4th of January, adding 3 and 7 together = 10, 4 and 1 = 5, meaning that peace was signed 10th of May. This is the only date that is correct.

War was declared by Germany on France, 19th of July, 1870, not the 3rd. Paris surrendered 28th of January, 1871, not the 4th.

How does your contributor account for this?

Yours faithfully,

HERBERT J. NASH.

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## THE SECRET OF THE SUCCESS OF CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

*To the Editor of the* OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—"The success of Christian Science . . . has demonstrated the illimitable power of mind over body." The above statement, appearing in your issue for September, is somewhat misleading, so I shall be glad if you will insert the following correction. Christian Science owes its success to the demonstration of divine Principle, whose eternal laws govern all that is real and eternal. The human mind is not a factor in the healing work of Christian Science. When our Master declared, "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free," he meant that a knowledge of the absolute or spiritual would free us from the supposititious laws of the carnal or relative. It was his knowledge of the absolute which enabled him to perform what are termed his miracles. It is just in proportion to our having the Mind which was also in Christ Jesus that we are enabled to do similar works to-day. Yours truly,

CHARLES W. J. TENNANT.

TALBOT HOUSE, ARUNDEL STREET,
STRAND, W.C.

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# PERIODICAL LITERATURE

*THE Seeker* gives as its frontispiece an excellent portrait of Sir Rabindranath Tagore, which will be welcome to many readers. Among its articles the place of honour is assigned, rather perilously, to some account of "A New Religious Order," over the signature of Brother Resignation. The allusion, however, is to no incorporated society, and the article is chiefly of the substance of vision, in which the Christ appears as a Divine Leper, an eternal scapegoat, a deformed, repulsive hunchback, and one clothed in lowliness. The intention is of course obvious—to remind us, "lest we forget," that the Divine Immanence is present in outcast and pariah as in the most perfect expressions of human beauty and in the royal and priestly hierarchies. There is thus a side of truth in the picture, and so also in the suggestion that God is the most homeless of all beings in His own universe—meaning so far as our realization is concerned. But we are not drawing nearer to God or His Christ by laidly forms of symbolism, and their prolific use in the present case is an offence against eternal canons. As a fact, while all images are incommensurate, all that is highest in manifestation, all that is most beautiful, are nearest forms of comparison in respect of Divine things, for it is the ugliness that is reflected from ourselves. We note, however, amidst much that belongs to the backstairs of sentiment a single admirable sentence, in which the seer tells how he gave up everything, owing to "the deadly pinch of prosperity." Drum-taps and war-notes are inevitably still with us. Mr. W. L. Wilmshurst appraises "some spiritual values of the crisis," and offers several suggestive points. He questions the encompassing night, as one who watches therein, who sees a morning coming and with it the Kingdom of God. Miss M. B. Theobald writes in continuation of her previous article, and sees the War as "the result of a wonderful spiritual descent" and "a definite attack upon the proud positions which the critical . . . intellect has held." She recommends fasting and subscription to the War Loan as aids on the part of non-combatants. She is not so good as usual. The Rev. H. E. Sampson gives a bad definition of Mysticism when he terms it "the whole teaching of the Divine Mysteries" by Jesus and the Apostles. He affirms further that the "science of ether" was "known and taught with absolute cognizance and every detail of cosmical science by the mystic



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philosophers of Egypt," and that Sir Oliver Lodge is "the latest production (*sic*) of a scientific *savant*." The article is poor and perfervid, and *The Seeker* would have been enriched by its absence. Our hope has been always that the little quarterly would become the recognized exponent of mystical religion, as *The Quest* on a larger scale is that of mystical philosophy, but if this is to be the case there must be a much more rigid exclusion of the extravagant forms of Mysticism.

The last issue of *The Co-Mason* seems to illustrate the fact that one difficulty which we saw upon the threshold appears already to have crossed it. The contents are always interesting and exhibit always the care of discriminating editorship. Whatever may be thought of the claims made by the organization of which it is a spokesman, we have spoken with unstinted praise of its efforts to elucidate the history and symbolism of Masonry; but—as anticipated—the want of contributors seems bringing the research side into a state of suspension. The Notes of the Quarter which are written "from the Master's Chair," deal on the present occasion, and thoughtfully enough, with such matters as "the scheme for the restriction of the liquor trade," the problem of "the war baby," and even the administration of the Eucharist by Anglican priests to the ministers and members of other religious communities, classed usually as nonconformist; but there is only one section which finds opportunity for reference to Freemasonry, and that at a far distance. Some papers on Irish Architecture are well illustrated and informing, but they are not of the real subject. When there is an attempt to touch upon this, the "Inner Chamber of King Solomon's Temple" furnishes an opportunity to introduce a kind of Vedic pantheism and the worst definition of an "initiate" which we have yet seen. He is described as one who has (*a*) "looked into the heart of Nature," (*b*) has "sought the Supreme Secret," and (*c*) has realized and manifested the Law. An initiate is of course one who has made a good beginning and has seen the path which leads in these directions. Had he reached such a grade of attainment he would bear another title. The best thing in the number is the frontispiece, showing the position and environment of the Three Master Masons in what is called an Operative Lodge. Such an illustration of interiors would be impossible in authorized Masonry, for the Grand Lodge would intervene; but "Operative Masonry" is on its trial in respect of warrants from the past. It raises very interesting questions and may one day produce its evidence.

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*The Builder* continues to deserve well of its readers and of the objects in view at its foundation. Precedence is claimed for Massachusetts as the first centre of Masonry in America, with Pennsylvania following closely in the track. A Provincial Grand Lodge was established in Boston so far back as June 30, 1733. The Masonic careers of Washington and Benjamin Franklin give interesting sidelights on these important historical figures. There is further a new translation of the Regulations of German *Steinmetzen*—that is, stonemasons—a document of palmary interest referred to the year 1459. . . . *The New Age* has nothing of conspicuous importance in the latest issue which has reached us, but one of its writers reminds us of certain customs which obtained in France towards the close of the eighteenth century. There was that of Masonic Baptism, usually performed upon infants or young children of either sex, and that called the Reception of a *Louvetau*, which, however, was open to male children only on attaining the minimum age of 12 years. The baptism of these led up to the later ceremony. It was not sacramental in character and did not trespass therefore upon the field of ecclesiastical rites. It secured the protection and assistance of the Lodge or Chapter on behalf of which it was performed. The earliest authority on the subject with whom we are acquainted is the French writer Clavel. The Reception of a *Louvetau* made the candidate a pupil of the Lodge and prepared him, when the time came, for regular Masonic initiation. Both observances were restricted to the children of Masons. The Rituals were reconstructed by Albert Pike in 1871, but they have not come into use and are unknown in England. The Masonic charities here and in America perform a great work for the sons and daughters of Masons who are in need of maintenance and education. From an ideal point of view something remains to be done for youth of another category, so that they might be brought within the beneficent influence of the Brotherhood in those cases where neither maintenance nor ordinary education are needed. This point is in the mind of the writer, who recalls to us the old receptions, but we question whether his proposal for an "auxiliary organization" along *Louvetau* lines is really practical, more especially if confined to the sons of Masons. Why should their daughters be left in the night outside the Lodge of the Adepts?

*The Kalpaka* has opened its tenth volume by a new departure in form and is appearing fortnightly as a sheet of eight pages, still dedicated to a proclamation of the banns of marriage between

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Indian Mysticism, Advanced Thought and Spiritism. Unfortunately the advertisements which fill its columns, though no doubt materially important, make the reading matter exceedingly slight. The editor mentions our recent comments on its use of certain words and its culture of something called "latent light," but as they seem to have caused him diversion, we offer him only a friendly assurance that "our true intent" was all for his delight. One of the most interesting articles in the last issue—borrowed presumably from an American source—is an address by Dr. J. M. Peebles on his entrance into the 94th year of his age. The veteran spiritualist exhibits unabated vigour, and we have little doubt that his approaching century will be celebrated in due course. Meanwhile, he assures us that he has never taught preparation for death, but rather for right living. Save only in respect of his optimism we are probably at the poles asunder from most intellectual standpoints occupied by Dr. Peebles, and we are therefore the more glad to pay him in these few words our tribute of admiration. He seems to be at present in Los Angeles, but we are prepared to hear of his proceeding on yet another lecturing tour which will encompass the globe.

*The Theosophist* publishes a statement on the part of a native writer concerning "an esoteric organization in India" perpetuated from antiquity and giving "yogic training according to certain immemorial methods," which are "entirely mental and meditative." It appears to recognize that the time has come when the fact of its existence should be more widely known. The writer in question is therefore permitted to bring the names of candidates for training to the notice of one of the higher officers. Great occult powers are claimed for the "hierarchy," and the moral qualifications required of candidates are also high. They must be apparently residents in India. Such an intimation will create considerable interest within the theosophical circle —perhaps even without it—especially as the ancient Indian hierarchy, in the opinion of one who seems to have first-hand knowledge concerning it, belongs to "the great body of the White Brotherhood," from which—according to the writer—the leaders of the theosophical movement have always claimed to derive authority and unseen guidance. However this may be, it is a very serious thing to open doors of occult communication with unknown superiors, and in publishing the article our contemporary is no doubt wise in refraining from all comment.

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# REVIEWS

FLAXMAN, BLAKE, COLERIDGE, AND OTHER MEN OF GENIUS INFLUENCED BY SWEDENBORG; together with Flaxman's Allegory of the "Knight of the Blazing Cross." By H. N. Morris. 8¼ in. by 6½ in., pp. viii. + 166. London: The New Church Press, Ltd., 1 Bloomsbury Street, W.C. Price 2*s.* 6*d.*

WERE one to attempt a catalogue of all the men of genius who have been influenced by Swedenborg, and who owe to his writings something of their inspiration, the list, if complete, would be a remarkably long one, including the names of those like Flaxman and Garth Wilkinson, who were whole-hearted disciples of the Swedish seer, as well as others, such as Blake and Emerson, whose appreciation of certain of Swedenborg's doctrines is counterbalanced by a critical attitude towards other elements of his system. Mr. Morris, however, has not attempted that task, but he gives us chapters dealing with lives and work, with special reference to their indebtedness to Swedenborg, of Flaxman, Blake, Coleridge, Hiram Powers, H. S. Sutton, Emerson, Garth Wilkinson and the Brownings. Emerson, if included at all, should have been dealt with at greater length than is the case, though, personally, I think that Coventry Patmore would have proved a more suitable subject, as owing more to Swedenborg. But as Mr. Morris says in his introduction, and as I have already indicated, "so many men of genius of the last century have been directly or indirectly influenced by Swedenborg that I have been able to make nothing more than a small selection"; so one must not be disappointed if an expected name is missed. I think, too, that Mr. Morris would have been well advised to omit the lines from Sutton's *The Drink Dragon*. They are little better than doggerel, and are likely to bring into disrepute the name of a man who could write, as other quotations show, inspired and most delightful poetry. But these are minor points, and I can only say of the book as a whole that it is in every way excellent, beautifully printed, profusely illustrated, and admirably written. In addition to the chapters already mentioned, it contains a reproduction in full of Flaxman's fine allegory, *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*, now published for the first time. The work consists of forty delightful drawings, in Flaxman's characteristic style, with appropriate verses; and was executed in 1796 as a present for his wife and as a symbol of his regard for and appreciation of her. It is an allegorical story of the soul's trials and triumphs, and its ultimate attainment to the heavenly state of bliss, understood as that of usefulness to others, and is a work of high mystical, as well as of high artistic, value. By its publication Mr. Morris has put every student of art and every student of mysticism under a debt of gratitude to him, and no one in either of these categories can well afford to be without this charming book.

I cannot conclude without mentioning that Mr. Morris, in his chapter on Blake, points out—for the first time, I believe—that in certain of Blake's early poems (*e.g.*, *The Lamb*) there is clear evidence of Blake's acceptance of Swedenborg's view of the Divinity of the Founder of Christianity as opposed to the orthodox trinitarian view;—a most important point for comparative mysticism in determining Blake's relation to Swedenborg.

H. S. REDGROVE.



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THE GOSPEL MIRACLES. By J. R. Illingworth, M.A., D.D. 7½ in. by 5 in., pp. xvii + 213. London: Macmillan & Co., Ltd., St. Martin's Street, W.C. Price 4*s.* 6*d.* net.

HUME'S argument against miracles is, perhaps, the most flagrant example of a *petitio principii* seriously put forward and seriously accepted. The only evidence on which a belief in miracles can be rightly supported is empirical evidence, and it is precisely this sort of evidence of which there is an abundance. But our philosophy—our view of the cosmos as a whole—cannot but have a profound influence upon our attitude towards this evidence; and it was Hume's futile philosophy which led him to formulate the logical fallacy already referred to.

It is from the standpoint of philosophy that Dr. Illingworth here approaches the question of the miracles centering about the personality of Jesus. He is concerned not with the details—historical and literary—of the form in which the empirical evidence is preserved for us; but with the general credibility of the miracles in question as harmonizing with what we know and may believe of the universe as a whole. There is much of value in his survey of the subject. He does especially well, I think, in pointing out how easily the uniformity of nature—which persists amongst endless variety—can be explained in terms of a Will, infinitely free, yet ever striving towards one purpose. "The laws of nature," he writes, [are] "due not to the necessity of the divine nature, but to the consistency of the divine will." Less satisfactory, I think, is his treatment of the question of "the moral law," because it may seriously be questioned whether introspection, as Dr. Illingworth asserts, reveals any such law. The dictates of conscience seem to depend largely on heredity and custom, and possess no uniformity. However, that is rather a side issue. Two points that call for special commendation are (1) the suggestion that many of the Gospel miracles may be regarded as "only . . . unique or extreme instances of a process which, in the belief of Christians, is for ever going on in the normal course of the world's providential government by God," *i.e.*, as miracles of prayer, and (2) the author's insistence upon the uniqueness of the individual in the chapter on "The Value of Freedom."

H. S. REDGROVE.

HITTING THE THOUGHT-TRAIL. By Ed. Lyman Bill. London: L. N. Fowler & Co., 7 Imperial Arcade, E.C. Price 6*s.* 6*d.* net.

THIS book contains one hundred short essays on subjects of varied and general interest, such as Fighting for Ideals, Looking for Sunlight, Playing the Game, and Quality rather than Quantity. The essays are very readable, decidedly elevating, and calculated to set the reader on the right trail in quest of essentials. The formulation of correct principles of life, the creation of ideals that are worth fighting for, the ability to hold one's own without trenching upon the rights and privileges of others, and the looking for happiness, beauty, goodness and truth as the desirable things of life, are too often advocated to form novel and attractive subjects for the general reader, and yet they are so seldom realized that the means of their attainment cannot be too clearly set forth or their importance too forcibly insisted upon. Reading religion into daily life in such form as to make it both practicable and profitable is an art which does not come easily to the average man or woman, and the way of it is seldom to be met with in literary form outside of the great Scriptures.

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THE BOOK OF THE SERPENT. By Katharine Howard. (Sherman, French & Co., 6 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. $1.)

IN his clever preface to this quaint volume, Mr. Edward Wheeler remarks that he knows of no "forebears for this book," and doubts if there are any. He has "thought of Æsop's Fables and Aristophanes' Frogs, but that did not help much."

But though Mr. Wheeler would prove this most original conception by Miss Katharine Howard, "Without Antecedents" as Walt Whitman has it; if he had searched in the treasure-troves of Indian literature, he would have found something somewhat similar in the famous classical "Hitopadēsa" which was first smuggled over into English literature disguised as "Pilpay's Fables."

But, of course, even these have not Miss Howard's modern whimsicalities, her funny tricks of speech, her mingled pathos and laughter which belong to an essentially and beautifully American school of humour which produces books like those of Gellett Burgess.

The Serpent was always thinking and he was always working—making men and women, trees and apples, artists and mothers, to an appreciative audience consisting of a turtle and a grasshopper!

But the book must be read to be appreciated.

REGINA MIRIAM BLOCH.

IS DEATH THE END? By John Haynes Holmes. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Pp. 378. Price 6s. net.

THERE is scarcely an aspect of the huge problem of the fate of the human soul after the body's death that is not touched upon in this extremely interesting book. The question is studied from every point of view—religious, scientific, ethical, poetical and philosophical—and the opinions of writers and thinkers of every school are quoted and compared. The work of the Society for Psychical Research, though carefully considered, is deemed to be, up to the present, "significant but inconclusive." Nevertheless, the author is far from being daunted, but forthwith carries the campaign into other and wider fields, and ends up on a note of spiritual exaltation that is stimulating to a high degree. Any who are beset by doubts as to the meaning of life and the possibility of its continuation in other worlds, will find this book a friend indeed. It is filled with the breath of hope and courage, and its inherent reasonableness cannot fail to appeal strongly to every soul which has experienced even one of those moments of illumination described by a modern writer quoted in it:—"Sometimes in the dark, sleepless solitudes of night, one ceases to be so-and-so . . . knowing oneself to be a greater than one's personal accidents, knowing oneself for Man on his planet, flying swiftly to unmeasured destinies through the starry stillness of space." E. M. M.

THE MEETING OF THE SPHERES: or, LETTERS FROM DR. COULTER. Edited by Charlotte G. Herbine. London: A. L. Humphreys, 187 Piccadilly, W. 1915. Price 7s. 6d. net.

A DISCONTENTED lady, dissatisfied with country life, once complained that "trees can't talk!" Had she read the Messages of Dr. Coulter, written and spoken, through his intermediary Charlotte G. Herbine, she would have had reason to change her opinion. In these fascinating com-

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munications one learns that in the Spheres trees, fruit, flowers, rivers, lakes, even stones and many another object we earth-dwellers crudely designate "inanimate" have indeed a soul-life, vivid and continuous, and a language which is understood by the finer perceptions of the spiritual ear. Perhaps this is only a fuller realization of the magic of the lute of Orpheus. Certainly to the trained psychometrist there are "sermons in stones," and the song of the brook tells its own story.

Mrs. Herbine has received these Letters of her guide Dr. Coulter through writing and audition, for the past twenty-five years. Now that they are published in volume form they make a very interesting and valuable addition to Borderland literature. Much of the teaching is not of course altogether new, but confirms what has been given by other highly evolved spirits through other sources, in particular the writings of Swedenborg, and in Julia's letters through W. T. Stead.

Reincarnation, though many seek it, is according to Dr. Coulter by no means a necessity for every soul. The path of evolution may be followed in other ways, in other worlds, of which there are millions. It is the Law of Continuity which is absolute, and what we call death is but an episode in life. Love is the mete-wand which tests the quality of the soul. The capacity for self-abnegation is the measurement of love.

Dr. Coulter tells much of interest concerning various aspects of life in other parts of the universe, in other planets, for instance; and in the dark sphere known as The Ironworks, the abode of persons who have lived hard and loveless, though perhaps eminently respectable earth-lives; Souls, for the time being, too bad even to inhabit another physical body, though no Soul is so utterly lost as to be beyond reach of the Martyr-Love of Calvary. . . .

Of the well-known marvellous power of healing possessed by Lord Sandwich the fifteenth Letter in Mrs. Herbine's book gives some very remarkable details.

EDITH K. HARPER.

IN TUNE WITH THE INFINITE; OR, FULLNESS OF PEACE, POWER AND PLENTY. By Ralph Waldo Trine. 6½ ins. × 4 ins., pp. xiv. +221. (Authorized Cheap Edition.) London: G. Bell & Sons, Ltd., York House, Portugal Street, W.C. Price 1s. net.

In its own department of literature, this book, I think, holds the honourable position of being first in point of popularity, something over 400,000 copies having already been disposed of. The high estimate in which it is obviously held by public opinion is by no means undeserved. For although Mr. Trine's attitude as concerns the question of the power of mind over matter is an extreme one, approaching that of the "Christian Scientists," nevertheless what he has to say provides an excellent antidote to materialism, and if the theoretical materialism of the nineteenth century is dead, an even more deadly practical materialism is rampant to-day. Moreover, in its fine optimism, the book affects one like an exhilarating draught of some clear tonic water bubbling up from a spring in the heart of nature. "Happy and strong and conquering always to the end is he who knows the grasp of the Unseen Hand." The present cheap edition—to which the author contributes a new foreword—brings the book within the purchasing power of the slenderest purse. The format is excellent in every way. I wish it all success.

H. S. REDGROVE.

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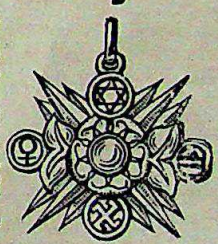
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MEDITATION. By Arthur Lovell. Cr. 8vo. 210 pp. London: Simpkin Marshall. Price 5s. net.

MR. LOVELL'S most recent addition to his well-known *Ars Vivendi Series* is not a treatise on mystical contemplation so much as a clear, concise, and well-arranged exposition of a rational system of training with a view to raising the physical vitality and mental faculties to their highest degree of efficiency.

The author deals with meditation from the subjective and objective points of view in turn, and in reference to the former aspect emphasizes the necessity of breaking free from the spell which for centuries has hypnotized the Western world into accepting as true entirely erroneous conceptions of the real teaching of the Founder of Christianity. The key to his position is found in the following sentence: "To worship the Father in spirit and in truth is to worship at the solar plexus and in the brain . . . in the seat of spirit and in the seat of mind"; while, in an interesting chapter on symbolism, the author records his conviction that the highest aspect of Christianity is enshrined in the conception of the Virgin Mary, who symbolizes "the universal leaven that leavens the whole world with perennial love from on high."

Mr. Lovell has the happy knack of making a difficult subject attractive, freely illustrating his points by anecdotes and personal experiences, and yet at the same time avoiding anything loose, discursive or slipshod in his style; with the result that his work stands as a testimony to the efficacy of his own system, the aim of which is the great desideratum—*mens sana in corpore sano*.

H. J. S.

THE BOWMEN, AND OTHER LEGENDS OF THE WAR. By Arthur Machen. With an Introduction by the Author. Simpkin Marshall, Ltd. Price 1s. net.

OF all the little books which have their individual fortunes, *The Bowmen* is the most arresting example at the moment. There are amongst writers many that speak in parables. The graphic story published in the *Evening News* last September was written by "the best of them that speak this speech." But the chief interest in the book of Legends of The War lies in the author's Introduction, and his attitude towards his own work. It would seem that Mr. Machen is in the position of Ferdinand captured by the wiles of Ariel, who disports himself in the ambiguous atmosphere of a certain Vegetarian Restaurant, and thereafter pursues his victim to the drowsy precincts of a cathedral, mingling his spells with the dronings of the singing deacon and the floating clouds of incense. Ariel has done well, and Ferdinand, as in a dream goes home to write.

Being, as he believes, the child of his age, Mr. Machen's amused dismay may well be conceived when he is confronted with a new rendering of his own phantasy, substantiated by numerous evidences of "what really happened." In an ingenious effort to establish absolute copyright, he finds himself compelled to discredit every one who has anything to propound which either supports or modifies his own imagining, and has succeeded in presenting the public with twenty pages of one of the most entertaining polemic essays ever penned.

In addition to "The Bowmen," the volume contains the legends of "The Soldiers' Rest," "The Monstrance," and "The Dazzling Light," which, apart from their topical interest, admirably illustrate the author's art in telling a story—a great art, and always an uncommon one.

P. S. W.

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THE MEANING OF THE WAR: LIFE AND MATTER IN CONFLICT. By Henri Bergson. With an Introduction by H. Wildon Carr. London: T. Fisher Unwin, Ltd., Adelphi Terrace. Price 1s. net.

MR. H. WILDON CARR, in his admirable Introduction to the volume under notice, points out that in its pages the full significance of M. Bergson's teaching is "brought into clear light, focussed as it were on the actual present struggle. Yet is there no word that breathes hatred to any person or any race." The Discourse entitled "Life and Matter in Conflict" was delivered by M. Bergson at the Académie des Sciences et Politiques at its annual meeting last December. The Article on "The Force which Wastes and That which does not Waste" was contributed by him to the *Bulletin des Armées de la République* in the previous November. The theme of both is essentially the same, and is couched in the luminous and eloquent terms which from experience we expect from this brilliant French thinker. "An implacable law," says M. Bergson, "decrees that spirit must encounter the resistance of matter, that life cannot advance without bruising that which lives, and that great moral results are purchased by much blood and many tears. . . ." He traces the systematic determination of Germany, under the tutelage of her "evil genius" Bismarck, with all its slowly built-up union of mechanical and industrial forces, to crush France once and for all—to crush any and every nation into following humbly in her wake and yielding to her brutal dominance. . . . But vast material growth without a corresponding growth of spiritual consciousness must eventually defeat its own ends, and no help coming from without, it must feed on its own resources to its ultimate collapse and destruction.

M. Bergson speaks with intense feeling of England's swift help in a terrible crisis—of the "miracle" of a nation which had till then trusted solely in her navy causing "one million—two millions of soldiers, suddenly to rise from the earth!" From that moment, he adds with conviction, "the issue of the conflict was not open to doubt."

EDITH K. HARPER.

THE PATH ETERNAL. By J. Renton Denning. Delhi: Thakur Das & Sons.

IN this charming volume we have a versed discussion between the author as Poet and his Hindu friend Raja Rao as Pandit. The questions discussed by them, and here presented in fine flowing verse, embrace several of the more recondite problems of human existence and continuity. Reincarnation, Memory, the Soul, Personality, Mutability, the Great Name or All-Creative Word, the Oversoul, Conscience, the Brain and Structure, and the Divine Soul are each in turn the subject of tense discussion between Poet and Pandit, and the latter finally concludes with a fine apostrophe on the Universal Soul, "the deathless, stainless, timeless, changeless whole—the nameless God—the Universal Soul." From this a single verse may be quoted in example:—

> And so, with all our concepts, abstract, pale,
> Poor puny offspring crying through the dark:
> Grind down the stars to dust, of what avail
> The smallest atom or the faintest spark
> To help thee to deny the soul behind—
> Life linked with matter, matter swayed by mind?

The dissertation is distinctly worth reading, and is both logical and inspiring, gaining rather than losing coherence and cogency by versification.

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"The Poems of Mu'tamid, King of Seville." Translated into English verse by Dulcie Lawrence Smith. (John Murray, 1s.)

Mu'tamid was a King of Seville with all the chequered history and fire of these monarchs. Ibn Ammár, his vizier, intrigued against him, he loved Salma and Quamar but most of all Rumaikia, the spoilt Sultana for whom he ordered the courtyard of the palace to be strewn with musk and camphor and ambergris and planted the Sierra of Cordoba with almond-trees. Yet this very Rumaikia followed him into the desert in his exile, as Miss Lawrence Smith's attractive introduction relates.

Of all the charming poems in this book I choose the little verse about a mole. I do not think anything could surpass it on this small but tantalizing subject. Shakespeare's definition of dimples as "pits of love" is outvied. Shakespeare himself was fond of moles as witness his *Cymbeline*, and d'Annunzio describes a mole on the chin of his heroine in *The Triumph of Death*. There is a lore about moles in different places on the human body to be found in most dream-books, while moles, eyebrows and eyelashes play havoc with the hearts of Oriental poets. But never was a mole so gloriously apostrophised as by an old Moorish singer:

A Comparison.

The little mole that dallies on her cheek
Is like a small black slave-boy, bidden to seek
A posy in the garden; see him stand,
Weighing the choice, a rose in either hand,
Among the lilies.

Regina Miriam Bloch.

Fate and Free-Will. By Ardaser Sorabjee N. Wadia, M.A., Author of "The Message of Zoroaster" and "Reflections on the Problems of India." London and Toronto: J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd. Price 2s. 6d. net.

Of the various enigmas which confront the thinker some are incapable of solution by any known process of reasoning in the present stage of humanity's mental development. Others admit at least of argument. Within the latter category is included the vast subject of the present volume. After stating the problem in his opening chapter, Mr. Wadia devotes four successive chapters to an exposition of the views of the leading thinkers of the past—philosophic and religious—on the complexities of Fate and Free-will. This general survey leads the author to the conclusion that "it is only too evident that we cannot definitely determine on which side the gathered force of their teaching inclines except that the earliest scriptures, i.e. the Zoroastrian, are substantially for Free-will, as the latest, the Islamic, are distinctly for Predestination. The rest hold more or less a middle ground between the two; though, judging from the interpretations put on them in our own age, the people of the East present a distinct leaning towards God and Fate, as the people of the West betray a decided tendency towards Agnosticism and Free-will." Mr. Wadia himself goes "solid" for Fate, and devotes his concluding chapter to a carefully reasoned presentation of his arguments. No man, he avers, can escape the Destiny which Heredity and Circumstance have forced upon him. . . .

The author ignores the spiritual potency of a certain school of modern thought. There is a healthy antidote to fatalism in Orison S. Marden's "An Iron Will": "Desire and Resolve create an atmosphere which attract the forces necessary to the attainment of the purpose." After all, an ounce of Hope is worth a pound of Kismet!

Edith K. Harper.

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# OCCULT REVIEW

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE INVESTIGATION OF SUPER-NORMAL PHENOMENA AND THE STUDY OF PSYCHOLOGICAL PROBLEMS

EDITED BY RALPH SHIRLEY

*"Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri"*

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Contributors are specially requested to put their name and address, legibly written, on all manuscripts submitted.

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## NOTES OF THE MONTH

IN further reference to the visions at Mons, the most important evidence which has reached the public so far is that appearing in the *Evening News* for September 14. The evidence was communicated to Mr. Machen by an officer who was in the retreat from Mons. This officer is described as a distinguished Lieut.-Colonel, and I understand from Mr. Machen that he is a member of a well-known army family, and has been the recipient of an honourable order of knighthood. Though he does not wish his name to be made public to the world at large, there can be no question as to the *bona fides* of the account, and the *Evening News* has confirmed the identification particulars with regard to him.

MORE EVIDENCE OF MONS PHENOMENA.

Mr. Machen had written a postscript to his article concerning the alleged visions which ran as follows:—"It is odd that nobody has come forward to testify at first hand to the most amazing event of his life." "It is this remark," wrote the officer in question, "which inclines me to write," and he proceeds to tell his own experience. It appears from his account that on August 26, 1914, he was fighting in the battle of Le Cateau. From this sanguinary engagement his division retired in good order and were marching



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all the night of the 26th and during the 27th with only two hours' rest.

"On the night of the 27th," says Mr. Machen's correspondent,* "I was riding along in the column with two other officers. We had been talking and doing our best to keep from falling asleep on our horses.

"As we rode along I became conscious of the fact that, in the fields on both sides of the road along which we were marching, I could see a very large body of horsemen. These horsemen had the appearance of squadrons of cavalry, and they seemed to be riding across the fields and going in the same direction as we were going, and keeping level with us.

"The night was not very dark, and I fancied that I could see squadron upon squadron of these cavalrymen quite distinctly.

"I did not say a word about it at first, but I watched them for about twenty minutes. The other two officers had stopped talking.

"At last one of them asked me if I saw anything in the fields. I then told him what I had seen. The third officer then confessed that he too had been watching these horsemen for the past twenty minutes.

"So convinced were we that they were really cavalry that, at the next halt, one of the officers took a party of men out to reconnoitre, and found no one there. The night then grew darker, and we saw no more.

"The same phenomenon was seen by many men in our column. Of course, we were all dog tired and overtaxed, but it is an extraordinary thing that the same phenomenon should be witnessed by so many different people.

"I myself am absolutely convinced that I saw these horsemen; and I feel sure that they did not exist only in my imagination. I do not attempt to explain the mystery—I only state facts."

The above evidence, which is obviously of considerable importance, does not appear in Mr. Harold Begbie's book *On the Side of the Angels*,† which claims to be a counterblast to Mr. Machen's *Bowmen*, the evidence apparently having come to light too late for insertion. Mr. Begbie, however, gives a very detailed account of another first-hand record, which I must consider, at least up to the present date, the most important statement of the kind with the exception of the lieut.-colonel's. This is the record of a certain wounded soldier, a lance-corporal, who was lying, at the time the statement was made public, at an English hospital, and, in fact, was awaiting an operation, which has since been performed. Though the lance-corporal's name is not given, it is well known to a number of people who have been investigating these matters, and in particular Mr. Begbie went out of his way to have a long interview with the soldier in question. The statement was first made by him in conversation with the hospital nurse, who in return repeated

WHAT THE LANCE-CORPORAL SAW.

* In a letter written in pencil from the front. The envelope bears the censor's stamp.

† London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1s. net.

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it to the Lady Superintendent of the Red Cross, Miss M. Courtney Wilson. This account was first given with no idea at all of its attracting public attention, but merely in casual conversation with the nurse referred to, and the narrator was a good deal surprised to learn of the publicity that had been given to it. "He is a soldier," says Mr. Begbie (quoting a friend of his who went to see him), "of many years' service, with a clean military record. I should take him to be a man of two or three and thirty. He spoke to me of his vision in a cool, calm, matter-of-fact way, as of something he had certainly seen. He made no attempt either to theorize or dogmatize about it. His whole narrative was marked by sincerity." The soldier's verbatim statement is given by Mr. Begbie, and it may be worth while reproducing it here, though it appears in an abbreviated form in my little book, *The Angel Warriors at Mons.*

"I was with my battalion in the retreat from Mons on or about August 28. The German cavalry were expected to make a charge, and we were waiting to fire and scatter them so as to enable the French cavalry who were on our right to make a dash forward. However, the German aeroplanes discovered our position and we remained where we were.

"The weather was very hot and clear, and between eight and nine o'clock in the evening I was standing with a party of nine other men on duty, and some distance on either side there were parties of ten on guard. Immediately behind us half of my battalion was on the edge of a wood resting. An officer suddenly came up to us in a state of great anxiety and asked us if we had seen anything startling [the word used was 'astonishing']. He hurried away from my ten to the next party of ten. When he had got out of sight I, who was the non-commissioned officer in charge, ordered two men to go forward out of the way of the trees in order to find out what the officer meant. The two men returned reporting that they could see no sign of any Germans; at that time we thought that the officer must be expecting a surprise attack.

"Immediately afterwards the officer came back, and taking me and some others a few yards away showed us the sky. I could see quite plainly in mid-air a strange light which seemed to be quite distinctly outlined and was not a reflection of the moon, nor were there any clouds in the neighbourhood. The light became brighter and I could see quite distinctly three shapes, one in the centre having what looked like outspread wings, the other two were not so large, but were quite plainly distinct from the centre one. They appeared to have a long loose-hanging garment of a golden tint, and they were above the German line facing us.

"We stood watching them for about three-quarters of an hour. All the men with me saw them, and other men came up from other groups who also told us that they had seen the same thing. I am not a believer in such things, but I have not the slightest doubt that we really did see what I now tell you.

"I remember the day because it was a day of terrible anxiety for us. That morning the Munsters had a bad time on our right, and so had the

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Scots Guards. We managed to get to the wood and there we barricaded the roads and remained in the formation I have told you. Later on the Uhlans attacked us and we drove them back with heavy loss. It was after this engagement when we were dog-tired that the vision appeared to us.

"I shall never forget it as long as I live. I lie awake in bed and picture it all as I saw it that night. Of my battalion there are now only five men alive besides myself, and I have no hope of ever getting back to the front. I have a record of fifteen years' good service, and I should be very sorry to make a fool of myself by telling a story merely to please any one."

Our author obtained further interesting information from the soldier when he went to interview him himself, especially as regards the impression that the vision made upon the other men in his regiment.

"It was very funny," he said. "We came over quiet and still. It took us that way. We didn't know what to make of it. And there we all were, looking up at those three figures, saying nothing, just wondering, when one of the chaps called out, 'God's with us!'—and that kind of loosened us. Then when we were falling in for the march, the captain said to us, 'Well, men, we can cheer up now; we've got Someone with us.' And that's just how we felt. As I tell you, we marched thirty-two miles that night, and the Germans didn't fire either rifle or cannon the whole way."

Mr. Begbie inquired of the lance-corporal if he had met any of the men who saw the vision since he had got back to England. He stated that he had only met one—a sergeant in the Scots Guards who was lying in Netley hospital, and added, "He remembers it just the same as I do." "Of course," he continued, "these chaps in here won't believe it. They think I must have dreamed it, but the sergeant in the Scots Guards could tell them. I have never seen anything like it before or since—I know very well what I saw."

THE CHURCH AND THE "ANGELS."

It is satisfactory, I think, to find allusion made in so many Church of England pulpits to these phenomena, as it shows conclusively that the old and absurd superstition that miracles (so-called) were confined to Bible times and had ceased with the death of the last of the apostles, is now being widely rejected, even in ecclesiastical circles. Nothing tended so much to fortify scientific incredulity on the subject of Bible miracles as this unscientific attitude with regard to them, and it is the recognition of the fact that, if I may so phrase it, miracles are in reality everyday occurrences, that more than anything else is reviving our faith in many strange records of the past that have long been treated as purely legendary. Such phenomena as those recorded in the retreat from Mons, the materialist is, of course, bound to deny, for they cut at the very roots of his philosophy of life.

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It has been only too frequently the case that the Christian has joined hands with the materialist in denouncing such so-called miracles as idle tales. It is to be feared that this is still the case with a large body of so-called Christians. But that this attitude of mind is losing ground, owing to the fact that it is becoming recognized that such a sceptical attitude is equally destructive of all faith in the Bible record, is one of the more encouraging signs of genuine religious revival to which the new century bears witness.

I will adduce one more record from Mr. Begbie's book before I have done with it. It is confirmatory of other records already given, but I think it has not appeared elsewhere in print. An English lady whom our author describes as " of great energy and most practical common sense," a lady who has established a club for the British soldiers in France, and who has herself seen and heard many of the worst horrors of the war, narrated to Mr. Begbie the following incident :—

A dying soldier said to me one day, " It's a funny thing, sister, isn't it, how the Germans say we had a lot of troops behind us ? " It never struck me that he was speaking of phantasms, and I simply replied by the question, quite lightly uttered, " Do they say that ? " He went on to assure me that German prisoners had said, " How could we break through your line when you had all those thousands of troops behind you ? " And he added, " Thousands of troops ! Why, we were just a thin line of two regiments with nothing behind us." Now, I believe in a life after death, but I don't believe in angels on earth, and so I said to the soldier, " Well, it seems to me fairly easy to understand. When a man is killed, in the very thick of a fight, and with all his angry passions at white heat, I suppose his soul remains for some time on earth, and is unable to tear itself away from the battle." At this another man on the opposite side of the ward joined in, and said to me, " You're quite right, sister. I've many times heard a shot man in the trenches say to those who were looking after him, just before he died, ' Never mind, mates, I'll be there to help you ! ' I've heard that said many times." This man, who was a sergeant-major, afterwards told me that he had heard a British officer talking to a German prisoner, and that the prisoner talked of the crowd of troops behind the British line, saying that all the Germans had seen them.

Certainly the impression, widely prevalent among the Germans, that they were face to face with large armies when in reality they had only before them a handful of British troops, whether we are disposed to account for it miraculously or otherwise, appears to have been one of the most important facts in the turning of the tide at the most critical moment of the whole war.

In the new edition of *Prophecies and Omens of the Great War*, which has been entirely reset in smaller type and enlarged to

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78 pp., a fresh chapter dealing with the prophecies of Lehnin and St. Malachi being incorporated, there is a revised map giving the positions of the localities alluded to in certain prophecies in reference to the predicted site of the final battle of the war. A further matter of interest in connection with the localities which appear in ancient predictions, is brought out by a letter signed "Explorer" in a recent issue of *Light*. This letter alludes to the prediction attributed to the apparition of the Jesuit martyr and patron of Poland, Andrew Bobola. The prediction is given in full detail in the new edition of *Prophecies and Omens*. Its special interest arises from the statement attributed to the saintly apparition with regard to the territory of Pinsk. Father Korzeniecki, the monk of Wilna, readers may remember, was bidden by the saint to open the window of his cell, when he would perceive things that he had never yet seen. At this point the holy father opened his window as instructed and looking out perceived to his amazement, not the narrow garden of the convent with its surrounding wall, but immense plains stretching as far as the horizon. The apparition thereupon informed him that the scene which he saw was the territory of Pinsk where he himself had had the glory of suffering martyrdom. He then told him to look again when he would learn what he desired to know with regard to the future destiny of his oppressed country, Poland. Thereupon the Father looked out a second time, when the plain which he had already seen appeared to him suddenly covered with innumerable masses of Russian, Turkish, French, English, Austrian and Prussian soldiers, fighting in a horrible mêlée such as is seen only in the most sanguinary wars. Father Korzeniecki was puzzled to know what this scene of fearful combat had to do with the liberation of his native land. In reply to his request for an explanation, the saint rejoined: "When the war which has just been portrayed for your benefit shall have given place to peace once more, Poland will be re-established and I shall become recognized as its patron saint." In the *Daily Chronicle* of September 16 a map of the present theatre of the Eastern Campaign is reproduced. The map gives the scene of the present struggle from Riga in the extreme north to Pinsk in the extreme south. Immediately above it, quoted from the official German bulletin of September 15, is the following: "South-ern Front—Army group of von Mackensen—The pursuit in the direction of Pinsk continues. The number of prisoners has increased to over 700."

ANDRÉ BOBOLA'S PREDICTION AND THE PRESENT THEATRE OF WAR.

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The following day's report announced the occupation of Pinsk by the German-Austrian forces. It may be mentioned that Pinsk is in the Russian department of Minsk, and is between 200 and 250 miles east of Warsaw. It is not a little remarkable that after some fourteen months the war should have reached the locality alluded to by the saintly apparition. The remarkable nature of the prediction may perhaps be emphasized by the list given of the different nations fighting. Are we to anticipate that Germans and Turks will join hands and fight not merely on the same side but in the same battles, before this terrific war is over?

The question as to the bona fides of the record is, I think, set at rest by the fact that the account of the incident which is given as having taken place in 1819 (five years after the partition of Poland) appears in a letter written from Nice in 1854 by the Polish Jesuit Père Felkierzamb to a brother Jesuit at Lyons. A copy of this letter appeared in the Italian *Civita Cattolica* of July, 1864. Thence it was copied and reproduced in the French book of prophecies, *Voix Prophètiques*, originally published in 1871, from which I took my own translation. A certain Father Thurston who has occupied his time rather unsuccessfully in holding up to ridicule the various predictions about the present war, observes in his book, *The War and the Prophets*, with regard to this prophecy: "It is certainly a curious fact that English and French soldiers should be given a prominent place in the record of such a dream or vision, and for a moment the coincidence of the Czar's declaration of liberty for Poland made at the beginning of the present war seems rather remarkable. Unfortunately, however, one finds on investigation that the vision first attracted attention at the opening of the Crimean War, and this, I am afraid, offers an only too satisfactory explanation of the fact that Russians, Turks, French and English are named first among the motley armies that are seen in combat on the plains of Pinsk." Is this erudite Jesuit critic unaware of the fact that Austrians and Prussians did not fight in the Crimean War? Or is he merely mutilating the prophecy for the sake of proving his own case? Is it a case of ignorance or insincerity, which? Readers must make the choice for themselves. Perhaps, however, perversion of evidence can be justified by Jesuitical casuistry as in itself a virtue. Doubtless the outbreak of the Crimean War led to the unearthing of the prediction and to people asking themselves whether Austria and Prussia would really intervene in this war, thus leading to the fulfilment of Bobola's prediction.

A JESUIT CRITIC.

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Of modern novelists who have made the Devil a central figure in their romances the most familiar to the public is doubtless Marie Corelli, who, in her *Sorrows of Satan* strove to enlist the sympathies of the public in favour of her hero by representing him as accomplishing a necessary though distasteful task in the evolution of humanity—a task allotted to him by a higher power, and which one day he looked to see accomplished when a new and happier era might dawn upon the human race. In Goethe's Mephistopheles the Devil appears in another guise. He is the spirit of cynicism; for whom all pleasure is lawful and desirable, and in whose sight a conscience appears merely as a terrifying bogey, the object of which is to frighten the poor mortal away from the legitimate happiness which life is ever offering to him. He himself is without heart as without conscience, and incapable of feeling remorse for the consequences of unlawful indulgence. But his pupil having taken him as his guide, and signed his pact, is unable to reap his harvest of sensuous gratification for more than a brief period, for unlike his master he has a human heart and is haunted by the consequences of his own misdeeds. Mephistopheles, then, typifies the intellectual, animal, and selfish side of man which sees nothing higher or more desirable than sense gratification, to the exclusion of the spiritual and altruistic. In Goethe's *Faust* he fails to make appeal as a hero, for he possesses nothing of the human. Faust himself, the student of occultism, is the lover, and the human interest of the play is centred entirely in his relations with Margaret.

DEVILS VARIOUS.

In Milton's *Paradise Lost* Satan is *par excellence* the rebel against the divine law—a law which appears to him, not without some show of justification if we follow Milton's story, as dictated by the caprice and arbitrary self-aggrandizement of the Deity. He is in a sense the champion of democracy against despotism, and as such does not fail in a measure to win the sympathy of the reader. He only falls through the excess of his ambition. He falls greatly because he has dared greatly, and even in his fall he wins our admiration through his refusal to surrender and do homage to his conqueror, even in the hour of his direst extremity. The Devil, indeed, in art, in folk-lore, and in religion, has taken on many guises, and the different portraits of him with which we are familiar can hardly be regarded as representations of a single personality. To the ordinary mind of mediæval Europe, the Devil was a grotesque figure recognizable by his horns and hoofs, and almost

MILTON'S SATAN.

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certainly a lineal descendant of the Roman earth-spirit Pan. The mysterious voice had indeed been heard across the sea proclaiming that "Great Pan is dead!"* but in truth he had merely changed his name with the advent of Christianity, and been christened the Devil with a big D.

I am not aware that any one before now has attempted to portray his Satanic Majesty in romance in the guise of a lover. To Mr. Brodie Innes the Devil is the Dark Master, the profound student of occultism, who is yet human enough to love a woman and to love her passionately, and who has all the magnetism and fascination required to cause himself to be loved ardently in return. In acquiring the intellectual capacities of the superman he has not forfeited the human—not at least where his own affections are concerned. We can hardly, indeed, find it in our hearts to blame Isabel for having fallen a victim to his charms. Love then is as much a dominant theme in Mr. Brodie Innes's romance † as in any of the present day novels with a strong "love interest" that are served up for the delectation of the average reader. But the book differs profoundly in this respect from all other love romances. It is a romance of the sub-conscious self, and the love episodes to be met with in its pages in spite of their vivid sense of reality all possess this singular characteristic. The dexterity indeed with which the author transfers us from one plane of consciousness to another without our knowing it, and without the heroine herself realizing it till afterwards, is not the least noteworthy feature of this remarkable story.

A ROMANCE OF THE SUB-CONSCIOUS SELF.

As Mr. Brodie Innes's novel differs from other love romances, so does our author's Devil differ from the other Devils who have been portrayed by the masters of romance. He has neither horns nor hoofs like the mediæval Satan. He does not give away the land of his origin in the manner of Mephistopheles; nor has he Mephistopheles's indifference to the human side of the human race. He is above all things the great master of the darker side of Occultism, of Black Magic if you will; the man who has lived long; for he has the secret of the *elixir vitæ*, and he has devoted the long years of his life to the study of the occult secrets of nature and the occult powers that may be acquired by those who are not too proud to learn of Nature all that Nature has to teach. To the beautiful woman he is just her ideal man, but a

* Plutarch, *De Oraculorum Defectu*.

† *The Devil's Mistress*. London: William Rider & Son, Ltd. 6*s*.

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man with enhanced powers and all the fascination of wisdom and experience which he has earned without forfeiting the charm of a perennial manhood in its prime.

Isabel met him first at the spot of which an illustration was given in the preceding issue of the OCCULT REVIEW. The dull monotony of a life spent out of reach of culture and the society to which her position in life entitled her, in company with a morose and unappreciative husband, to whom her intellectual and refined nature was a closed book, had rendered her existence well-nigh intolerable. Suddenly there appeared in her path that *rara avis*, a singularly handsome and cultured stranger, who showed no unwillingness to court an informal introduction. She hesitated as to whether she should so far depart from the recognized proprieties as to invite conversation with the unknown visitor. First she turned away, "then she stood irresolute, weighing and debating, her heart throbbing painfully." For she was so terribly lonely, and before her stretched the endless dreary years at the farm at Lochloy.

She trusted he had not passed, and then half hoped he had. She turned back to the road, walking slowly, as though dragged against her will, then quickening her pace almost to a run, then almost standing still, as she saw he was still there, walking towards her with the same dignified deliberate pace. Mechanically she threw back her tartan screen, the low sun at her back flamed on her bright hair. He should see her thus, she knew not why, but thus this man must see her. She looked curiously at him. He was scrupulously neat, his grey clothes fitted him perfectly, his grey stockings showed a well-turned leg and a slender ankle, bright silver buckles gleamed on his shoes, his hair was dark, and slightly touched with grey; his face was that of a student, grave and somewhat sad, but his eyes were piercingly bright with a strange magnetic attraction.

She felt weird thrills run through her limbs. He was now close to her; he raised his bonnet in courteous salutation.

"Give you good day, Mistress," he said, and his voice was low and musical. "You seem in some trouble."

"No, sir! no trouble. Only I am so lonely. So terribly lonely!"

HOW ISABEL MET THE DEVIL.

That she should thus open her grief to a total stranger surprised herself even as she said it. But she could not think of him as a stranger.

"Nay, I cannot think so fair a lady could be lonely usal Methinks you cannot know your own power."

"Power! What would I give for power! I am helpless as , even mouse caught in a trap, and I could do so much. I am young d, in art, I am married, and I have never known love. Oh, why do I es, and the like this? I know what you must think of me."

"Nay, Mistress! I prithee look on me as one wh nar can hardly world for more years than I care to remember. I l onality. To the women, and I can sympathize. Maybe I can evil was a grotesque would use it well. A beautiful woman alwa d hoofs, and almost

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I could teach ye more. Knowledge is power, and I have studied every science, and won power for myself, and this I can give to you if so be ye will."

"How good you are!" she murmured softly. "I never saw you before, yet I feel I trust you more than any man I ever met."

Isabel Goudie must needs renounce her baptism if the Dark Master is to give her his aid. "This foolish rite of baptism," he tells her, "repels all that is pleasant or desirable." She was baptized in the Reformed Kirk, but much against her will, and she undertakes to unsay her profession of creed with no little alacrity. A meeting is arranged for midnight at the kirk of Aulderne, when the moon is at the full, and the dark stranger undertakes that her husband shall be absent so that no obstacle may be placed in her way.

Her unknown admirer turned, and was gone, with a "Fare ye well, Mistress, until to-morrow night"; but the fateful step in Isabel Goudie's career had been taken and a glamour had entered into her existence which was to transform the dull tedium of her life and to enable her for a few brief months to live through more thrilling and exciting episodes than were the lot of the brilliant society ladies she had so long envied in vain, during the whole course of their worldly careers. For to be the Dark Master's "Queen of the Coven" was to experience a life of such thrilling excitement and adventure, and withal such intensity of delight as might scarcely even be dreamed of by mortal maid, even in her most romantic dreams. What, we may ask, were the ingredients which went to make up this brief period of delirious happiness? To analyse is impossible, but at least we can trace in its composition the delights of the most romantic love combined with the most ecstatic joy associated with the chase, and the pleasure of a beautiful woman whose life has had nothing to relieve its dull drab monotony, in finding herself loved and admired by one whose brilliance, fascination, and intellectual accomplishments are beyond all that she has dared to look for in the hero of her ra[illegible]ance. All this in return for the renunciation of a baptism denly was hateful to her, and for faithlessness to a husband before young r[illegible]porish indifference the charm of her beauty and talents enter[illegible] Pearls before swine. Had she, indeed, when making had been in[illegible]unted the terrible cost? One is left in doubt at illuminated, th[illegible]tory whether indeed she would have chosen artificial. Witho[illegible]known all. And this in spite of the fact that the bed, took up th[illegible]ended by voluntarily making the great

QUEEN OF THE COVEN.



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renunciation not only of her lover, but of all that life meant for her, and eventually of life itself.

The very mystery that surrounds her lover has a fascination for Isabel. He describes himself as a poor scholar, and yet she knows he is more than this—in fact she half seems to suspect who, in reality, he is. She asks him: "Tell me, are ye truly a man as ye seem, or what are ye?"

"Ay, sweetheart" (he replies), "Truly a man, and a man to love you, for of a sooth never have I seen a woman worthier to be loved." His arm was round her as he drew her gently into the door of the court-yard of the ruin. "Nay, I doubt ye not, but ye are so strong, so great, ye are too great almost for a man."

"Not too great to be thy humble slave. All the greatness that the greatest of us men can achieve is nothing to the magic of a beautiful woman, and you are beautiful, sweetheart! Though I am strong, it is but to provide a setting worthy of so rich a jewel."

* * * * *

They were in some great hall hung with trophies and splendid ornaments, and in one corner was a heap of wondrous cushions, spread with Oriental robes and silken coverings of orange and scarlet and amber. And all the time those marvellous eyes were searching hers, and it seemed as if the whole of his being were dominating her, till she knew and desired nothing else in all the earth. Her head lay on his shoulder, her face upturned to his as she received his long, sweet shuddering kiss on her lips, and closed her eyes in an ecstacy of bliss. Then he drew her to the corner, to the pile of cushions that made a sort of divan, and it seemed to her as though all material things melted and dissolved. She was floating in a golden haze, without sense, without volition. Then consciousness itself faded, and she knew no more.

* * * * *

A cold breeze on her forehead roused her, and she opened her eyes slowly. She felt some hard, rough substance under her arms. She looked out on the familiar Sutors of Cromarty. She was leaning over a wall beside a gate on the road from Aulderne to Lochloy. She had been asleep then. But how she came there she had no knowledge at all, she had no recollection of walking out. She had had a headache, and had not gone to the kirk. She must have wandered out in her sleep, and just wakened here. As she wondered, she heard voices. The folk were coming back from the kirk. She stood beside the gate, and several passed by twos and threes. Then John Gilbert came along, walking alone. Moved by some sudden impulse, she stepped out into the road and walked along beside him, thinking to tell him that her headache was even better and she had come out to take the air, and to meet him. As in art, he turned round and said: "Was not that a fine discourse we had to-day from Mr. Forbes? Indeed, I am right glad ye were there," and the

The two streams of Isabel Goudie's life had [illegible] can hardly more, and her consciousness had again returned [illegible]nality. To the all unknowingly had accompanied her h[illegible]vil was a grotesque [illegible] hoofs, and almost at the kirk at Aulderne.

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The public has almost ceased to dare to look forward to an early end to the present interminable war, and has accordingly settled down to accept the inevitable with the best grace which it may. People who predicted a three years' war, and drew attention to the fact that the Napoleonic wars lasted more than five times this period, are no longer regarded as pessimists. But it is well to bear in mind that the industrial conditions of the present age and the era of Napoleon are far different. The colossal cost of the present conflict renders it practically impossible that it should continue for a period of upwards of three years without involving the general bankruptcy of the whole Continent. For myself I still adhere to Sir William Ramsay's view that had the Government been alive to the actual needs of the situation; had it taken in hand the question of munitions at once instead of postponing the necessary action for eleven months; and had it made cotton absolute contraband at the commencement of the struggle, instead of waiting and hesitating for upwards of a year, the war would have been concluded at the latest by last June. British Governments have never been noted for their foresight, and perhaps one should not be surprised that in the present instance our rulers instead of taking the initiative have waited till the growing pressure of public opinion compelled decisive action. It is, however, not necessary to make the outlook appear blacker than it is, and the tendency at present is rather to exaggerate the difficulties of the situation than to err on the side of optimism. The prophets who were so unanimous in their predictions of the coming conflict have been neither unanimous nor successful in their predictions of its duration. The countries, as well as the sovereigns concerned in it, have been so numerous that it has been difficult to find any sure basis on which to build a forecast. In especial, looking at the matter from the astrological standpoint, the zodiacal sign ruling the German Empire is quite unknown. That England at least will take a larger and more successful share in the latter part of the conflict appears not open to dispute. The ruling sign of England for at least a thousand years past has been recognized to be Aries, and its ruling planet Mars, and this ancient tradition. Now, not only is Mars, the ruling planet, rising at the winter solstice in close proximity to the sun, but about the middle of February the two figure in close conjunction, and Venus, enter the sign Aries almost at the same time. They therefore reach this country during the

DURATION OF THE WAR.

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latter half of that month news of the most gratifying nature, and between this date and June should be a period as far as England is concerned of singularly unbroken success. It may even be that before the last-named month arrives we may be well within sight of the termination of hostilities. The entry of the two benefics into England's sign is of specially good augury for King George, his own sign corresponding with that of the country, and these planets emphasizing certain favourable positions indicated in his last birthday figure. The Prime Minister's revolutionary figure dated for his last birthday equally contains the promise of coming peace, the Sun singularly enough having reached for the occasion the exact conjunction of Venus, and being in close parallel with the other benefic, Jupiter. The assistance rendered by this latter planet to the German Emperor, which came into play in his horoscope near the middle of this year, fades away with the coming winter, while the malefic rays of Saturn exercise an increasingly potent influence in his ascending sign. His birthday figure next January while showing Venus, the planet of peace, in trine aspect with Saturn, finds this latter planet posited close to the angle of the Fourth House, and in opposition to his mid-heaven—an indication long recognized by astrologers as threatening a downfall from the position occupied. In view of the fact that in the same year Saturn arrives at the exact degree of the Kaiser's ascendant in a period of unexampled crisis, and that the same planet in his natal figure threatened him with bankruptcy and ruin, it is impossible, astrologically, to draw any other deduction than that his downfall and dethronement is very near at hand—nearer, indeed, than is generally conceived to be probable in the light of present events. If fiercer fighting should still ensue and the clouds grow darker over the Balkan Peninsula it is well to remember that the auguries are singularly propitious, if not at the moment, at least in the not far distant future.

THE ENTRY OF JUPITER INTO ARIES.

THE KAISER MENACED BY SATURN.

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# GHOSTS WITH A MISSION

By ELLIOTT O'DONNELL

THOUGH ghosts are popularly credited with paying us very purposeless visits, and restricting their actions to nothing more sensible than gliding about, and tapping on walls and banging on doors, there are occasions, nevertheless, on which they have been known to have acted very differently, and to have appeared with a useful and definite object. One of the most extraordinary instances of this kind is that of the Croxford ghost,* a full account of which appeared in a pamphlet reprinted and sold by G. Henson, Printer, Bridge Street, Northampton, 1848. The case was as follows :—

In the year 1764 considerable excitement was roused in and around Northampton by sudden and startling light being thrown on the fate of a pedlar, locally known as Scottie, whose long absence from the neighbourhood had given rise to much speculation. The place where the man was supposed to have been last seen was Guilsborough, which even in those days was a village possessing a considerable population and of no little prosperity. Whilst the greater portion of it is situated on very high table-land, from which roads lead in all directions to the adjacent villages of Hollowell, Coton, Thornby and West Haddon, the other part of it lies on a decline, facing which is an eminence, called Crow Hill, leading right on to the high road—formerly the old coach road—from Northampton to Market Harborough. This road, which is even now—despite the continually increasing traffic—lonely and eerie, must have been intensely so a hundred years ago, and one can well imagine a host of evil eyed assassins lurking there and committing their atrocities with al-
almost perfect ease and security. Indeed, one might have cried
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* this appeared some years ago in my work entitled *of England and Wales*.



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hundred yards or so along the bank of the stream, was a house of ill-fame called Catslo, which was owned by one Thomas Seamark, and which had long been a resort of thieves and highwaymen. In the autumn of 1763 Scottie came into Guilsborough by the Hollowell road, and after visiting his usual patrons and doing a satisfactory morning's business, was observed descending Nortoft Hill in the direction of Catslo. Whether he actually called at the house or not no one could remember, nor was that point seriously discussed, even when his unusually long absence began to attract attention. The way it all came out was as follows :—

One day in the village school the little Seamark boy quarrelled with one of his companions, and, on being kicked as a consequence, retorted in great passion that he would serve his opponent as his (Seamark's) father served Scottie. The schoolmaster happening to be standing near unnoticed overheard this remark, and emerging from his nook demanded an explanation. As the boy refused, the master locked him up, and told him he could stay there till he did as he was bid.

Dinner-time arriving, and her son not putting in an appearance, Mrs. Seamark hastened to the school, where a great surprise awaited her. Instead of finding the pedagogue alone as she had doubtless supposed, she found him in the company of several other villagers, who at once boldly taxed her with a knowledge of Scottie's fate. At first she denied knowing anything about him, but her inquisitors were so persistent that she at length gave in and confessed that one day, between Michaelmas and Christmas, 1763, Scottie had called at their house with a well-filled pack. She watched him come down Nortoft, cross the bridge over the stream and enter their yard. Her husband and three friends of his—Deacon of Spratton (Deacon was a very common name in the Midlands and one frequently associated with crime), Croxford of Brixworth, and Butlin of Guilsborough—were in the house at the time, and bidding Scottie enter at once began to ply him with questions as to the prices of his wares, and tried to beat him down. Seamark and Deacon were already suspected of various crimes, but Butlin and Croxford seem to have even borne tolerably good characters ; all four were skilled labourers in art, but were doubtless—like most of their class in those days—boorish and ignorant. Catslo, as I have stated, was in an isolated position, deep down in a valley between Guilsborough and Hollowell, and completely hidden from view. All was a grotesque groups of rather squat-shaped trees—characteristic of hoofs, and almost

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tonshire—and by many undulations of the ground. The house owing to its unsavoury reputation was seldom visited by any of the villagers, so that in going there Scottie put himself entirely at the mercy of the occupants. There was small chance of his being able to secure aid should he want it.

According to Mrs. Seamark, all four men tried to bargain with the pedlar for some minutes, then they abused him, and all of a sudden coolly proposed murdering him. Seamark felled him to the earth, Butlin sat on his legs, Deacon lay across his face, while Croxford picking up a keen-bladed knife almost severed his head from his body. Then they stripped the corpse of its clothes and buried it, but fearing it might be found, dug it up, dissected it, and attempted to burn the pieces in a brick oven. The bones, however, not being consumed, they had no other resource than to reinter them.

This was the gist of Mrs. Seamark's statement, and in reply to the question as to why she had not confessed sooner, she added that her husband and Croxford had both threatened to kill her unless she instantly swore not to mention the affair to any one. This evidence was corroborated by the Seamark boy, who further stated he had seen dismembered hands and feet, and a light grey coat and a cane which he recognized as having belonged to Scottie.

On the strength of this information the schoolmaster and his friends told the authorities—the bones of poor Scottie were found—and Croxford, Deacon and Butlin were promptly charged with murder and arrested—Seamark had been executed some months previously for robbery on the high road. The three men were tried at the Assizes at Northampton, August 2, 1764, before Lord Chief Baron Varker, found guilty, and subsequently executed. They all died without confessing, stoutly protesting their innocence to the last, and accusing Mrs. Seamark of the grossest perjury. Deacon and Butlin were given to a Northampton surgeon for dissection, but Croxford was hung in chains on Hollowell Heath.

This is the story of the murder, the sequel is even more remarkable. The chaplain of the Northampton jail, who had been much impressed by the emphatic manner in which the executed men protested their innocence, was sitting alone in his room—to be precise the date was August 12, 1764—when, though the door was locked, he suddenly felt the room illuminated, and saw a thing beside him, and, on looking round, he perceived by the bed, took up the perfect form and appearance of a man standing

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erect at a small distance from his right side." The eyes of the stranger were so lurid, his cheeks so livid, and the hand he proceeded to-hold up so white and emaciated ,that the chaplain recognized him as nothing human, and was at once filled with a deadly fear. Summoning up courage, however, he addressed him ; whereupon the phantasm responded, and in strangely hollow but solemn tones informed him that he was the spirit of the same John Croxford who had recently been executed, and that the reason of his appearance was to affirm that all three men had been guilty, that they had been justly hanged, and that "language was too weak to describe and mortality incapable of conceiving a ten-thousandth part of their anguish and despair even at present, that though their bodies were unaffected with pain, their souls were in darkness, under all the dreadful apprehension of remaining there for eternity." This, he explained, was not only on account of the awfulness of their crime but also because of their impiety and profaneness in adjuring God by the most horrid imprecations to attest the truth of a palpable and notorious falsehood, and by wishing that their own portion in Eternity might be determined in consequence thereof. He went on to explain that they had been so impious because "while the blood of their victim was still warm, they had entered into a sacramental obligation, which they had sealed by dipping their fingers in the blood of the deceased and licking the same," thus binding themselves never to confess their deed. The chaplain then asked several questions as to the manner in which the crime was committed, to all of which he replied, finally telling him that, as a conclusive proof of his appearance, if he went to a certain spot in Guilsborough he would find there a gold ring which had belonged to the pedlar, on which were inscribed these words—"HANGED HE'LL BE WHO STEALS ME, 1745." The chaplain eagerly made a note of this, and was about to ask some more questions, when the light of the lamp on the table suddenly became normal again—the phantasm had vanished. The chaplain was overcome with emotion. Had he really been visited by an inhabitant of the Unknown World he had always been [illegible] to believe was so completely veiled from man? Had he even been listening to the voice of the long-buried Croxford? in art, the whole thing a dream, merely some trick of his [illegible], and the hearing,—some curious delusion of his brain? [illegible] can hardly about it all night, and in order to put it to the [illegible]ality. To the morrow to the spot where he had noted in [illegible] was a grotesque book the [illegible]ring was concealed. With a fa[illegible]oofs, and almost

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commenced his search, and after a brief examination discovered the ring. It was thus proved beyond all doubt that what he had experienced in his study was nothing subjective but an actual visitation from the spirit world. A ghost had come to him, and come with a purpose. The crime had after all been brought home to the right parties—and the minds of all that had questioned the justice of the execution were for all time set at rest.

This is one of the few well-corroborated cases I have come across of a phantom not only talking intelligibly but answering questions as well.

A very curious instance of a spirit intervening in the cause of justice is that narrated by several writers in the Sixties, amongst others by Captain Spicer who gives a detailed account of the case in his work entitled *Strange Things Among Us*. The facts were as follows :—

A Mr. D——, a young Cambridge undergraduate, was staying for a few days during the Long Vacation in an hotel, in Exmouth, close to the old Exmouth and Starcross Ferry. Always tolerably quiet even during the busiest hours of the day, the hotel and its immediate environments became wrapped in the most profound silence as soon as the evening had once fairly set in, so that D—— had never any complaint to raise on the score of his slumbers being in any way disturbed. Shortly after turning into bed one night, however—and certainly before he had fallen asleep—he was immeasurably startled at hearing a loud voice, apparently from just beside his couch, exclaim, " Go down to the ferry." Not knowing what to make of it, but attributing it to a peculiarity of his brain, which however was certainly not over-tired or excited, and which he never remembered having played him any such trick before, he was about to compose himself to go to sleep, when once again the voice spoke, and, in even more clearly defined and reverberating tones, said, " The boatman waits." This time there was no question of imagination, and D—— at once sat up and struck a light. There was no la[illegible]ne in the room—he was absolutely alone—nor could he hear denly slightest sound of any one moving about, either in the house young r[illegible]the bright moonlight space outside. " Go down to the enter. T[illegible] boatman waits." What did it mean ? Was it a mes- had been in[illegible]ome far-off one he knew ? He had heard of such illuminated, t[illegible]fore, but had—with the conceit characteristic of artificial. Witho[illegible] youths of his age and inexperience—merely the bed, took up th[illegible] Now all was changed. A new and broader

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vista suddenly opened up before him. Where it led he knew not—whence it had come he knew not.

Possessed with a strong feeling that he ought to obey, he got out of bed and dressed, and lighting a candle, crept down into the hall and out into the open and inviting night. The ferry was but a few yards distant, and on arriving there he found to his astonishment the boatman, who usually left for home the very instant it grew dark. He was beginning to say: "Why, how on earth is it you are here now?" when the man cut him short with a very surly, "Well, you've kept me waiting long enough to-night, I think. I've stopped here over an hour for you."

"What do you mean?" D—— asked.

"Mean," the man growled, "Why, didn't you tell me to be ready to take you over an hour ago?"

"It's the first I've heard of it," D—— said gently; then, in order to pacify the man, though he was longing to demand of him an explanation, he commented on the extraordinary beauty and softness of the night.

On landing he was deliberating where to go and what to do, for every place except the station was closed, and no one was about, when once again he heard the same voice say, slowly and with great emphasis, "Exeter, Exeter, Exeter." Then there was a pause, and then again with the same deliberateness, "Exeter, Exeter, Exeter." D—— hesitated no longer, but entering the station took his ticket. There was no train for some time and he did not get to Exeter till dawn. He wandered aimlessly about for some hours, until he at last saw an hotel open, when he promptly went in and ordered breakfast. The waiter who brought it him was particularly loquacious, and although D—— did not encourage him to talk, would keep on alluding to the Assizes that were being held that day in the town. At length D——, in spite of himself, grew so interested in what the man was saying that he determined to go to the Court and hear the cases. He did so, and, though the place was packed with people, managed, with extraordinary luck, to obtain a seat close to the prisoner's dock. A man belonging to the working classes was being tried for murder. The evidence was even against him, and it seemed a foregone conclusion to even present that he would be found guilty. He persisted in his innocence, however, and observed with great [illegible] "It is impossible for me to have done it because [illegible]. To the question I was sent to mend the window sash [illegible] house at M——. There's one gent who could [illegible] roofs, and almost

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but I don't know where he is or where to have him looked for. Yes, I know he could prove my innocence for a particular reason that would remind him of me; but, there, I can't help."

The words as much as the manner in which he spoke them greatly impressed D——, who looked at him closely. Good heavens! where had he seen the man before? Where? Ah! He drew in a deep breath. Ah! he had it now. Those deep, pleading grey eyes looking so steadfastly from under the heavy bushy brows; that rough grizzled hair; those toil-worn hands, gnarled like the trunk of an oak. Link by link it all came back to him. Some months previously he had called to see a friend at M——, and finding him away from home had occupied himself reading a book in the library. A carpenter was doing something to one of the windows in the room, and D—— chatted with him, borrowing a pencil from him to note down some of the conversation. Though he had never given the incident another thought till now, it all returned to him with the most remarkable distinctness as he sat staring at the face before him. And he suddenly knew why. The prisoner in the dock was the man with whom he had talked—the man who had lent him the pencil. He felt in his pocket and drew out his memorandum book—and there was the entry he had made, and the date on which he had written it—and the latter tallied exactly with the date on which the accused was supposed to have committed the crime. D—— at once communicated with the judge. His evidence was taken, and the prisoner was acquitted. Thus justice was done in the end, but through what medium? Whose was the voice—the voice that had so peremptorily sent D—— to the rescue? It is of course impossible to say, one can only surmise it may have belonged to some one who, when on earth, was devotedly attached to the carpenter, but that it hailed from the spirit world and was nothing subjective assuredly admits of no doubt.

In the same volume Captain Spicer refers to another quite out of the common case of a ghost speaking. A young German lady put up at an hotel in Paris, and on retiring to rest was suddenly startled by perceiving the door of the room open and a young man, clad in the costume of an officer in the French Navy, enter. To make the matter more remarkable, the room, which had been in total darkness up to that moment, became brightly illuminated, the light resembling ordinary sunlight—nothing artificial. Without noticing her the young man walked up to the bed, took up the chair which she had by her side, and placing

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it in the centre of the room sat down, and, pulling out a pistol, shot himself through the forehead. The room then became dark again, and a soft, sweet voice said, "Say an Ave Maria for his soul." The lady was so alarmed that she fell back on the bed in a state of catalepsy, in which condition she remained till morning. The servant who came to call her, not getting a reply, ran in a state of panic to the proprietor, and the bedroom door was finally forced, the noise made in the process frightening the young lady to such an extent that her faculties reasserted themselves, and she was able to state what had happened. As she declared she could not stay another moment in the room, she was at once transferred to another apartment, and soon after the move she received another shock. A young naval officer entered the hotel, and she at once identified him as the young man she had seen commit suicide. He asked for a room, was given the one she had just quitted, went up to it, slammed the door, and, immediately afterward, shot himself, every detail in the tragedy answering to those she had witnessed in the night.

The story soon got abroad, and among the many interested in it was the then Archbishop of Paris. Of course, if the voice had said, "Say an Ave Maria for my soul," the case might well have been considered one of projection, and the phantasm that of the living young man, who was contemplating suicide and concentrating so intensely on it that he managed to strike just the right conditions for the separation of his immaterial from his material ego, and so appeared in the spot he had chosen for the termination of his mortal career. I have experimented many times in projection—once successfully, and am quite convinced it almost entirely depends on the power of concentration. The reason why so many people fail to project themselves is because they only possess a moderate capacity for concentration; they can get so far but no farther. This is most conspicuous in the case of the people one would least suspect, namely scientists and mathematicians—their faculty for calculation has a modifying influence, a limiting effect, on their capacity to concentrate; hence, when they experiment in projection they invariably fail. Possibly, too, sympathy has much to do with this branch of the psychic, just as it has with seeing phenomena, and the scientist is not infrequently sadly deficient in sympathy; his nature is the antithesis of the spiritual. I say, then, again that the phenomenon in this instance might have been accounted for by projection, had the phantasm used the words "my soul," but as it said "his soul" this theory

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becomes rather weak, and one turns to some other theory for explanation. Very possibly the phenomenon was the work of some spirit friend of the young officer, who, aware of the fate that was going to befall the latter but unable to avert it, was yet permitted to put in a word to try and mollify his future punishment. And the young lady was chosen, partly on account of her sympathetic nature, and partly because she was in full possession of the psychic faculty—she could see as well as hear phenomena, —a rare gift. That spirits do know what Destiny has in store for Man has been proved to me more than once, and there are quite a number of well-known cases where the Unknown has manifested itself with benevolent motives, though I cannot recollect an instance where the circumstances have been quite similar to the one I have just recorded—where an immaterial counterpart of the living has been made use of.

To revert again to ghosts intervening in instances of murder. No case attracted more attention than that of Dr. Samwell in 1792. It is referred to by T. Charley in his book *News from the Invisible World*. Dr. Samwell set out by coach one morning from London to Portsmouth, but owing to a slight accident did not arrive in Portsmouth till long after the scheduled time. In fact, he was so late that all the hotels in the place were shut, and he had to wander far and wide before he could find any house still open. He at length, however, obtained admittance to an inn in Portsea, and was conducted by an aged hag to an ill-ventilated room in the top of the building. Feeling very tired he quickly got into bed, and was about to blow out the light, when he saw to his alarm, standing by him, the figure of a tall man, wrapped in a shaggy great coat, wearing a slouched hat, and carrying a lantern in his hand. There was something so sinister in the appearance of the stranger that Dr. Samwell had little doubt he had come there to murder him, and being a man of unlimited courage and action he drew his sheath-knife and sprang at the intruder. To his astonishment his grasp encountered nothing, the figure had melted into thin air. Dr. Samwell knew then that what he had seen was something superphysical. He interpreted it as a warning, and putting on his clothes hastily descended the stairs and informed the old hag that some one had intruded on him, and that he considered the circumstances so suspicious that he would not sleep in the house. The woman was much upset and tried hard to persuade him to remain, but the doctor had been thoroughly alarmed, and putting on his hat went out and spent the rest of the night on the sea front. In

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the morning he informed his friends what had happened, and, at their suggestion, interviewed the then mayor of Portsmouth, Sir John Carter. Sir John was greatly interested. The hotel, he said, had come under the suspicion of the local authorities for some time; certain strangers who had been observed entering the premises had never been seen to leave them, but up to the present no definite charge had been brought against the proprietors. Accompanied by his friends the doctor again visited the premises, only to find them deserted; the owners had obviously taken alarm and absconded precipitately. For some time the house remained empty, and on its being pulled down several skeletons were found in the garden, as well as in a ditch which at high tide was connected with the sea.

Now as to the phantom the doctor had seen, according to the accounts of various people with whom he got into conversation, it more closely resembled the proprietor of the hotel than any one else, and, this being so, one can theorize with a certain amount of feasibility that some friendly spirit impersonated the inn-keeper, so as to warn the doctor of the fate he might expect if he stayed all night in the place. On the other hand it might also be argued that the phantasm was the projected immaterial ego of the inn-keeper, who, at that moment, was concentrating hard on what he anticipated doing very shortly. There seems to have been no doubt at all in the minds of those who heard the doctor's story that the phenomenon was objective.

I could, if space permitted, narrate several other well-known cases illustrative of spirit intervention in instances of crime of all sorts, most generally where wills and deeds have been mislaid or lost. There is indeed a case in Clifton, Bristol, of recent date where a ghost appeared to a lady in a house not a mile from the Suspension Bridge and gave her minute directions as to how to right a wrong that had occurred with regard to some property in the East of England.

The lady obeyed the injunction, with the result that everything turned out as the apparition had said, the deeds being recovered, and the estate awarded to the rightful owner. The story is known all over Clifton, and has excellent foundation. Then, too, there are cases where ghosts have actually appeared in Court, but these I must reserve for some future occasion.

I think the cases I have already quoted are sufficient to prove my contention, namely, that the visits of ghosts are not necessarily without motive.

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# A RUSSIAN IDEA OF THE ANTI-CHRIST

By EDITH K. HARPER, Author of "Stead, the Man," etc.

"The Prince of this World cometh, and hath nothing in Me."
—St. John xiv. 30.

ONE golden evening in Spring, some few years ago, five Russians —a woman and four men—talked together in a villa garden whose clustering foliage mirrored itself fitfully in the sapphire waves of the Mediterranean. They sat beneath palm-trees, drinking tea, and discussing problems of time and the hour. With Slavonic intensity and cosmopolitan breadth of view they spoke of war and peace; of the progress of the world; of the goal whither that progress tends; and, with subtle, if unconscious presage, of Anti-Christ—that dark, sinister being who, as the shadow follows the sunlight, follows the Divine Figure of the world's Redeemer.

The Anti-Christ has been variously held to mean a being who sets himself in opposition to Christ and the Christ ideal, and one who substitutes himself for the Messiah. Anti-Christ, as defined by the Russian philosopher, Vladimir Soloviev, unites these two ideas of hostility and impersonation—hostility to all conveyed by the self-abnegation of the Man of Sorrows, yet at the same time an assumption of the rôle of universal benefactor, world-ruler, and prince of peace.

Among Russian intellectuals, Soloviev, according to his biographer, ranks higher even than Tolstoy. In England his name is less familiar, and the volume representing the quintessence of his mature thought is now, for the first time, presented to the English world of letters.[1] Its appearance is especially welcome now that Briton and Slav are united, hand and heart, in a pact which has been the dream of idealists since the days of the Great Catherine. . . . Soloviev's masterpiece is written in dialogue, and four of the five characters in his dramatis personæ —the group in the villa garden—express the varying aspects

[1] *War, Progress, and the End of History. Including a Short Story of the Anti-Christ.* Three Discussions by Vladimir Soloviev. Translated from the Russian by Alexander Bakshy. With a Biographical Notice by Dr. Hagberg Wright. London: University of London Press. Published for the University of London Press, Ltd., by Hodder and Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C. Price 6*s.* net.



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in which, at successive periods of his life, the profound spirit of this Slavonian mystic, poet, and ascetic, faced the problem of humanity's evolution "from the Cave to the Stars." The Lady is merely the sympathetic hostess, whose queries and comments evoke the different convictions of her guests. The General's outlook is that of the plain, blunt soldier, honestly glorying in the profession of Arms. With enthusiasm he describes his men as "a Christ-loving band of warriors," and stoutly maintains that half the saints in the Orthodox kalendar are either monks or soldiers. The Prince, a dilettante humanitarian, of no particular creed, abhors war, and voices the Tolstoyan doctrine of absolute non-resistance. The Politician argues that war, though at one time necessary in the formation of states, is wholly unthinkable in the present stage of civilization. The fifth debater, a certain Mr. Z., expresses Soloviev's own conclusions, when he had ceased to look for the fulness of the Kingdom upon earth, realizing that perfection is of the Spirit, and that the obstacles in our pilgrimage on this Sorrowful Star are but :

> . . . the altar-steps
> That slope through darkness up to God.

The worthlessness of a political Utopia based on universal material prosperity, and the hollowness of the Prince's ideals of an altruism without the living Christ, without the promise of immortality to give the charm "For Ever" to human effort, are conveyed in a short story of the Anti-Christ, read aloud by Mr. Z. when discussion had exhausted its armoury.

Soloviev, like all seers, felt the imminence of some terrific storm-cloud, but the cataclysm dreaded by him at the end of the nineteenth century was a fierce clash between Europe and Asia, in which a Pan-Mongolian invasion should possess itself of a Europe already weakened by international conflict, strikes, and an Islamic war. Therefore he pictured European nations, after half a century's enslavement, forming a colossal conspiracy, and, banding themselves together, to drive out their Yellow Ruler. He thus foretells for the twenty-first century a great democratic Federation, the United States of Europe. Psychology and metaphysics presumably keep pace with high-politics, for the historian of future ages, looking back to A.D. 2100 will be able to declare—

> The problems of inner consciousness, such as the questions of life and death, the ultimate destiny of the world and mankind, made more complicated and involved by the latest researches and discoveries in the fields of psychology and physiology, these as before remained unsolved.

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Only one important, though negative, result made itself apparent: it was the final bankruptcy of the materialistic theory. The notion of the universe as a system of dancing atoms, and of life as the result of mechanical accumulation of the slightest changes in material no longer satisfied a single reasoning intellect. Mankind had outgrown that phase of philosophical infancy. . . .

In such a world-setting, arises from the ranks of the people a man remarkable for extreme personal beauty, and for the brilliant and persuasive power of his pen—

He was still young, but owing to his great genius, at the age of thirty-three he already became famous as a great thinker, writer, and politician. Conscious of the great power of spirit in himself, he was always a confirmed spiritualist, and his clear intellect always showed him the truth of what one should believe in: Good, God, Messiah. In this he *believed*, but he *loved* only *himself*. He believed in God, but at the bottom of his heart he involuntarily and unconsciously preferred himself to Him. He believed in Good, but the All-seeing eye of the Eternal knew that this man would bow down before evil as soon as it bribed him—not by a deception of senses and base passions, not even by the bait of power, but only by his own unutterable self-love. . . . In a word, he considered himself to be what Christ in reality was.

In the full assurance of his growing ascendancy over public thought—which regarded him as almost a "super-man"—he waited but for the psychological moment to declare himself the "Saviour of Mankind" . . . The "pale Galilean," who suffered death upon the Rood, was but the forerunner of one mightier, who would unite spiritual triumph with the earthly glory of the Cæsars—in other words, *himself*.

Soloviev, in pursuance of his conception of the Anti-Christ as bearing certain superficial resemblances to the recorded history of Jesus of Nazareth, imagines a scene which is baptism and temptation in one. The Voice of the Tempter promises supreme power, and the superman, yielding himself with gladness, receives his mystic baptism from the spirit of evil. From that moment superhuman energy possesses him, expressing itself in a spurious semblance of the enthusiasm of humanity. His avowed ideals are universal peace and plenty, and the strict observance of the letter of the moral law. One feels that for Soloviev this complacent theory of "human brotherhood," based solely upon an equality of material well-being, is but an oiling of the slopes to perdition. In his own life he carried out his theories to their logical sequence, and in this at least he remained true to his earlier Tolstoyan creed.

It is not clear whether he actually foresees a time when the



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reins of world government shall be in the hands of a sole Dictator, or whether he embodies his views in this dramatic form for the sake of a more tangible expression of his certainty that our highest development will never be attained in a purely earthly paradise. Of the conscious interrelation of the two worlds he seems to ave a somewhat narrow idea. Magic he mistakes for spiritualism, and the downfall of his superman begins when, after assuming the imperial purple by public acclamation, he has recourse to the aid of one Apollonius, an Oriental, who is supremely versed in the science of the West and the psychism of the East. This strange being can bend even the elements to his will. The Emperor's association with the powers of darkness finally discloses his hitherto secret claim to Messiahship, and reveals him in very truth as Anti-Christ.

Among the few devout, clear-sighted folk left in the world of the twenty-first century, are three men, the leaders respectively of Greek Orthodoxy, Roman Catholicism, and German Theology. Anti-Christ having won over mankind at large by his material benefactions, seeks finally to seduce these religious leaders and effect a unity of all religions by proclaiming himself the spiritual head of a universal church on earth. But their intuition is proof against his sophistries, realizing that the diverse creeds by which the spirit of man has been nourished from its earthly infancy were as much a necessity in his evolution as was warfare in the consolidation of states, and that true spiritual unity can alone be attained in the heart of Christ the Immortal. It is touching that Soloviev makes his "Elder John," of the Orthodox Church, the first witness for the truth, the first to fling defiance in the face of Anti-Christ. May this yet be the destiny of Holy Russia? . . .

Another thinker, older than the Slav philosopher, says: "Man is like the silkworm and spins his own fate . . . The soul is not all immersed in matter; so far as it extends it feels and sees." It is this soul-consciousness which must permeate existence till the imprisoned Christ in each of us shall be liberated.

Long before his death Soloviev had ceased to be a mere Slavophile, and in place of the once-desired Kingdom of Slavonia his ideal spread its wings to the confines of all Christendom, that mystic Kingdom which is "great as the Love of God; wide as the need of man."

For a time the material forces appear to triumph; and by the magic arts of Apollonius, whom the Emperor eventually makes Pope of Rome, the latent psychic powers of humanity are stimulated and developed, which Soloviev clearly regards as evil. Magic

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for him is always black; never white. The final overthrow of Anti-Christ is brought about by the Jews, to whom the Emperor had secretly promised to restore the Kingdom of Israel, establishing his capital at Jerusalem and declaring himself to be of their race. They accept him as their Messiah, but in time they too discover that he has deceived them. Finding himself unmasked, the Emperor, like Lucifer in his pride, suddenly declares war, and with his legions threatens to overwhelm the entire world. A united rising of Jews and Christians springs up like flame to meet the cohorts of the arch-impostor. But help from on High is at hand. The Divine Spirit works through the forces of Nature, and Anti-Christ and his millions are overwhelmed by a tremendous cataclysm of the elements, which mocks the vaunted power of human mind over matter. So ends Soloviev's dream of the overthrow of evil; the prelude to another Dawn, when there shall be a new heaven and a new earth.

To the faithful a sign is then given in the heavens. A Figure of Christ is seen, with pierced hands and feet. With Him are the spirits of thousands of martyred Jews and Christians, soldiers slain in battle by Anti-Christ. Thus Soloviev foretells the ultimate unity of the Chosen People with the Gentiles, in the one Army of the living God, warring together against principalities and powers, and "spiritual wickedness in high places."*

Fantastic and sombre as is this Russian allegory, in its daring travesty of likelihood, it is the outer wrapping of deep and subtle truths. It voices the yearning questioning of to-day as to what may be yet to follow the dark night through which our world is passing. . . . May we not anticipate Soloviev's consummation by a century, and pray that the bells of some not-far-distant Christmas may ring in the thousand years of Peace.

* An incident eloquently commemorative of such potential unity is recorded in the Press as I write. A Jewish corporal of the Manchester Regiment, who won the V.C. at Ypres for assisting a wounded comrade under heavy fire, has also been awarded by the Tsar of Russia the Order of St. George—the champion knight of Christendom.—E.K.H.

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# THE WHITE LADY OF THE HOHENZOLLERNS

By KATHARINE COX

SINCE the outbreak of the Great European War, which has unveiled the mysteries of the next world for so many, popular interest has been aroused, perhaps more than ever before, in the occult. Stories of strange and supernatural occurrences, heavenly visions on the battlefield—above all, the now almost world-famous story of the Angels of Mons—have been rife. Whether or no these stories are true, or only the results of the fevered imagination of wounded and dying men, I do not attempt to say, but it is difficult entirely to discredit them. After all, there is never smoke without some sort of a fire, and if it has indeed been possible for dwellers in another and happier sphere to visit this troubled earth, is it not conceivable that they should, during this time of abnormal stress and anguish through which we are passing to-day, visit us again?

It has been prophesied by more than one professor of the occult, that the end of this war will also see the end of the Kaiser's sovereignty—indeed, that the House of Hohenzollern altogether will cease to exist. Whether that ultimately comes to pass, only the future itself can reveal, but it has certainly been rumoured that the mysterious "White Lady," the apparition whose appearance is supposed to forbode death or dire misfortune to some member of the Hohenzollern family, has been particularly active of late. She is no mushroom ghost; indeed, she dates back as far as the fifteenth century, her birth having taken place somewhere between 1420 and 1430. Her mother is said to have been Catherine of Würtemburg, and her father Ulrich von Rosenberg, Lieutenant-Governor in Bohemia, and commander-in-chief of the Roman Catholic troops against the Hussites.

The daughter, Lady Perchta—or Bertha—von Rosenberg, was possessed of great intelligence and beauty, and married, in the year 1449, John von Lichtenstein, a wealthy baronet in Steyermark. The marriage, which proved very unhappy, owing to the profligacy and cruelty of the husband, was at length dissolved by von Lichtenstein's death, and Lady Bertha retired to Neuhaus, where she built a castle which occupied several years in the building, to the great grievance of the townspeople. Lady Bertha, however, spoke kindly to her vassals, and consoled



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them with the prospect of "sweet porridge" at the termination of their work! Her words to her workmen were as follows :—

"Work for your masters, my faithful subjects! Work! When the castle is finished, you and all your families shall be feasted with sweet porridge." And when the building at last was completed she kept her word, treating all her subjects to an excellent repast, and saying to them, at the conclusion of the dinner—"In consequence of your loyalty to your liege lord, you shall every year have such a feast as this, and thus the praise of your good conduct shall flourish in after ages."

Lady Bertha's death probably took place at the end of the fifteenth century. Her portrait is to be seen in several old Bohemian castles to this day, and she is always represented as wearing a white widow's dress, with a white veil, and it is in this costume that her apparition is clothed.

The idea prevalent amongst those who have seen the apparition of the "White Lady" is that she was of a singularly devout and religious disposition, and that it is with the object of warning them to reflect, and prepare for approaching death, that she appears to doomed members of her family. She was connected by marriage with the families of Bradenburg, Baden, and Darmstadt, and she has been frequently seen in the castles of Bayreuth, Berlin, and Karlsruhe. In addition to foreboding the death of members of the reigning family, her appearance has also occasionally foreboded the death of persons attached to the Court.

Her first appearance took place about 450 years ago, when she was seen at the Castle of Neuhaus, in Bohemia. She was at first frequently observed looking out at noon-day, from a window at the top of an uninhabited turret of the castle. She was graceful and tall of stature, and entirely white, wearing the white flowing garments and widow's veil in which her portrait was painted. Although her apparition was frequently seen, there are only two instances on record of her having spoken. A certain illustrious princess in the castle at Neuhaus was standing in her dressing-room before the looking-glass, with one of her maids-of-honour, in order to try on some article of dress, and on asking the lady-in-waiting what time it was, the White Lady suddenly emerged from behind a screen, and said "It is ten o'clock." The princess was terribly alarmed. A few weeks later, she fell ill, and died.

In December of the year 1628, The White Lady is reported to again have given utterance to speech. She appeared in Berlin —though to whom it is not recorded—and was heard to say the following words, in Latin :—"Veni, judica vivos et mortuos :

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judicium mihi adhuc superest." "Come, judge the living and the dead; my judgment still awaits me."

At the castle of Berlin she was frequently seen in the years 1652 and 1653. Concerning her appearance at the castle of Karlsruhe the following anecdotes are worthy of mention :—

An illustrious lady went one summer evening at dusk, accompanied by her husband, to walk in the garden of the castle. Without the remotest thought of the White Lady in her mind, she suddenly saw the apparition, standing so near her on the path that she could distinguish her perfectly. She was terrified, and sprang to the other side of her husband, upon which the White Lady vanished. Soon afterwards, a member of the lady's family died.

The second instance was that of a gentleman attached to the Court. Walking one evening, very late, through one of the lobbies of the castle he saw the White Lady coming towards him. At first he believed it to be one of the ladies of the Court, trying to terrify him, and he therefore hastened up to the figure, in order to touch it. No sooner had he got close up to it, however, than it vanished into thin air before his eyes.

Apropos of the promise of the White Lady during her lifetime to the workpeople building her castle, and the fulfilment of the promise in the ultimate yearly feast to the poor, it is interesting to note that at Neuhaus there was, until quite recently, an old institution which provided that on Holy Thursday a feast of sweet pottage, honey and beer should be given to the poor in the courtyard of the castle. The feast concluded with the distribution of alms. For many years this custom, which no doubt originated in the White Lady's generous gift to her vassals, was religiously carried out. But when the Swedes, in the Thirty Years' War, had subdued the town and castle, they ceased this distribution of food to the poor, and the White Lady, as if to show her displeasure at such neglect of her wishes, became so violent, and caused such disturbances that the inhabitants of the castle were put to much discomfort. The guard was dispersed, beaten, and thrown to the ground by a secret power. The sentinels frequently encountered strange, supernatural figures and the officers were pulled by night out of their beds by an unseen power and dragged about the floor. Finally, the ancient custom was re-instituted, and immediately the disturbances ceased. The White Lady was appeased!

Her reappearance in this present terrible time of conflict may well indeed forebode disaster to the House of Hohenzollern!

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# DREAMS, PROPHETIC AND SYMBOLICAL

By REGINALD B. SPAN

THE symbolical language of dreams which the Deity appears to have used in some of His revelations to man is in the highest degrees what poetry is in a lower, namely, the original natural language of man; and we may fairly ask whether this language which here plays an inferior part be not possibly the proper language of a higher sphere, whilst we who vainly think ourselves awake, are in reality buried in a deep sleep, in which, like dreamers who imperfectly hear the voices of those around them, we occasionally apprehend a few words of the divine tongue. It is a curious thing that in this modern age there do not appear to be any persons capable of interpreting symbolical dreams as there used to be amongst the ancient Hebrews, Egyptians, Greeks and Romans. The gift, even then, was a rare one, and was no doubt a phase of clairvoyance. In Biblical history we find records of two notable men who rose to great eminence and power, and who were experts at the interpreting of dreams. These men, Joseph and Daniel, were in close touch with the Deity, and exhibited powers which were denied to their less gifted brethren. It was supposed that Joseph had the power of divining by means of a silver cup, in the deep reflection of which visions were mirrored and his "seeing" power concentrated. His attendants evidently thought so, as they inquired of the cup found in Benjamin's sack, "Is not this the cup by which our lord divineth?"

Daniel could not only interpret dreams, but also symbolical visions and writings, as for instance the vision of the hand which wrote strange words on the wall of Belshazzar's palace. He was described as a man in whom "was the spirit of the holy gods." Of the more notable symbolical dreams recorded in the sacred writings we may take as a good example that of St. Peter in Acts x. In the Middle Ages there were "wise" men and women who made a profession of interpreting dreams (amongst other practices) as a means of gain, but it was merely a species of



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fortune telling, and they were denounced as charlatans or exponents of a branch of witchcraft, and eventually exterminated.

There is a good and bad side to everything that exists, and it is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous, and this is especially true of dreams. In the histories of the Old Testament we find many instances of prophetic dreaming, and the voice of God was chiefly heard by the prophets in sleep; seeming to establish that man is in that state more susceptible of spiritual communion, although the being thus made the special organ of the divine will may be altogether a different thing from the mere disfranchisement of the embodied spirit in ordinary cases of clear-seeing in sleep.

Profane history also furnishes us with various instances of prophetic dreaming, which it is not necessary to refer to here. It is, however, worth mentioning that the allegorical character of many of the dreams recorded in the Old Testament occasionally pervades those of the present day. With respect to this allegorical language Ennemoser remarks "that since no dreamer learns it of another and still less from those who are awake, it must be natural to all men." It is remarkable that this hieroglyphic language appears to be the same amongst all people, and that the dream interpreters of all countres construe the signs alike. For instance, the dreaming of rough seas and muddy turbulent rivers denote trouble, and the finding of money is a sign of gain and prosperity.

The following is a curious instance of a symbolical and prophetic dream.

A young woman residing in Edinburgh dreamt that she was standing at her open window and, hearing a sound below, leant out to see what it was, and in so doing dropped a ring off her finger into the street below. She thereupon went down in her night attire to seek it, but on reaching the spot was unable to find it. On returning to the house door, much vexed at her loss, she met a young man carrying loaves of bread. On expressing her surprise at finding a stranger there at such an hour, he replied that he had come to give her a ring, and then handed her the ring she had just lost. Some months afterwards she met at a party the very man she had seen in her dream, who happened to be a baker in a good way of business. He took no particular notice of her on that occasion, but a year later they met again and became engaged. He then presented her with an engagement ring, and a happy marriage followed.

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Here, the ring and bread are curiously emblematic of the marriage and the occupation of the future husband.

It is said that Frederick II of Prussia dreamt, on August 16, 1769, that a star fell from heaven and occasioned such an extraordinary glare that he could hardly find his way through it. He mentioned the dream to his attendants, and it was afterwards found that it was at this very time that Napoleon was born.

The dreaming of coffins and funerals when a death is impending must be considered as an example of the allegorical language of dreams. Instances of this kind are numerous. The dreamer sometimes sees the body in the coffin and recognizes who is to die, or is made aware of it by seeing a funeral procession from a certain house. This faculty is particularly noticeable in the Highlands of Scotland and in Wales.

Monsieur de B——, a Parisian gentleman, dreamt that he saw a tomb on which he read very distinctly the following date: June 23, 189—; there were also some initials which he could not make out. He mentioned it to his wife, and for some time they could not help dreading the recurrence of the ominous month, but several years passed and nothing happened, so the dream was forgotten. However, it was recalled on June 23, 1896, by the death of their only daughter on that date.

A Glasgow merchant dreamt that he saw a coffin bearing the name of a friend and the date of his death. A few months later he attended the funeral of that person, who had been in good health until shortly before his death. On the coffin was a plate bearing the name and date just as he had seen it in his dream.

Dr. Abercrombie, an eminent Scotch physician, relates an instance of a dream which was not only prophetic, but the symbol was actually translated into fact. It happened that in one of the Edinburgh families to which he was medical adviser, one of the sons was taken ill with a sore throat, and at the same time a sister dreamt that a watch of considerable value, which she had borrowed from a friend, had stopped; that she had then mentioned the circumstance to another sister, who replied that something worse had happened, for Charlie's breath had stopped. She then awoke in alarm and told the dream to her sister, who, to relieve her anxiety, arose and went to her brother's room and found him quietly asleep and the watch on the table by his bed going. The next night the same dream recurred, and again the brother was visited and found to be all right. The following morning as she was writing a letter in the drawing-room she

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heard a scream from her brothers' room, and her sister rushed down to tell her that he had just expired. The malady had not been thought serious, but a sudden fit had unexpectedly proved fatal. Happening to glance at the watch, she saw it had stopped at the moment of his death. This case, which is established beyond all controversy, is curious in many points, especially in the acting out of the symbol.

It is said that Goethe's clock stopped at the moment of his death, and there have been other well-authenticated cases of this phenomenon.

There is a case of a lady, who, whenever a misfortune was impending, dreamt that she saw a large fish. One night she dreamt that this fish had bitten off two of her little boy's fingers. Immediately afterwards the child had two fingers cut off by a schoolfellow, who struck his hand with a hatchet.

The interpretations of the ordinary dreams familiar to most of us are amusing and interesting, if not instructive. Whether these interpretations are based on general experience, or on the inspired words of "wise" men and women handed down through the ages, it is hard to determine. As they are not generally known I will give some of them here.

"To dream of *gold*," says Ptolemy, "is a sign of poverty and distress. Gold is often an omen of sickness and sorrow, as the results of bad fortune." To dream of *money*, however, is quite different. If you dream of *finding money* it foretells sudden advancement through a prosperous business and marriage, and to find a full purse foreshadows great happiness, particularly in love. To dream of *losing* a purse foretells your own sickness.

To dream of an *open grave* is a sign of the death of some near relative or friend. If you dream it when ill your recovery is doubtful. Dreaming of *ice* is always bad. It foretells failure in trade, speculation and enterprise. Sailing on a calm lake denotes future easy and comfortable circumstances, but if the water appears muddy or rough, look out for squalls in your career. To dream you see a marriage is the sign of a death of some one you are interested in. To dream you are married is ominous of death.

To dream of *death* augurs a happy and long life. To the single it denotes an honourable and happy marriage, but to one who is ill it portends death. Travelling across a desert is a sig of a difficult and dangerous journey in the near future if dream that the weather is dark, wet and stormy. If you

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the sun shine and the sky unclouded you will have nothing to fear.

To dream of *diamonds* is most fortunate, indicating solid and extensive wealth and the fulfilment of your wishes. *Pearls* also foretell wealth, and that, however poor you may be, you will have success in all you undertake and become a rich and great person, respected by all.

If a woman dreams that her wedding ring breaks, it foreshadows the death of her husband; if it presses on the finger and hurts, illness in the family is indicated. If some one puts a ring on your finger it indicates union with the person you love.

Dreaming of *tombs* denotes marriage, and if you are ordering your own tomb you will soon be married. To dream you are swimming with your head above water denotes great success in your undertaking, but if you sink you will have misfortunes and perhaps ruin. To dream of receiving a *legacy* denotes loss of money, disappointment and poverty. Dreaming of *eating* is unfortunate, as it portends quarrels, sickness, separations of lovers, money losses, etc.

*Snakes* signify cunning and inveterate enemies who are conspiring against you, and by whom you will suffer in character and estate.

*Swans* (white) signify wealth and happiness, but black ones domestic troubles and grief.

To dream you are ascending a steep rugged *mountain* shows a life of toil, care and sorrow, but if you reach the top, you will eventually surmount all difficulties. To dream of being on the edge of a *precipice* is a warning that you should be very careful in your present pursuits and enterprises, for they are very likely to turn out badly, and loss is certain.

To dream of *falling* from a precipice or any great height is a bad sign, as it denotes loss of property and money, and to a sailor shipwreck. Should you reach the bottom it may mean death.

"Dreaming of a *garden* full of flowers and fruits is a very fortunate omen," says Franximus. "I have seen persons rise and become independent after it, merchants do good business, farmers have weighty crops, sailors pleasant voyages, and lovers crown themselves with rosebuds."

Receiving a *letter* in your dream sometimes indicates presents or the reception of unexpected news from a person you have not heard of for years.

Floating on calm water is a very fortunate dream, denoting life, good health and happiness; but if you sink it is misery,

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poverty and ill health. A dream of taking a long journey to a distant country means a great change in your circumstances.

These few examples of average dreams and their meanings will suffice to show the "language of dreams" in its more mundane phases. In such dreams there is nothing of the dignity and sublimity of those of the prophets and seers. They merely refer to the commonplace incidents of our earth life. It is a notable fact that very few people ever dream of what is spiritual and sublime.

Once admitted that the body is but the temporary dwelling of an immaterial spirit, the machine through which and by which in its normal states the spirit alone can manifest itself, there can be no difficulty in conceiving that in certain conditions of that body (as in dreams and trance) their relations may be modified, and that the spirit may perceive by its own inherent faculty without the aid of its material vehicle; and as this condition of the body arises from causes purely physical, we see at once why the revelations frequently regard such unimportant events, and thus trivial dreams of a prophetic nature can be explained. As an instance of this kind of dream (trivial and purposeless) I once dreamt that I was standing looking out of a window, just after breakfast (at a house we lived in when I was a boy), when I saw a wood-pigeon on a branch of a large pine tree in the garden, and I thereupon took my gun (I had just learnt to shoot), and with boyish eagerness, went out and shot the poor bird.

The following morning I had forgotten the dream, but after breakfast I was standing looking out of the very window of my dream, when I saw a wood-pigeon settle on the tree I had dreamt of, and on the very same bough, and I then took my gun, hurried out, and shot it. Curiously enough I did not remember my dream till afterwards. The dream was so distinct that I saw every detail, even to the exact bough the bird perched on.

Though always a great dreamer, I must confess I have never had a remarkable dream, nor have I ever dreamt of anything of a spiritual or sublime nature, but only of trivial events; travelling in beautiful countries, climbing mountains and sailing on rivers and seas. It is always nature in my dreams, whilst the general trend of my thoughts in my waking state is towards the Supernatural and Occult.

With respect to dreaming, Dr. Ennemoser (the great authority on the subject) rejects the physiological theory which maintains that in sleep the activity of the brain is transferred to the ganglionic system, and that the former falls into a subordinate relat

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"Dreaming," he says," is the gradual awakening of activity in the organs of imagination, whereby the presentation of sensuous objects to the spirit, which had been discontinued in profound sleep—is resumed"—and further adds: "Dreaming also arises from the secret activity of the spirit in the innermost sensuous organs of the brain, busying the fancy with subjective sensuous images, the objective conscious day-life giving place to the creative dominion of the poetical genius, to which night becomes day, and universal nature its theatre of action; and thus the super-sensuous or transcendent nature of the spirit becomes more manifest in dreaming than in the waking state."

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# HINDU MARRIAGE AND ITS IDEALS

By HARENDRA N. MAITRA

FEW people who live out of touch with Hindu social ideals know anything of the real significance of Hindu marriage. When the Aryans entered into the land of their adoption, lying at the foot of the Himalayas, they had the influence of the abundance of nature—the highest mountain ranges and the mightiest rivers —the mighty sombre jungles, perhaps the grandest in the world —the wide expanse of the heavenly horizon—to assist them to develop a system of social idealism which has since been equalled by few, surpassed by none.

Hindu marriage is not based upon *contract*. The Hindu does not go to a registry office for the tying of the marriage knot. His social customs and religious ideals have sanctified this institution. The Hindu never marries the body—he marries the soul. He believes in a man-soul and a woman-soul, and he believes in his own *moksha* (salvation) and the *moksha* of the human race by bringing these two sides of human nature into a common unity. And whenever there has been this union of souls there has always been true happiness—even in poverty.

The match is arranged by the father or mother—or in their absence the guardian—of the bride and bridegroom—who have themselves very little voice in the matter. The main idea is that the bride must become a member of the family of the bridegroom—which includes the father and mother, brother and sister, uncle and aunt—and a host of others. Separation from the family at marriage has never been a characteristic of Hindu family life. The husband or wife must remain in the family, which will become the school wherein he and she will learn the lessons of patience and perseverance and above all the crowning glory of human life which is the life of renunciation. In fact, the married life of a Hindu leads him to renounce the world in the strictest sense when the time comes for him to retire to the forests for the higher realization of life—the liberation of the soul from the bondage of the world.

It is considered that if every man and woman is allowed to the ga marry any one they choose, it is bad for Society. Ordinate relat



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some one who knows the two families and is versed in their family history, is sent to different parts of the country in search of a suitable match. At last he returns with the tidings of a worthy match, to the delight of the parents and perhaps also of the bride.

The young bride listens from a distance—sometimes hiding behind the door—sometimes passing by pretending to take something to her father or the *ghatak* who are engaged in the conversation. She hears and gives her silent consent. But she is invariably bashful. She cannot protest sufficiently.

Then there comes the Mogul *nahabat* and the village musicians. The day is fixed according to astrological conditions and to the various Hindu symbols for the purification of life. The two also try to unite themselves by means of symbols with the universe—man and the animals—the heavenly bodies and all the kingdoms of nature.

These preparations go on for about one month in the homes of both bride and bridegroom. All the relations are invited and exchange greetings. If the respective parents are in a position to do so, they distribute delicacies to the neighbours.

Thus approaches the very day of the union of the two. On that day the bridegroom comes from his distant home to the bride's house together with his father, uncle, or brother and a number of other relations, also the family priest, the family barber, and the family servant. They all come to the house of the parents of the bride, and are always received with great honour. A separate house is generally given to those who come with the bridegroom. At the exact moment fixed, the procession of relations and friends, with music and torches, enters the house of the bride's father.

A separate place has already been set apart in the courtyard of the house, where the marriage ceremony actually takes place. Four banana trees make the quadrangle. Inside are a pitcher of water and some mango leaves, and there sits the bridegroom dressed in beautifully coloured cloth, and the family priest. Then comes the bride sitting on a plank of wood carried by four relations or friends, who place her in front of the bridegroom.

The ceremony is begun with many greetings. Then the father of the bride makes his offer to the bridegroom; taking a plate full of flowers, sandal-perfume and rose-water in his right hand, he says to the bridegroom: "Accept this *arghyam*"; and thus canonizes joy and sorrow—sorrow on the part of the parents and

The [illegible] of the bride at the parting—rings are exchanged and [illegible]rels we are united. While the priest chants Vedic *mantras*, the

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bridegroom takes the right hand of the bride in his own right hand, and then round their hands the priest twines a pretty flower garland and ties the love-knot. The bridegroom and the bride then utter in Sanskrit their respective promises that they take each other in prosperity and adversity, in happiness and misery, in health and sickness as one united, and the priest utters the *mantras* of union, in the words of which he exhorts them "Be not entangled in the meshes of earthly fascination; let not wordly pleasure and prosperity make you forget the Giver of all pleasures." So is that drama enacted whose spirit is so well expressed in the famous verse—

Four eyes met. There were changes in two souls.
And now I cannot remember whether he is a man and I a woman,
Or he a woman and I a man. All I know is
There were two: Love came, and there is one . . .

A day or two after the marriage, all the neighbours are invited to the family ceremony at the bridegroom's house, where, under a big *samiana*, the ceremony of *bowbhat*, or the formal reception of the bride into the family of the bridegroom, is performed. In this ceremony the bride distributes rice to the guests as they sit together to eat according to the Hindu custom.

As the bride leaves her own home she is reminded of the many noble examples of Hindu legend, and is exhorted to be like *Sita* and like *Savitri*.

As for Savitri, to this day
Her name is named when couples wed;
And to the bride the parents say:
"Be thou like her in heart and head."

Thus the two become one for humanity. Their home they try to make the house of God. The home of a Hindu is not his castle, but his temple. There, with his beloved wife whom he calls *Sahadharmini*, he serves his nation and his race.

His home is not a castle for the simple reason that he does not think of enemies. Thus the idealism of the Hindu passing from generation to generation. Society may have been to a certain extent corrupted by outside influences, yet the Hindu race may yet realize their dream-ideals. The Mogul *nahabat* will be played many a time, and through this music and the ancient Vedic ceremony the Hindu will be initiated into the conception of love and renunciation.

To a Hindu the ceremony of marriage is a symbol and remain a symbol—a means to an end. It is one step up ladder—a step towards the understanding of humanity

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# ANGELS

By WM. WYNN WESTCOTT, M.B., S.M., Etc.

THE existence of Angels is asserted by almost all religions, and both the old Hebrew sacred books and the New Testament contain many references to it and to the powers and actions of angelic beings in their heavenly abodes, and also of their concern in the affairs of this world and of its inhabitants.

The French word *ange*, the German *engel* and our English word "angel" have been derived from the New Testament word *angelos*, spelled *aggelos* (in Greek the double gamma = *g* was and is pronounced "ng"). Almost all the New Testament was written in Greek originally, except perhaps the Gospel of St. Matthew, which some consider to have been composed in the Hebrew or Aramaic Chaldee language.

The word angel originally meant a messenger, and so the Christian idea of an Angel is that of a pure spiritual being dwelling in the Divine Abode, who may be sent by God the Creator and Ruler of the World to give instruction to Man or to carry out some work on exceptional occasions and by supra-human power. Inasmuch as Angels are in our Bible stated to have been on notable occasions seen by human eyes, their voices heard by men, and to have done actions with material objects, it is clear that some more or less material body or vehicle was used by them, at any rate when they visited earth in Hebrew and early Christian times. This does not necessarily imply that the bodies used were of flesh and blood as are ours, but only that these spirits were, for the moment at any rate, clothed with a sufficiently condensed sort of matter to be appreciable by our senses, and dense enough to produce visible results on this present material plane of human existence.

Some Christian authors have assumed that in addition to the original Angels in Heaven there are others who have attained to the status of Angel after having passed through human lives of eminent purity here on earth, and may perhaps have been canonized as Saints by the authority of the Christian Church.

The Christian Religion teaches that certain of the original Angels were guilty of sin and rebellion, the result of pride, and



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were in ages past cast out from Heaven by Jehovah, together with their great leader who is known by the name of the Devil or Satan, and that they have ever since dwelt in the nether-world of Hell, whence as Fallen Angels they issue upon the wicked work of tempting human mortals to sin. There are also authors who allege that men of great wickedness on earth pass after death to Hell and become additional evil spirits or devils. Some theologians have also taught that God created men to fill in Heaven the places of the Fallen Angels, some in each Angelic order.

In the Old Testament of the Hebrews the word MLAK, (Melach), translated Angel, seems in some instances to have been applied to a Divine visitant who was almost a manifestation of Jehovah himself, as in Genesis xxxi. 13, where the Angel of God said to Jacob, "I am the God of Bethel." Note also Exodus iii., where God appears to Moses in a burning bush, but is at first called an Angel. In other instances, as in Genesis xvi., the Angel appears to Hagar, and is a messenger only, and there are many other instances in which Angels are sent by God to carry messages and do his pleasure. The Old Testament refers also to other spiritual divine beings under the names of Cherubim in Genesis iii. 24; Sons of God, Genesis vi. 2; Sons of the Mighty, Psalm xxix. 1; Seraphim, Isaiah vi.; Watchers, Daniel iv. 13; and the "Host of Jehovah," Joshua v. 14. Archangels and Chief Princes are named in Daniel x. 13 and xii. 1; and in the Apocryphal Book of Tobit.

It is also recorded that Angels were seen in dream visions to descend from Heaven and to re-ascend, Genesis xxviii. 12; and this is also promised by Jesus in St. John's Gospel (i. 51).

In the Apocryphal Book of Tobit there is a mention in cap. xii. 15 of the Angel Raphael, who says "I am one of the seven holy Angels," and four other references to him are found in the same book.

The New Testament has many more allusions to the powers and works of the Angels, but Jesus himself did *not* say that they interfered in human affairs. He said that they "always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven." Paul, however, suggests that they were so related to man, and in 1 Cor. vi. 3 he asks the remarkable question: "Do ye not know ye (men) shall judge angels?" The Book of Revelation is crowded with allusions to Angels, chiefly as symbols of power, or the powers of nature. Jesus makes a reference to the idea of the possession by men of guardian angels, for angels rejoice over maint

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repentant sinner (Luke xv. 10). We may note also that when Peter, having escaped from prison, knocked at the door of Mary, the people within, thinking it could not possibly be Peter, said "It is his angel." Paul, in the Epistle to the Colossians (ii. 18), forbids the worshipping of angels. There are many statements of the visits of angels to Zacharias, Mary and the Shepherds in the first and second chapters of St. Luke's Gospel; Gabriel, who stands in the presence of God, being specially mentioned.

In Revelation vii. 1, we read of Angels at the four corners of the earth, holding the four winds: this ideal was very prominent in all the mediæval mystic and occult knowledge of the Kabalists and Rosicrucians, and in their magical rituals. They were named Michael, Gabriel, Raphael and Uriel, and corresponded also to Fire, Water, Air and Earth, and to the Lion, Eagle, Man and Ox, and to Mark, John, Matthew and Luke. In Hebrew traditions these four angels were said to be Archangels, who stood around the Throne of Jehovah; in the Book of Jude this Michael is called the Archangel who contended with the Devil, and in Thessalonians we read that the Lord shall descend at the Last Judgment with the voice of an Archangel.

The sect of the Sadducees in the time of Jesus rejected the popular ideas regarding Angels.

The Fathers of the Christian Church have held very various views of the functions of Angels. Some have considered that their interference with human affairs has been limited to the instances related in the Scriptures recognized as canonical, while others have affirmed that Angels are in constant action in this world, guiding and guarding men, cities, nations and churches. The Archangel Michael is considered the guardian of the Catholic Church.

Gregory the Great imagined that the existence of Angels preceded the creation of our world, while Augustine had it that they were designed on the first day of creation. The Second Synod of Nice postulated an ethereal body for the Angels as a vehicle for their spiritual actions; this was in A.D. 787: it decreed that Angel worship *iatreia* was an error, but that *douleia* service was permissible. In the curious tract called "The Shepherd of Hermas" (probable date A.D. 150), it is asserted that each man has a good and a bad angel concerned in his life, and this was also a Kabalistic tenet. St. Ambrose recommended the invo-
tion of Angels, and a system of dedicating churches to Angels
up and has never been condemned by any Church authority.
of the Church Fathers have taught that from the time

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of baptism every one has a guardian angel until his death. St. John Damascene speaks of Angels as "intellectual beings, ever in motion, having free will, incorporeal, ministering to God, of an immortal nature, the form and limit of whose being the Creator alone knoweth."

The earliest notable extant Christian work concerning Angels was the "Hierarchia Cælestis" of Dionysius the Areopagite, who lived in the sixteenth century. His classification into nine Choirs in three Orders was no doubt based upon Kabalistic lore. He specifies in the highest Order—Seraphim, Cherubim and Thrones; secondly Dominations, Princes and Powers; and thirdly Virtues, Archangels and Angels.

The Jews, while nominally restricted in their theology to the Old Testament books, were at all times much influenced in their beliefs by the additional teachings of the Rabbis, whose views have come down to us in the volumes called the "Talmud," the Mishnah and Gemara, and the Targums or Commentaries; while the more learned of the Jewish philosophers also relied on the collection of treatises which demonstrate the Kabalah, a system of philosophy which taught in a special manner the relations which they considered to exist between God (IHVH—Jehovah) and the universe, which has sprung from his creative word. These books disclose a vast and complex system of Angels both good and bad. Some are related by the Rabbis to the sun, moon and stars, others to the earth, heaven and hell, and others again to man and to the Hebrew race.

Many of the Rabbis have also taught the presence of two angelic guardians to each individual man. It is a very curious fact that the Jews, who are bound by the Old Testament to respect it as the complete statement of the relations of God to man, and bound in a more dogmatic manner than are the worshippers of any other religion by their sacred books, should yet have accumulated such a vast mass of legendary and traditional theological teaching.

To consider now the Hebrew Rabbinic notions which have no support among the Christian teachers. Rabbi Jochanan says Angels were created on the second day. Rabbi Chanina allots them to the fifth day of creation. Rabbi Bechai asserts that Angels are of an ephemeral nature, created from the river Dinor, a stream of fire, and perishing daily except Michael and Gabriel, Metatron and Sandalphon, who remain in glory a-.nc whose names are never changed. -maint

In the work of Bartolocci, I 267, are given the f :o the g: -nate rela: .ity

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names as of the classes of Angels according to the teaching of the most learned of the Rabbis : Chaioth Hakodesh, Ophanim, Arelim, Chashmalim, Seraphim, Melakim, Elohim, Beni Elohim, Cherubim and Ishim.

Seven firmaments are described by name as their several dwelling-places.

It is also stated (see the Talmudic "Erubin") that God consulted the Angels as to whether man should be created, that opinions differed and that the majority were against his creation. "Bereshith Rabba" adds that God then made Adam without their knowledge, after which the Angels agreed that as man had been created, it was his duty to be virtuous.

In "Jalcut Chadash," it is stated that there is nothing in the world which has not its Angel, by whose words and laws it is directed.

In the "Aur Chadash" we are told that each man has a guardian Angel—Mashal, who repeats to God in Heaven the prayers of the man here below : also that Achtariel, Metatron and Sandalphon in the realm above weave garlands of human prayers, but only of such as have been made in the Hebrew tongue.

One quaint dogma on Angels said that "No angel carries two messages," presumably not two at once.

Metatron is the highest angel before God and specially represents his power : he it was who led the Israelites out of Egypt ; for God has said, My Name is in him. This is explained by the methods of Gematria and Temura thus,—Shadai, Almighty, is SH=300, D=4, I=10, total 314 ; and Metatron is M=40, T=9, T=9, R=200, V=6 and N=50, total 314, and thus they are symbolically related.

Of the evil angels there are also numerous details found in the Rabbinic tracts. The Talmud says :—Six things are declared concerning demons. They have three points in common with men, and three with ministering angels. They eat and drink, propagate and die like men. They have wings, they fly and they know future events like the angels (*Codex Chagiga*, cap. 2, page 16). The names of several female demons are commonly noted ; Lilith, said to have been Adam's first wife, Naamah and Agrath.

Samael is the chief male demon ; he has many of the characteristics of the Christian Satan ; he is often called the Angel of Death, but it was alleged that he had no power over true Hebrews. The proper abode of demons is Gai Hinnon, and there are seven

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portions in hell, each part named and having its special qualities and inhabitants.

In Chaldea the Angels were called Igigi, that is, spirits of heaven, and are related to the Ribu, the Divine Princes. The Lower Ea, the Demiurgos or World Maker (the reflection of Ea—Divine Wisdom), gave names and assigned duties to them. Angels were associated with birds, and the home of angels was poetically called the "Birds' Nest."

Zoroaster, the teacher of ancient Persia whose faith is now only held by the Parsees of India, appears to have taught the existence of Spirits or Angels who were at man's disposition for intercession with God. Among the ancient Persians there was an idea that each man had five Angel guards; the first at his right hand to write his good actions, a second at his left hand to record his sins, a third before him to show the correct path, a fourth behind him to ward off the attacks of evil powers, and the fifth above and before his face to sustain his aspirations.

The Siamese recognize seven orders of angels; they are related to the planets and have guardian powers over cities and men.

The Koran, the sacred book of the Moslems, refers to angels as being the personal attendants upon Allah; it is said that these spiritual beings were created from elemental fire, that they need neither food nor drink and have no sex. They ask forgiveness for the sins of men: two angels are allotted to each man, one being at his right and one at his left hand recording his actions; so regardful were they of man's fate, that they deferred a decision upon any act of conduct which was evil, until after he had slept, and if on awaking he repented of his sin, no bad entry was made upon his record.

The angel Rhazwan (goodwill) is said to preside over Paradise, and Malik over Hell. Two particular angels examine each man at death, allowing him to rest in peace if he confesses that Allah alone is God and Mohammed his Prophet, otherwise the deceased is to be beaten and torn by evil demons.

The Moslems believe in the existence and duties of Michael, Gabriel, Azrael the Angel of Death, and of Israfel the Angel who is to sound the last trumpet.

Upon the monuments and in the papyri of ancient Egypt there is no definite mention of angels as spiritual messengers, unless we consider the many minor deities to be such. These were inferior to the great Gods, were deemed to be spiritual beings, had definite earthly duties allotted to them, and were many of them considered to be representatives and restricted for the ga... mate relat...

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the gods of the upper and nether worlds. Every god, minor deity and each man was believed to have a sort of spiritual companion or *alter ego* the *Ka*, perhaps an angelic guardian.

The old Arabian author Murtadi gives the legend that the Pyramids each had a guardian genius of angelic type, and that the Great Pyramid is held by a beautiful female demon who, however, drove mad every man who saw her. The spirit of the Second Pyramid was a Nubian carrying a basket on his head and a censer in his hands.

The pagan faiths of ancient Greece taught the existence of higher beings as guardians of their cities and sacred places, and they conceived spiritual and incorporeal personalities as presiding over seas, mountains and forests, and as rulers of the elemental forces of the Fire, Earth, Air and Water. Special groups of such unseen spiritual elementals, with rulers of definite personality, were believed in and were addressed by name, and these were often worshipped and propitiated by ceremonies, offerings, libations and incense.

In ancient Roman civilization the divinities were largely thought of as beings of an angelic nature and function rather than as gods, because they were deemed to be under the control of a few higher deities such as Jove and Saturn. The Romans also believed in the *Genius loci*, or Guardian of the Threshold, and in the *Lares publici*, *Penates*, and *Lares domestici*, angels of the home.

The original Rosicrucians of mediæval Europe and their successors through recent centuries have declared the existence of angelic beings of a more refined nature than man, who are concerned in the regulation of the forces of nature, of the planetary powers, of the Zodiacal stars, and especially of the four elemental states. They peopled all our woods and waters, our air and fire with invisible living beings each under separate personal rule. These latter they did not worship, but consider them as capable of being propitiated by learned men, and the inferiors among them as being subject, under certain conditions, to mastery by the Magician. Hence arose the system of practical magic, which has been the aim of so many students who have sacrificed the ordinary pleasures of the world to the aim of wonder-working, and to the hope of attaining intercourse with such superhuman beings for enlightenment and knowledge with power.

The Rosicrucians also referred to the evil spiritual angels empt man to sin, and those are apt to attack and injure

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man if he be not protected by his own goodness. Ceremonial magic was largely concerned in banishing these evil personalities.

Simple goodness in thought and action were declared to protect men against such evil beings in ordinary life, while sin and intoxication expose man to their attacks, which may cause death or disease.

The Rosicrucians further taught that when the occultist, leaving the ordinary duties of life, voluntarily entered the astral world around him by his magical processes, he attracted the influence of evil spirits as well as of good angels, and hence it was necessary to pass through a long and arduous study of occult science before any such experiments were permitted. Adeptship learned the safe methods of magical procedure, and true Adepts will only teach real students of discretion and virtue. It is alleged that many self-taught occultists have injured their health and wealth by experiments they have been in no way qualified to perform. That many pseudo-magicians have come to fatal endings seems clear from old histories and from modern experience. Ceremonial magic should be avoided by students, for even if this occult explanation of the risks involved be but visionary, yet experience seems to show that mental and even bodily evils have been observed, by no means rarely, to follow unbalanced attempts to rifle the secrets of nature in search of personal gain.

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# CORRESPONDENCE

[*The name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, is required as evidence of bona fides, and must in every case accompany correspondence sent for insertion in the pages of the* OCCULT REVIEW.—ED.]

## THE FEAR OF THE DEAD.

*To the Editor of the* OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—Mr. O'Dazi's interesting letter in main part is scarcely relevant to my point. It concludes with a reference to the fear of death. This, as you pointed out in your note to my letter, may be connected with the fear of the dead, but it is not the same thing; and, moreover, the reason for its existence is obvious. The rest of the letter, though most interesting for its side light upon the life of a European in the African Bush, has even less bearing upon the subject. The fear—or, more correctly, the repugnance—which one feels when the body, living or dead, is mutilated, is quite distinct from the point I raised. But the fact that Mr. O'Dazi's nerves are in such an excellent state that he could witness without flinching the revolting scenes he describes, makes only the more remarkable his admission that he experienced an "absolute panic" on one occasion when he supposed himself to be in the presence of a dead man. The fact that he was mistaken in his impression and that the man was, in fact, living, makes no difference: his fear was of the dead. A crow sees a scare-crow, but fears a man; it has no fear of a scare-crow when it knows what it is. In my case, also, the fear was suffered under a misapprehension, for the woman I saw was living; but it was strong enough, in the few moments that the illusion lasted, to beget *The Thirty Days*.

A previous correspondent, Miss Urlin, supplied some interesting historical data, showing that the fear of the dead can be traced back to primitive times, but offered no explanation of it. You yourself say that the fear is not experienced at a materialization. I have never been present at one, or at any séance where the presence of the dead has been definitely and unquestionably manifested in any way, so I can only cautiously comment upon your statement; but I cannot help having a suspicion that the sitters may deceive themselves about their own emotions, or, more probably, that their fear may be cloaked by the excitement of the moment, just as the fear of death is submerged in the excitement of battle.

I suggest, for what the suggestion may be worth—I have no im-



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movable faith in it—that the object of this fear, as of every other kind of fear, is protection. I have noticed that, whenever any one proposes to enter deeply upon occult investigation, he or she is invariably and very seriously warned of the *danger* involved. Is it to be supposed that the fear, which every one feels, and the danger, which those in a position to know say does, in fact, exist, are unconnected? May it not be that the fear is an instinctive withdrawal from a real danger, though its nature is hidden? I suggest, in brief, that the fear of the dead is the guardian of the veil, which a few may lift safely, but which the uninstructed crowd may not.

Yours faithfully,
HUBERT WALES.

THE LONG HOUSE,
HINDHEAD, SURREY.

## THE TEACHING OF CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

*To the Editor of the* OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—Mr. Tennant rightly corrects a loose statement about "the illimitable power of mind over body." It is really high time that exaggerations which are nothing short of grotesque in their absurdity should be discountenanced in favour of a more rational statement of actual facts which are capable of demonstration. The power of mind over body is an indisputable fact, but to claim that it is illimitable is absurd. Indeed, to be strictly accurate, the power of mind over body is extremely limited, and is entirely governed by another factor which has nothing to do with mind beyond acting as the bond of union between two extremes. I refer to vitality or life, without which mind can do nothing.

It is a common mistake to suppose that mind acts directly upon the physical organism. It does nothing of the kind. It cannot even remotely affect the body unless vitality is present. It is this subtle spirit of life which is the agent in all phenomena, good or bad, curative or destructive. A dead body, that is, an organism in which there is no nerve-force, cannot respond in any manner to mind unless nerve force is able to penetrate the nerve-centres.

*The cardinal mistake of Mrs. Eddy is failure to discriminate between two different things—mind and the spirit of life.* Mr. Tennant in his letter falls into the same error. His claim that Christian Science represents to a limited extent the mind which was in Jesus Christ is egregiously untrue. I am not disputing Mrs. Eddy's right to call her ideas "Christian Science," for she could use any term she pleased, but that the success or otherwise of the Christian Science movement is due to resemblance to the practice and teaching of Jesus Christ, I deny most emphatically. Indeed, it would be hard to find two such fundamentally opposite types as Jesus Christ and Mrs. Eddy, as will be admitted from the following considerations.

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1. Mrs. Eddy declares that " no intellectual proficiency is required in the learner " of Christian Science. Jesus Christ appeals to the intellect or understanding first and foremost, and frequently rebukes his disciples for want of understanding.

2. Mrs. Eddy gives out that " animal magnetism has no scientific principle. As used in Christian Science, animal magnetism is the specific term for error or mortal mind." Personally, I do not like the term " animal magnetism " for many reasons preferring the simple expression nerve-force or nerve-energy which is a recognized physiological fact to which no valid objection can be raised. Healing by transference of nerve-force, through laying on of hands and approximation without actual contact, has been known and practised from time immemorial. We meet with many instances in the Bible. Jesus Christ Himself used various methods, all based upon the laws of action of the force in its specific manifestations.

In Luke viii. there is a pointed and unmistakeable reference to this transference. " And Jesus said, Someone hath touched Me, for I perceive that virtue is gone out of Me." " Virtue " does not convey the correct meaning of the original, which is *dunamis*, energy or force. This is precisely identical with the theory of the old " magnetists " that force is actually transmitted from operator to patient.

With all her talk about the Bible, I question whether Mrs. Eddy was really " learned in the scriptures." If she had read the Bible as a child, she could not have studied it with real understanding, or she would not have made the amazing statement that " animal magnetism has no scientific principle." In that one dictum, she throws the Old and the New Testaments without ceremony overboard.

The power that Mrs. Eddy used was Suggestion pure and simple. I know quite well the influence of suggestion, both for good and evil. It acts upon the mass of nerve-force in the body, and many well authenticated instances have been recorded of killing as well as healing by suggestion only. This is the chief instrument in religious revivals, and cures at various shrines, such as Lourdes. Mr. Tennant's assertion that " the human mind is not a factor in the healing work of Christian Science," is nothing but high-sounding jargon. If there was no human mind to work upon and no nerve-force to appeal to, nothing would happen either for good or evil.

I will conclude with a quotation from the sayings of Jesus Christ which I commend to the notice of Mr. Tennant and his friends : " God is Spirit (not Mind) and they who worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth." In modern language, no one will become a whit more religious by refusing to open the inner eye of understanding, as Mrs. Eddy and her followers are anxious to do.

Yours etc.,

94 PARK STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE, W. ARTHUR LOVELL.

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## A RECURRING DREAM.

*To the Editor of the* OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—I am a reader and subscriber to your REVIEW. The subjects it discusses interest me very much. It has occurred to me that you might care to insert a dream which I had constantly for many years.

I used to dream I was in a large country house, always going about looking for something. The house was old-fashioned, some rooms were a few steps lower than the passage—others higher. Many of the doors were half-glass with muslin or serge blinds over the glass. There were two staircases, one an important front staircase, the other a back staircase with two turns in it. I have gone up both in my dreams. The house is built on different levels, some windows looking out on leads, some windows look out on a low hill with a clump of pines on the top. The back staircase leads to a laundry room which has tables in the windows that can be flat against the wall or be supported by a leg from underneath for ironing. Time after time have I dreamt of the house, always searching for something lost. The last time I dreamt of it, I went into a room with a cupboard, some one was standing on some steps and said, "There is nothing here; the place is empty."

I said, "There is a loose panel, I am sure; look behind it."

The person lifted away a loose panel, put a hand into the place, and drew out a large, dusty bundle of papers and parchments. "Here they are!" he cried.

I woke at once, and never since have dreamt of the house. I have never seen any house like it, and my dreams were so vivid I feel I could find my way about should I ever find myself in it.

Some one may know a house like the one I have described. If so, it might be worth while seeing if a cupboard had a loose panel, and if missing papers were behind it.

I am, dear Sir,
Yours faithfully,
JANE CONNOLLY.

ERWOOD, SOUTHEY ROAD,
WORTHING.

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# PERIODICAL LITERATURE

IT is of more than merely historical or biographical interest, and is indeed worthy of note in several important respects, that all the chief periodicals devoted to the phenomena and philosophy of Spiritualism continue to regard Andrew Jackson Davis as the exponent in chief of the movement and the great witness to the fact of communion between earth and the world of spirits. Quite recently, *Light*, in the course of a leading article on "evil spirits and other-world order," cited the testimony of Davis to the existence of a class of spirits "in whom the moral sense has not yet developed," and made several points of value in a particular debate by its use of the evidence in question. Some of us may remember that Madame Blavatsky drew from the same source, in *Isis Unveiled*, to support her thesis that many or most communicating intelligences known to Spiritualism had never been denizens of this world. From her point of view, the *Diakka* of Davis were identical with the "bad demons" to whom the works of sorcery and magic were referred by Porphyry. Turning from *Light* to the Melbourne *Harbinger of Light*, the last issue to hand gives several columns of citation from Davis on the spirit's departure from the body, and on things seen in deaths on the battle-field. It gives also an excellent portrait of the prophet at a late period of his life. The inscription affirms that he was the greatest seer of modern times—an unconscious quotation from H. P. B., who uses the identical words. *The Two Worlds* is not less faithful to the early witness of the movement. It is much more than "sixty years since" that Andrew Jackson Davis first became remarkable at about fifteen years of age; and, as Mrs. Hardinge Britten tells us in *Modern American Spiritualism*, it was "for his skill in diagnosing and prescribing for disease through his wonderful clairvoyant faculty." Three years later a new phase developed, and he began to unfold in what is called a "trance-state" his visions of other worlds, and to produce, coincidently with the beginning of Spiritualism, a philosophy of the seen and unseen, but of the latter especially in those aspects which are most in contiguity with earth. Like Jacob Böhme, he was the son of a poor shoemaker and had no educational advantages. The fact that he still seems to hold the field against all comers is evidence that his message to the Spiritualism of 1848 is a message also to that of the twentieth century. It is a



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remarkable persistence, but we have known people of original and cultured thought who regard his book called *Nature's Divine Revelations* as inspired in the better sense of the word, and its author as worthy to rank not only at the head of "modern seers" but to take a high place among those of the ages.

*The Vahan* reprints some useful, though not of course new, reminders, from the pen of Mrs. Besant, on the subject of mystics and mysticism. A distinction is made between catholic mystics and those of non-catholic communions, though her use of a conventional word leaves one a little dubious as to the real intention. In any case, the non-catholic experience is almost always that of a Divine Presence outside the self, whereas the Presence within is the keynote of higher and presumably catholic mysticism. The distinction certainly obtains as between Ruysbroeck and many writers of protestant schools who are classed loosely as mystical. Mrs. Besant says also that "the inner law has replaced external compulsion" in the true mystic, which means in other terminology that the human will is united to that which is Divine. As to this state of attainment, it is pointed out acutely and truly that the Law and the Voice within can have no authority outside the mystic himself and can claim no obedience, except in the case of those who have attained on their own part a given degree of self-realization in God and who come to recognize in another the attainment of a higher grade.

*The Vedic Magazine,* which is now in its ninth volume, continues to increase in interest and, as we venture to think, in importance. The qualification is needed, as some of its contents call for an expert knowledge of oriental religion and philosophy which few of us can claim in the West. It is the exponent of the Arya Samaj movement, on which a considerable study was published recently in London by a native Indian writer. The system comprised by the name is religious, educational and nationalistic. As a religion it is claimed to be universal in character and was so designed by its founder, Dayananda, whose death took place as recently as 1883. It is said of him by a native hostile critic that "he has done more for the spiritual regeneration of India and for the saving of the Vedas from the vandalism of European Vedic scholars than any one else of modern or ancient times." The new religion is founded on the Vedas, and the chief work of Dayananda seems to be a commentary on these texts. We may question the "universal" claim, and yet find much that is of considerable value in *The Vedic Magazine,* which has also the merit of opening its pages to counter views

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however strongly it tends to uphold its own. . . . *The Hindoo Spiritual Magazine* affirms that Nirvana "does not mean the annihilation of the soul" and that it is an insult to the understanding of Buddha to attribute such a notion to his teaching. The soul is imperishable according to the *Gita*, and the later Master did not apparently invent a doctrine opposed to a sacred text of unquestioned authority. With the article here cited it is curious to compare another on "the soul in the light of Islam." After quoting an old maxim that "the entire universe is lying latent in a human form of two yards in length"—man being the epitome of creation—it affirms seriously and literally that people who minister to their animal passions, and eat forbidden things, will have the appearance of pigs on the day of resurrection. According to the same article, the human heart has a secret door of communication with the spiritual world, which door opens when man passes into sleep. Presumably the "animal" people pass then into an unseen world of pigs.

A magazine entitled *Rays from the Rose-Cross* comes from California and represents the particular school of so-called Rosicrucian teaching which is connected with the name of Mr. Max Heindel. The origin is to be sought apparently at a certain German centre where the chief name is that of Rudolf Steiner. The headquarters of the American movement are at Oceanside and are called Mount Ecclesia. There are various buildings, and a church is now in contemplation. As in the case of Dr. Steiner and his group, the art of healing is an important part of the activity. Two things are apparent on the surface, one of which is the poor literary quality of periodicals of this kind, while the other is the fantastic nature of the name adopted. Ancient Rosicrucianism connotes occult teachings and practices of a definite kind, though its history is very much in the clouds, while in its later developments it too frequently spelt imposture. There is evidence, as we are glad to say, of considerable sincerity in *Rays from the Rose-Cross*, but the speculations of the "Fellowship" are remote from all that has been connected with the original name, while nothing so far published betrays the slightest knowledge of the Rosicrucian past. About that past there are very important questions at issue, and it would be well if California or Germany could throw light thereon. Other Rosicrucian Fellowships and Orders exist in America, but the same criticism obtains, and the decoration of sounding names in history isolated from historical connexions leaves an empty ring in the mind.

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It has come to pass that for something like half a century the apologists of Count Cagliostro have been much more numerous than his accusers. The fact is naturally part of a general defence and rehabilitation of old occult claims in view of modern experimental researches into the psychic nature of man. As an exponent claiming a master's knowledge of all magic and its connexions, Éliphas Lévi was either the first of these apologists for the Grand Copht or so much the most famous that he has obscured the other witnesses about his own period. More serious rehabilitations have been attempted since—including that of Mr. Trowbridge, which will be in the minds of many readers. The organ of the Theosophical Society at Rome, entitled *Ultra*, has now entered the lists with a long article on the Count and his detractors. Cagliostro is regarded therein as a precursor of Theosophy itself, a champion of liberty of thought and an opponent of the privileged castes. As a prophet, he foresaw—it is said—the French Revolution; as a hynoptist, he continued the work of Saint-Germain and Mesmer; as an alchemist, he anticipated modern—presumably theosophical—doctrines on the illusory nature of matter and its domination by human spirit and human thought. The counsel is therefore to study Cagliostro—which must mean his case and his story, for he left no records behind him, unless some vestiges of Egyptian Masonry are to be counted as work of his.

An address upon the antiquity of Masonry in *The New Age* offers an illustration of the folly which still besets certain difficult paths of research. The answer given is that "the birth of Masonry is so far in the dawn of civilization that the exact date is lost in the mists of forgotten centuries." The inscribed monuments of Egypt, Chaldea and Central America are passed in review and are regarded as evidence of the claim. So also are the Dionysian Architects, concerning whom the historical facts are mixed up as usual with imaginary elements introduced by Masonic writers of the eighteenth century. In the end we realize that the witness is not dealing with the origin of Masonic institutions but with that of architecture itself. The [illegible]tual questions at issue concern the evidence, prior to the seventeenth or eighteenth century, (*a*) of mystery-doctrines, mystery-rites and secret modes of recognition among building corporations, Dionysian or not, and (*b*) whether it was from these that purely speculative Freemasonry arose by a process of development.

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# REVIEWS

PROBLEMS OF THE BORDERLAND: An Explanatory Rendering of the Introductory Chapters of "The Book of the Elements." By J. Herbert Slater, Author of "Red Surrey, or a Romance of a Night," etc. London: William Rider & Son, Ltd., 8–11 Paternoster Row. Price 3*s.* 6*d.* net.

MR. SLATER writes clearly and convincingly and with a fullness of detail that renders attractive every page of his interesting and helpful book. The title only in part defines its comprehensive range. The author describes his work as, "A summary of some of the Elemental teachings of a very Ancient Faith." Though all readers may not entirely follow him to the full limit of his conclusions, every student of Occultism must endorse his earnest advice as to the vigilance all should exercise who seek to cross the threshold of the Open Door. It is impossible consciously to penetrate far into the Fourth Dimension without meeting complexities startling and even, to the novice, discouraging. This is often a safeguard. Influences potent for good and ill are forever around us, and the plane most nearly akin to our world is that from which the investigator most frequently draws communications. *Impersonations* are the bane of the ordinary Séance Circle. But these must not be confounded with spirit messengers, deputed to speak or act on behalf of others. If mediums would more readily admit this possibility of Impersonation, and if Sitters would accept the explanation, a whole chaos of mischievous and distressing contradictions might be avoided. Controversialists will find matter for discussion in Mr. Slater's chapter on "The Lower Planes." All religions have recognized the existence of these lower planes, and the object of religion has always been to guard the spirit of man from their malign influence. The old maxims, "Like attracts like," and, "Water rises only to its own level," are significant. . . . "Show me your friends, and I will tell you what you are," quotes the author, in emphasizing the necessity for a trained and powerful Will on all planes of thought and action—for by the Will, a man remains either under the thraldom of a more or less evil influence, or rises to ascending heights of nobility and clearer outlook. It is painfully necessary to insist on the dangers attendant on aimless wandering in the Borderland. Curiosity, and self-interest only, will bring their guerdon of fear and in some cases despair, for as the author says in his chapter on "The Thread of Communication": "The dangers of the Spiritual world are far greater, because, bad as a man living on our plane may be, he cannot compare in that respect with a thoroughly wicked denizen of the fourth-dimensional space . . . his cunning passes earthly comprehension; his experience of the ways and foibles of humanity profound; his malignity is dreadful." I do not wish to leave the impression that Mr. Slater is a pessimist. On the contrary, after having insisted on our unflinchingly facing the drawbacks and dangers in the little known, the exploration of the World Invisible, he dwells with equal power and lucidity on the joys unspeakable which await the patient, sincere, and high-minded seeker whose quest is the "Land of Light," where Spirit meets Spirit face to face, where time and space are not, and where the things which God has made beautiful are eternal.

EDITH K. HARPER.



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THE SECRETS OF THE GODS. A Study of the Inner Meaning of the Hellenic Myths. By M. Karadja. London: The Power Book Co., 329 High Holborn, W.C. Price 1s.

INTO sixty-five pages of large print, Princess Karadja has compressed the concentrated essence of the esoteric teaching of the old Greek myths. This little volume is a sequel to the same author's *Secrets of Some Bible Legends*, and the object in both works is the same—to extract the pearls of transcendental truth from the hard outer shell of parable. These studies are written with all the clarity, conciseness, and lucidity which Princess Karadja's readers are accustomed to find in her work, though she writes in what is for her a foreign language.

Admirers of her *King Solomon* will remember the wealth of historical, antiquarian, occult, and philosophical knowledge revealed in the notes to that poetic drama; and her latest booklet shows the same combination of deep thought and warm human sympathy, and appeals both to the intellect and the heart. The Princess takes a hopeful view of the spiritual progress possible to man.

In the short space at our disposal it is not possible to comment upon Princess Karadja's illuminating analysis of the beautiful and familiar story of *Eros and Psyche*, nor on her defence of womanhood in the person of *Pandora*, nor upon her elucidation of the tragedy of *Iphigenia*. We can but advise our readers to spend a shilling upon the book, which can be read in half an hour, but the ethical and poetic interest of which need not be exhausted in a lifetime. E. M. M.

A BOOK OF ANSWERED PRAYERS. By Olive Katharine Parr, Author of "A Red-handed Saint," etc. London: R. and T. Washbourne, Ltd., Paternoster Row, E.C. Price 1s. 6*d*. net.

"MORE things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of," said Arthur the king, at his passing. In her Book of Answered Prayers Olive Katharine Parr has placed on record some very touching and beautiful examples of this deep truth. The building of the "House of Bread"—her little Sanctuary on Dartmoor—clearly came as answered prayer. The nearness of the higher conditions of existence appeals with renewed force on reading these personal experiences of the author, which are related with an exquisite simplicity and grace. The picture of a life passed in such close communion with the Divine Love, manifested by the help given by unseen witnesses, when the Children of the Pilgrimage frankly and fearlessly open their hearts to the Giver of all good, fills one with a great longing that *all* men and women may some day become equally conscious of this encompassing protection and help. W. T. Stead would have called this "the true Spiritualism." The author wisely points out that what may seem *unanswered* prayers—if they have been indeed prayers of "the soul's sincere desire, uttered, or [illegible]d," are not really so, but that they have received their answer in some other better for the suppliant, even at times by a seeming negative.

I hope I have said enough to show that this is not in any sense a manual of stereotyped "Devotions." It is the opening of the door between the two worlds and is full of serene light and withal of delicate humour and of happy laughter. Personally I know of one reader at least who has found great joy in this delightful book. EDITH K. HARPER.

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THE LOVE OF NAVARRE. By Margaret Peterson. London: Andrew Melrose, Ltd. Pp. vi+310. Price 1s. net.

HENRI QUATRE and Gabrielle d'Estrées are of themselves enough to adorn a novel, by an amorous glow of flattered flesh; but Miss Peterson, while showing us a little of this, devotes her power chiefly to the display of a higher kind of love than that which radiated from the amiable Béarnais whenever he saw a pretty girl. Her heroine is not Gabrielle, but an innocent maiden, whom she imagines to be rescued by purchase from the fiery punishment of a witch, the purchaser being a young English nobleman in the service of Henri. It was a clever stroke of art to make Gabrielle save the heroine's honour by the superiority of her attractiveness for Henri. The occultism of the novel consists in prophetic visions, and does not supply the chief element of interest, which is romantically sexual. The author will no doubt be told that she is not a Dumas; but it would be unfair to make that assertion without acknowledging that her portrait of Henri is vivacious and sincere, and that she knows how to devise exciting situations. W. H. CHESSON.

HESTER AND I. By Mrs. Philip Champion de Crespigny, Author of "The Rose Brocade," etc. London: Mills & Boon, Ltd., 49 Rupert Street, W. Price 6s

"WHATEVER lives we have lived here surely we carry over with us? We don't make a jump like a kangaroo. . . . If we have been bored here and found nothing useful to do, we shall be bored there; just bored. It seems so ridiculous to exalt quite commonplace people into saints and speak of them with bated breath because they have parted with their physical bodies, or to imagine they have slipped into a condition of beatific peace which they have not in the least earned!"

This, and many another bit of practical reasoning in Mrs. de Crespigny's new novel is eloquent of the extent to which, even in fiction, the common-sense view of the interrelation of the two worlds is gaining ground. "Alisma," who tells her own story very delightfully, is one of a group of English art students in a little French town at the outbreak of the present War. How the storm-cloud burst upon them in sudden fury; how the tide of Huns swept over them like a wave from Hell; how the horror of the retreat from Mons held them in its grip, are all told with a vivid, almost a passionate, intensity that makes it difficult for the reader to lay down the book until the last page is reached. Even in the midst of these horrors—or perhaps the more readily because of them—romance is kept busy, and the threads of more than one love story are deftly interwoven. No one who has a friend at the Front—and which of us has not!—can afford to miss reading Mrs. de Crespigny's enthralling tale, which, in its own way, helps to record contemporary history. EDITH K. HARPER.

AN APPRECIATION: ROBERT HUGH BENSON. By Olive Katharine Parr, Author of "The Voice of the River," etc., etc. London: Hutchinson & Co., Paternoster Row. Price 3s. 6d. net.

THIS little book contains an eloquent "Appreciation" of the late Monsignor Robert Hugh Benson, from the pen of an intimate friend, who defines her tribute as only: "A bunch of homely rosemary and lowly pansies plucked from beside the open door of my little white sanctuary that shines, a facet, on the vast uncut amethyst of Dartmoor." Readers of Miss Olive Katharine Parr's writings do not need to be told that the

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subject is treated with all the delicate and poetical insight—the intuitive "clairvoyance"—which is peculiarly a characteristic of this author's work. Many of the wise and beautiful thoughts of this good Priest are quoted by his friend, and it is deeply interesting, even consoling, to note his sentiments with regard to the present European war, which had its beginning some weeks before Monsignor Benson's passing to the Higher Life :—"The war gives no end of souls the joys of heaven who otherwise would have missed the road." . . . "All the horrors of this war are infinitely preferable to the horrors of the sins of London in the time of peace." Like many another Greatheart, Father Benson had experienced both ingratitude and treachery at the hand of a supposed friend, on whom he had heaped unstinted benefits, but his heart was ever wide open to forgive the meanest wrong, even as was his beloved Master's. In Miss Parr's monograph is expressed the fragrance of a saintly life, which yet never lost touch with human interests and the "joy of living." There is much in Father Hugh's character and personality which brings to mind the Abbé Fénelon.

Profits from the sale of this book will be devoted to a Memorial to Monsignor Benson, of whom a beautiful photograph forms the frontispiece.

EDITH K. HARPER.

THERE IS NO DEATH. By Florence Marryat, author of "Love's Conflict," "Veronique," etc. New and cheaper edition. London: Wm. Rider & Son, Ltd. Price 1s. net.

THIS well-known work hardly needs an introduction to the general public. To the majority of readers it is no stranger, and even those who have never read it are more or less acquainted with its contents. But there are three reasons with which to defend some notice of it. First, this being the first low-priced and popular edition, the work is now very easily accessible to many who have hitherto been unable to purchase a copy. Second, the subject is one that can never grow old, being inseparably connected with the strongest hopes, the deepest fears and the highest aspirations of mankind. Third, at a time like the present, when so many hundreds of thousands of brave souls are passing, week after week, from Time to Eternity, it seems peculiarly appropriate to devote some thought to the vast subject of the After-life. For indeed, "There Is No Death" is one of the most singular books that have ever exasperated thinkers and delighted and edified general readers. I can quite understand the great sensation that was caused by its first appearance many years ago.

It is maintained by a modern French school of spiritualists that the individual persons at a séance are themselves responsible for all the appearances, all the sounds, all the revelations—that the collective mental auras of the little assembly originate a purely subjective intelligence, which operates as though it were a real, independent entity, having the power of speech, and principles of individual volition, locomotion and feeling. Such views seem absurd, and are indefensible in the light of investigation. It is impossible for an open-minded man to sustain them after reading and considering Florence Marryat's book.

Among the most absorbing narratives are those connected with Florence, Emily, John Powles, the Green Lady and Dewdrop. Let the intelligent, inquiring reader give his deepest cogitations to these, and he will, like the author, look forward to his departure from this world "as a schoolboy looks forward to the commencement of the holidays."

G. A.

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THE STILL SMALL VOICE. By Charles Stuart Welles, author of "The Lute and Lays," "The Millenium," etc. Copyright secured in England and in the United States of America by Dr. Chas. Stuart Welles. London: L. N. Fowler and Co., Ludgate Circus, E.C. Price 1s. 3d. post free.

IN this narrative which is described as "A Study of Mediums and Prophecies," the author, an American doctor, relates the adventures of one "Charles" in his investigations of the séance room. On one occasion three "headless" spirits were described by a medium as "Charles I," "John the Baptist," and "Mary Queen of Scots." The Stuart monarch announced himself to be "Charles's Guide," and playfully admonished him "not to lose his head!" This sort of thing is described as "communing with God, like the prophets of old." A case of persistent "impersonation" is described, through which much misunderstanding might have arisen, but eventually this spirit person admits her fraud. All who investigate the mysteries of the Borderland know the liability of "impersonation" under certain conditions, and it is this odious liability which startles and drives away many earnest inquirers. But, as W. T. Stead used to say, when discussing these problems, "ten frauds do not minimize one fact"; and these "impersonations" do not need a wizard to detect them, as they usually give themselves away. In the words of Isaac of old, "The hand is the hand of Esau, but the voice is the voice of Jacob!"

EDITH K. HARPER.

VIÆ VITÆ. Poems by H. Domville. Quarto, pp. 77. London: J. M. Watkins. 2s. 6d. net.

IT is perhaps too much to expect that Mrs. Domville will receive the recognition which she deserves for her rich and fervent verses; but at least I can offer her on my own part a poet's welcome. The dedication of her slender volume has the convincing note. "Shiloh" is arresting after quite another manner. But perhaps "In a World of Blue" is the most perfect of the whole musical sequence. It looks as if some intimations of things which exceed utterance had welled up in the heart of the writer "when the blue world met the gold" and "the gold caressed the green." Here and there—for example, in "The Hymn of the Hedonist" and in two or three of the Ballads—Mrs. Domville owes something to Swinburne—something of mood and manner. A book such as this is likely to be buried in a mystical death amidst a pile of minor poets. Still there is a star of books, and it may emerge on a day for the profit of some who can look down the ways of life in sympathy with herself and recognize that she is indicating paths in the Tree of Life, with a Christ-Light over them. For Mrs. Domville is a Christian poet, whose Christ passes in the meanest street, carrying Bread of Life.

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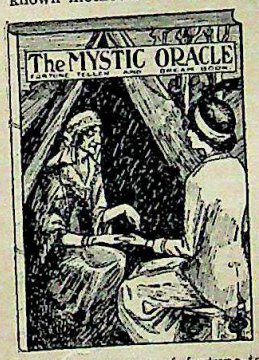
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THE CONFESSION OF SEYMOUR VANE. By Ellen Snow. Cr. 8vo, pp. 77. New York: Fenno & Co.

THE confession, such as it is, because it comes to little when it is reduced to its elements, is cast in the form of letters written—by a man who is married—to a woman who, in fine, marries his brother. Some incidental complications are a little disconcerting and confusing, but occasional passages are not without threads of lesser insight. One does not exactly see, but one does not much wonder, why the story was ever written. It is difficult to take interest in the spokesman, to whom gentlemanly feeling is foreign, though naturally he does not realize his limitations in this respect. He affronts his correspondent perpetually, but again is unconscious of the fact; however, it does not matter—except to a reader—as the lady does not seem to realize it either. Other books of Miss Snow have pleased the American press, as quantities of appended notices exhibit at the end. On my part, I must be content to credit her with at least one vivid suggestion—that there is something in sex which exceeds platonics or passion, and this is as far as she has moved at present through the mystery of life. So "much yet remains to be said."

A. E. WAITE.

THE HISTORICAL CHRIST. By Fred. C. Conybeare, M.A. Cr. 8vo, pp. xii + 235. London: Watts & Co. Price 3*s.* 6*d.* net.

DR. CONYBEARE'S style is not only lucid but forcible, and whatever may be the place which his work will take ultimately, when it comes to be classed in the general criticism of his subject, there is no doubt that it is a noteworthy contribution to the historicity problem. This being so, one is the more disposed to regret that it is marred over frequently, from the literary standpoint and—shall I add ?—that of sound taste, by a certain verbal ribaldry which is much too cheap in a study that is good otherwise, and otherwise quite sincere. It reviews the present position of the mythos speculation in respect of Jesus of Nazareth, and when this has passed through his hands it falls to the ground in impalpable powder. It is a criticism in particular of the solar mythological hypothesis represented by the writings of Dr. Arthur Drews, Professor W. Benjamin Smith and Mr. J. M. Robertson. That hypothesis is complicated by various subsidiary matters, from the latest fashion of fabulists respecting a vegetation god to the Talmudic invention of Jesus ben Pandira. The gratuitous assumptions, contradictions and bad reasoning which characterize the scholarly tripos are exposed, and Dr. Conybeare leaves us an historical figure about which the Christian legend has been woven, and by which it has been clothed in vestures of undying glory. Beyond this his thesis does not extend, and thereafter a parting of ways would be inevitable for the author and his present critic. Is the Divine Legend an example of the natural growth by which great figures in history have been reborn as gods, or was there a deeper principle at work? Dr. Conybeare would accept assuredly the first alternative, but I must account on my part for the vital fact that the story of the Son of Man is the history of every human soul on its return to the centre, that in this sense above all He is the Way, the Truth and the Life. If, therefore, the story is that of an historical personality, as I also believe, He is either the Word made flesh of the Johannine Gospel and of literal catholic theology or He came forth from a Hidden Sanctuary of adept-saints, perpetuated through the ages, to enact on the plane of history the Divine Pageant of the Christhood. In this mission He opened the gates of attainment to all believers in Him, and are the power and grace to follow in the same path.

A. E. WAITE.

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AMERICA is the place for new ideas and new movements, and this is one of them, though it has seen the daylight before and, on all accounts, prematurely. Mrs. Bary writes as one of the "Order of the Unknown." The idea put forward is that the equinoctial ingress to a new constellation is the signal for a new dispensation, and it is said that the equinox now passing from Pisces into Aquarius will bring the new order into existence under the ægis of a Messianic incarnation. It may be well to point out, however, that there is considerable doubt as to the precise time of this change of constellation, owing to the delimitation of the constellations being so vague. But if Fomalhaut (*Piscis australis*) be taken as the first point of the constellation Pisces, then it is certain that the equinox is not in Aquarius. It may be said, however, that we are in a transition period, and now anticipating the fulfilment of the saying: "And when ye come into the city ye shall meet a man bearing a pitcher." It is on these grounds that a new spiritual dispensation may be looked for, and the "fishers of men" will give place to the "water-bearers." The pamphlet is of interest.

SCRUTATOR.

REVELATIONS OF THE LIFE BEAUTIFUL. By M. Evalyn Davis. Los Angeles: Baumgardt Publishing Co. Price one dollar.

UNDER the grand old pines, on mountain pathways, by foaming cascades, amid nature wild, calm, tumultuous, or beautiful, a series of messages, meditations and poems came to the author of this book, and some of the scenes that inspired them are given in the photographic illustrations. The soul is called to pursue the way of progress, love, freedom, to the consciousness of Divine presence, to drink in the spiritual revelation of the Father, "gliding into greater life." The harmony of the Omnipresence leads the soul to co-operate with the Universal Power, and thus to open the invisible channels of creative expression, whereby to manifest perfection in every phase of life. There is a good deal of poetic rapture in the book, but it is inspiring, and may be helpful to those who need incentive and encouragement.

S.

THE SUFISM OF THE RUBÁIYÁT. By Norton F. W. Hazeldine. Los Angeles: Kingsley Moles & Collins Co.

THE printer's style is given in the above notice, no publisher's name appearing on the title page. Presumably the book is issued privately.

Since the great run upon Fitzgerald's translation of the Rubáiyát, the philosophy of Omar Khayyám has attracted universal attention and Sufism has gained many adherents in the West. In the present work Mr. Hazeldine has sought to convey a yet more intimate knowledge of the subtle truths of the great Paradoxis, and has for that purpose shaken free from the limitations of verse and the burden of the quatrain. In one hundred flowing stanzas or sections he has given us a fuller and freer and yet more perfect representation of the philosophy of the Persian poet than anything which could be attempted in more exact and literal form. To these stanzas he has contributed notes of much intelligence and has prefixed a vocabulary of Persic terms used in the course of his rendition. I do not think that anything better has been done in this direction at any time, though its chief merit lies in the fact that the interpretation is mystical rather than scholastic. It reflects much credit on its author.

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## NOTES OF THE MONTH

AS pointed out in my last number, recent developments of the world war have rendered possible, if not probable, the fulfilment of certain predictions already cited in this magazine, which at the time seemed far enough from any prospect of corresponding with the march of events. I alluded in this connection to André Bobola's prediction of the great struggle on the plains of Pinsk in which were seen masses of "Russian, Turkish, French, English, Austrian, and Prussian soldiers" fighting together. The struggle is now not only being waged over this territory but we are also witnessing the association of Turkish soldiers with the other allies of the Central Powers, as well as an attempt on the part of the latter to break through Serbian territory and make the Balkans a fresh arena of the great war. I have twice in past issues of the OCCULT REVIEW referred in this connection to the prophecy of the monk Kosmas: "When ye shall see many ships assemble on the coast of Greece, women, children, and old men will be forced to flee to the mountains to escape the sword of Antichrist, until the day when the Allied Christian kings shall

PROPHECIES THAT ARE BEING FULFILLED.



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march on Constantinople."* This, as far as I am aware, is the only prediction except that attributed to the Monk Johannes, in which reference is made to the sword of Antichrist in connection with the present war. The appearance of the Kaiser's armies in the Balkan Peninsula offers for the first time an explanation of this notable phrase, while it also serves to identify the person of Antichrist in a striking manner. Why is it, by the way, that the Kaiser, fond as he is of proclaiming himself as enjoying the special favour and protection of God, is never heard in any of his speeches to make the slightest allusion to Jesus Christ? Has he, one wonders, an instinctive and intuitive repugnance to the sacred Name?

In a small booklet which is just being issued by the publishers of this magazine,† the author, Mr. Trefusis, enforces the position from his own standpoint that the Kaiser is indeed to be identified with Antichrist, the Beast of Revelations. He advances an interesting argument to support his views. It is generally recognized that by this Beast (so called) the inspired Apostle intended none other than the Emperor Nero, and it will be remembered that, in addition to other mysterious marks of identification, this scourge of the human race is strangely and mysteriously described as the Beast "which was and is not, and is to come." The point in connection with Nero is that at the time the prediction was written he had already committed suicide, i.e., in the words of the writer and at the time he was writing, he "was and is not," but though not at that time on the earth, he was yet destined to come again. That this idea took hold of the early Christian world is clear from a passage which I think I have already touched upon, to be found in the *De Mortibus Persecutorum* of Lactantius. Lactantius alludes to a current prediction in which it was foretold that Nero would again reappear on earth as "a messenger and forerunner of the Evil One, coming for the devastation of the earth and the overturning of the human race." Lactantius himself does not take the prediction seriously, but the point of importance is that it was current in his day,‡ when many Christians anticipated the return of Nero to earth as a manifestation of Antichrist. The author of the booklet alluded

NERO, THE BEAST, AND THE KAISER.

* I must apologize for a good deal of inevitable recapitulation in the present Notes, as it would be impossible otherwise to enforce my point. —ED.

† *The War in a New Light*. By Arthur Trefusis. London: W. Rider & Son, Ltd. 6*d*. net.

‡ Fourth century A.D.

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to sees in the German Kaiser as a reincarnation of Nero the fulfilment of this ancient prophecy. In pointing the parallel he draws attention to the fact that Nero acquired despotic power at the early age of 17 and quickly gave himself up to the greatest excesses and cruelty. He continues in a brief sketch :—

Nero poisoned Britannicus, the son of Claudius (55 A.D.) and in 59 caused his mother, Agrippina, to be put to death. He crushed every one who stood in his way : his tutors, Burrhus and Seneca ; his wives, Octavia (whom he caused to open her veins), and Poppœa Sabina, for whom he had repudiated Octavia. He was suspected of burning Rome, and threw the blame on the Christians, whom he persecuted most barbarously. And "we glory," writes Tertullian, "in the fact that such a man inaugurated our condemnation ('tali dedicatore damnationis nostrae etiam gloriamur') ; for whoever is acquainted with his character can understand that it could have been nothing but a great good which was condemned by Nero."

Both St. Peter and St. Paul are said to have been martyred at this time, about the year 64.

Nero loved ostentation and parade. He must fill the stage. He travelled about in a restless way. Of his amateur skill in acting, music, and singing, he was inordinately vain—an egomaniac, but nevertheless a man of many talents.

He ended his miserable existence by his own hand, 68 A.D., on the success of the revolution of Galba, his governor in Spain, leaving a name proverbial for all that is devilish.

He has now returned as Antichrist, the Beast of Revelation, and the world has awakened at last to his true character.

The order to sink the *Lusitania* (continues our author) is in strict accord with Nero's record—asphyxiating gases, flame projectors, and corrosive liquid all show the mind of Nero.

While the prophecies of Kosmas and André Bobola await a not improbable fulfilment, we have already seen some of Mme de Thèbes' forecasts translated into actuality. Writing of Italy in her Almanac for 1915, she observes : "The hour is not far distant when Italy, escaping from the difficulties of every kind which have till now paralysed her, will be under the necessity of drawing the sword and of no longer listening to the calculated counsels of those who bade her be ready only to come to the rescue of the conqueror. "Her hand," added Mme de Thèbes, "will be forced. The destiny of Italy must be accomplished, in despite of human calculations." Thus also of Bulgaria she wrote at a time when it seemed more than probable that Bulgaria would join hands with the Allies, the following significant words : "As for the fate of Bulgaria, it is destined to be overthrown by the men of the past." . . . "All the Bosphorus is dyed in purple. Not one of the hands from this part of the world that I have seen,

MADAME DE THÈBES' BALKAN PROPHECIES.

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or of which I have received imprints, is either happy or fortunate. They bear witness to the wreck of the Turkish world. The neighbouring peoples, Bulgarians, Greeks, Serbians, Roumanians, and Montenegrins, will be wounded in the crash of its ruins. We are indeed far from seeing the whole of Europe again in peace, and valiant Serbia is not yet at the end of its warlike destiny."

In writing of predictions that are in process of fulfilment or may possibly yet be fulfilled, I should like here to quote the Model's Prophecy, the story of the Breton who forecasted his own fate. This has not yet appeared in these pages, and I think deserves mention, though I am not in a position to vouch for its *bona fides*. It appeared in the French newspapers some considerable time ago, in the early part of the war, and runs as follows:—

THE MODEL'S PROPHECY.

For several years a well-known French painter of battles and military life whose name is not given, but whom it should surely be possible to identify, employed a native of Brittany for his model. One day in July, 1914, about a fortnight before the outbreak of the war, the model, who was of a psychic temperament, arrived at the artist's studio in a very dejected state of mind. On the painter inquiring what it was that troubled him, he announced that the country was on the brink of war. The painter pooh-poohed his fears and expressed a desire to start on his work. But his model was not to be turned from his fateful prognostication. "War," he said, "will be declared on August 2." The artist promptly retorted that if his model knew when the war would begin he was also probably aware of the date on which it would end. Yes, was the reply, I know this too, the war will end on May 22. The artist hereupon invited him to come and see him on May 23 and share a bottle of wine in celebration of the fulfilment of his prediction. "Impossible!" replied the other, "I could not come. I shall be killed in the second half of November." The story goes on to state that the model fell on the battle-field on November 27. No mention, it may be observed, was made of the year, but only of the day and month on which the war was to terminate, and apparently the artist forgot to inquire. Without, as I believe, having any knowledge of this prediction, the author of *The War in a New Light*, already alluded to, makes the following observations on the authority, as I understand, of his spiritual mentor.*

* Mr. Trefusis makes various other statements in this booklet on the same authority which it will be understood that I have here no intention whatever of endorsing.—ED.

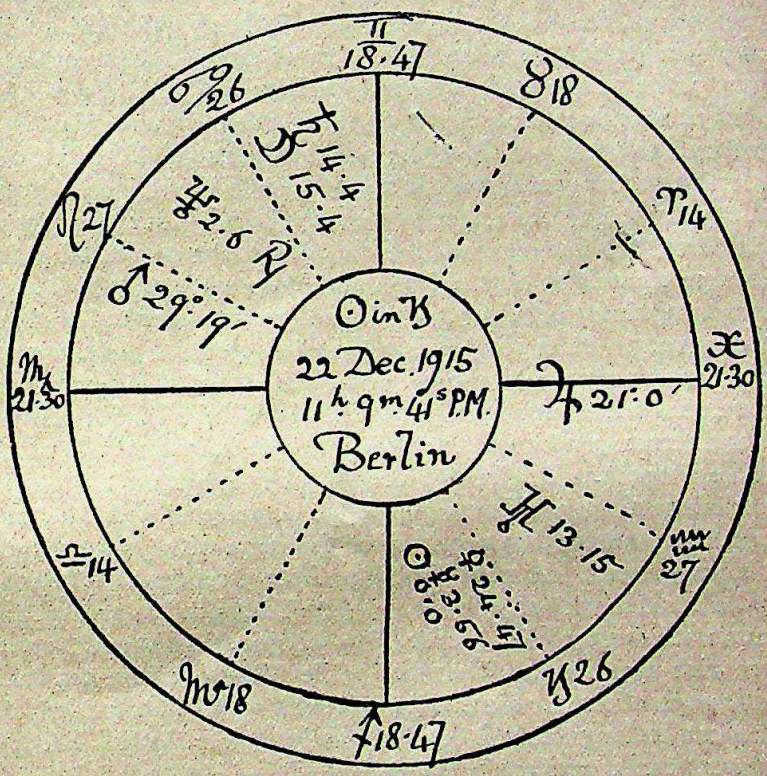
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"The writer," he says, "is often asked when he thinks peace will come. It is extremely difficult for a seer to judge time in relation to future events, but it seems to him that the war will continue to May, 1916, and that peace will be signed on the 23rd of that month, but he does not give these dates as an absolute certainty."

The Editor of *Zadkiel's Almanac* in a more tentative manner seems to incline to think that peace may not improbably come




WINTER SOLSTICE AT BERLIN, DECEMBER 22, 1915.

in the spring. "The nativity of King George V," he says, "has a benefic primary direction of the moon to Jupiter in force this spring, favouring an early return of prosperity and peace." As I have already pointed out, Venus and Jupiter enter Aries, England's ruling sign, on February 13, and Jupiter remains in this sign until the middle of the year. A notable confirmation of the indications of peace is to be found in the figure for the Winter Solstice at Berlin ruling the first three months of 1916. Of this figure, of which I subjoin a diagram, Zadkiel writes: "The last decanate of Virgo ascends and the Moon and Saturn are in the tenth mansion,

ZADKIEL AND THE END OF THE WAR.

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and Jupiter is setting. This seems to presignify that the terrible losses of the German and Austrian armies and the sufferings of the civilians will compel their rulers to sue for peace." The presence of Jupiter exactly on the Western angle of the figure (the angle of war) points surely to the probability of an appeal for peace on behalf of Germany, and not impossibly to an armistice, even if this does not lead to an immediate settlement. The presence of the Moon conjoined with Saturn at the Mid-heaven, coinciding with this, is an indication of grave discontent on the part of the people and reverses to their rulers. It may even be a portent of the commencement of a revolutionary movement which will lead to the downfall of the present dynasty. The stationary position of Mars on New Year's Day close to the eclipse of August last year and afflicting the horoscopes of the Tsar, the German Emperor, the Emperor of Austria, and other crowned heads of Europe, as well as that of President Poincaré, seems to indicate very sanguinary fighting about the end of December and beginning of January. It is remarkable that this position falls within a quarter of a degree of the very commencement of the sign Virgo which has been traditionally associated with the Turkish Empire. A further augury for an early peace is to be found in the horoscope of the King of the Belgians whose 41st solar revolution (birthday) on April 8, 1916, shows Venus, the planet of peace, close to the upper meridian, and the Sun nearly in conjunction with Jupiter, and in trine with Mars. A good direction of the ascendant to the major benefic is due very shortly after. The Tsar also has an especially favourable aspect for peace (Sun conjunction Venus), coming up with the summer months, while Venus culminates in his horoscope about the same time, so that it seems hardly likely that this can be long delayed—at least as far as the Central European Powers are concerned. General Joffre's horoscope, also given in *Zadkiel's Almanac*, has good influences in the spring, and at the end of the year, but is curiously enough under a cloud about July.

Attention was drawn in my little book, *Prophecies and Omens of the Great War*, to the remarkable prediction of Heinrich Heine in his work on Religion and Philosophy in Germany, with reference to the breakdown of Christianity in that country and its sequel, the outbreak of Germanic violence and the shattering into fragments of the Gothic cathedrals, but I did not refer at the same time to Heine's prediction of a great German Revolution "in comparison with which the French Revolution would appear as a harmless idyll." There

HEINE'S PROPHECIES.

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are those who think, and not without considerable show of reason, that this prophecy is on the brink of fulfilment. At the risk of repeating myself I give the translation of the two predictions side by side :—

Christianity—and this is its fairest service—has to a certain degree moderated that brutal lust of battle, such as we find it among the ancient Germanic races, who fought, not to destroy, not yet to conquer, but merely from a fierce, demoniac love of battle itself ; but it could not altogether eradicate it. And when once that restraining talisman, the cross, is broken, then the smouldering ferocity of those ancient warriors will again blaze up ; then will again be heard the deadly clang of that frantic Berserkir wrath, of which the Norse poets say and sing so much. The talisman is rotten with decay, and the day will surely come when it will crumble and fall. Then the ancient stone gods will arise from out the ashes of dismantled ruins, and rub the dust of a thousand years from their eyes ; *and finally Thor, with his colossal hammer, will leap up, and with it shatter into fragments the Gothic Cathedrals.*

* * * * *

Scoff not at the dreamer who expects in the material world a revolution similar to that which has already taken place in the domains of thought. The thought goes before the deed, as the lightning precedes the thunder. German thunder is certainly German, and is rather awkward, and it comes rolling along tardily ; but come it surely will, and when ye once hear a crash the like of which in the world's history was never heard before, then know that the German thunderbolt has reached its mark. At this crash the eagles will fall dead in mid-air, and the lions in Afric's most distant deserts will cower and sneak into their royal dens. *A drama will be enacted in Germany in comparison with which the French Revolution will appear a harmless idyll.*

PROPHECIES OF REVOLUTION IN GERMANY.

True it is that Heine did not foresee the great European conflict which was destined to bring his predictions to pass. But they are none the less startling on that account. As for this prediction of a great German Revolution which the early months of next year may well bring forth, others have foretold this, though none so long ago as Heinrich Heine. An uncle of Major-General Sir Alfred Turner, who lived in Paris and died in the year 1881, foretold on his deathbed "a terrible revolution in Germany in less than fifty years' time, a revolution compared to which that of 1789 in France was as nothing." In this vision he saw "an Emperor whose face was unfamiliar to him dethroned and driven into shameful exile and his family scattered over the earth as refugees." Madame de Thèbes in her Almanac for 1915 also foresaw the revolution. "I see," she said, "a Germany which is torn asunder, South against South, North against North. . . . Germany parodying the France of the past

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even to its great revolution. Hostages, massacres, trials, scaffolds, all are there, and in spite of this the enemy has crossed the frontiers." I take this opportunity, before the hour has yet struck, to draw attention to the fact that the revolution when it comes will not have come without warning, or unheralded by the prophets. And in truth no revolution, as it appears to me, ever came upon the world without ample warning beforehand. It will be familiar ground to most of us that the French Revolution itself was foretold, and foretold definitely enough, by many a shrewd observer of the signs of the times. It was not merely the cynical French King with his "After me the deluge" who predicted the coming calamity. The wise Lord Chesterfield in a more serious vein predicted thirty-six years in advance, that it was inevitable, declared in short that "all the symptoms which he had ever met in history previous to great changes and revolutions of Government, then existed, and were daily increasing in France." Rousseau stated in his *Emile* that in his opinion Europe was "approaching a period of crisis and a cycle of revolutions." Smollett in 1771 confidently asserted that "some great revolution must ensue in the course of a few years in the government, religion, and manners of the people of France." Cazotte, if the story of the celebrated dinner party at Monsieur Chamfort's is to be taken *au pied de la lettre*, foretold the same revolution in fullest detail, and the fate of a number of its special victims. Dr. Sibley, the astrologer, in his *Illustrations of the Occult Sciences*, published in 1784, describes a horary figure he drew on the subject, and comments upon it in the following remarkable words :—

MEN WHO FORETOLD THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

> Here is every prospect, from the disposition of the significators in the scheme, that some very important event will happen in the politics of France such as may dethrone or very nearly touch the life of the King and make victims of many great and illustrious men in Church and State, preparatory to a revolution or change in the affairs of this Empire which will at once astonish and surprise the surrounding nations.

The signs of the times are in truth too clear on such occasions to be passed unnoticed by the trained and observant eye. The causes which brought about the French Revolution are indeed, many of them, far different from those which are likely to bring about the coming revolution in Germany, but it is curious to note that the final determining cause of this earlier revolution may well prove to be the final determining cause of its coming German

THE FINANCIAL PERILS.

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counterpart. What actually led, in the last resort, to the French Revolution was the breakdown of French finance, which caused the calling together of the States-General and the appeal to the popular representatives to come to the rescue of the Government. It is far from impossible that a similar financial crisis may lead directly to the overthrow of the present German Government.

A NEW LIGHT ON THE WAR.

Mr. Trefusis's booklet, *A New Light on the War*, is mainly based on the text "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap," and he deals in as delicate a manner as the subject allows with the doctrine of karma as exemplified in the terrible German atrocities in Belgium, which he looks upon from his own standpoint as a karmic retribution for the horrors perpetrated by King Leopold of Belgium, and his minions, upon their innocent victims in the Congo State. He goes, however, further than this, and contends that the savage and ferocious instincts of the present generation of Germans which have so greatly surprised and horrified the civilized world, are to be attributed to the fact that the victims of King Leopold's appalling crimes have reincarnated by hundreds of thousands in German families for the purpose of wreaking their vengeance on thousands of innocent members of the race which was enriched by the unnameable horrors perpetrated in Central Africa by the diabolical king and his equally diabolical agents. This hypothesis, it seems to me, can scarcely be accepted unless we acknowledge the validity of a doctrine of national as well as individual karma. Some may shrink from a doctrine which operates so obviously unjustly against the individual citizen who in the vast majority of cases is quite innocent of the crime for which the Government of his country has assumed responsibility. Others will remind us that, however unjust such a doctrine may appear, all history testifies to its validity. That it was precisely this doctrine that operated in Biblical times when the pestilence fell upon Israel for David's sin, and that David cried in vain to the prophet Nathan, "As for these sheep, what have they done?" They will remind us again of the celebrated lines of Juvenal, which tell us that the people suffer for their rulers' misdeeds :—

> Quidquid delirant reges, plectuntur Achivi.
> (Whatever madness the kings commit the people are bled for it.)

They will cite again the scriptural phrase with regard to the God of Israel who "visiteth the sins of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation." The critic may

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ask, "Is this compatible with Divine justice?" Clearly not, I think, if we look no further than a single life on earth and a single generation. But in fact we know nothing of the karma of the individuals involved or how far by their past lives they have been drawn into the vortex of a common national calamity. Again, however ready we may be to accept the doctrine of karma in its wider sense, in the sense in which good and evil always in the end meet with their appropriate recompense, we are not, I think, bound to assume that a particular tragedy in any individual's life is the result necessarily of some corresponding misdeed in the past. The disciples of Jesus to all appearance held a similar view to this, when they asked of their Master with regard to the blind man, "Did this man sin or his parents that he was born blind?" And we may remember that Jesus specifically denied the fact that the man's blindness was a punishment for past sin, either on his own or his parent's account. Rather, he said, the affliction fell upon him that the glory of God might be made manifest. Did he not suggest in this that compensation was in store for the man, which would more than atone for past suffering, even if it were rather in moral growth and enhanced spiritual stature than in more purely material advantages? As Mr. Trefusis well says, "Suffering, if not self-caused but freely incurred for a loving purpose, sets free spiritual forces which can be used by unseen powers to help to redeem mankind, and it is through suffering that we are made perfect."

KARMA NATIONAL AND INDIVIDUAL.

We are inevitably reminded by the present Belgian tragedy, taking place as it does under the reign of so heroic a monarch, succeeding to and paying the penalty for his predecessor's fiendish misdeeds, of the ancient Egyptian tale of the god-fearing and devout Mycerinus, who followed a father notorious for his injustice and his crimes, and his contempt alike for all laws human and divine. Fortune and prosperity were the father's lot,

MYCERINUS AND KING ALBERT.

> Crowned with grey hairs he died and full of sway.

To his son, "who looked for life more lasting, rule more high," came the oracle that warned him that six years only were to be his allotted span. It was not for such as he to bring down upon the Egyptian people the evil karma that was their lot. He must therefore give place to one who would more readily lend himself to be the instrument of divine retribution. Mycerinus in the celebrated verses of Matthew Arnold muses on the ingratitudian

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caprice of the divine rulers of the world. "Do they," he asks, "merely pursue their own joyous existence, reckless and regardless of the sufferings of their votaries?"

> Or is it that some force too stern, too strong
> Even for themselves to conquer or beguile,
> Bears earth and heaven and men and gods along
> Like the broad volume of the insurgent Nile?
> And the great powers we serve themselves may be
> Slaves of a tyrannous necessity?

THE GODS AS PUPPETS.

Is there, in short, after all, some mighty over-ruling Fate working on its own irresistible way, remorselessly pursuing its self-appointed task, moving to some far-off divine (or maybe diabolical) event, some master destiny in whose hands the gods themselves whom men fondly worship and pray to are themselves but as puppets, to be broken even as mortals on its wheel when their appointed reigns shall have run their course, when the time has come for Saturn as vicegerent of the cosmic scheme to succeed to Uranus or for Jupiter to succeed to Saturn?

Mycerinus was not the first to ask the question, nor will he be the last to ask and wait in vain for the solution. The Egyptian Sphinx doubtless listened to his challenge of Divine Justice, and smiled her old inscrutable smile at the man who would probe the riddle of life. Teachers have come forward to-day more sympathetic to the cry of blind and suffering humanity who claim that Eastern Wisdom has long since sought and found the solution of the age-long problem, in the evolution of the human spirit through its many metamorphoses and its countless lives, not one of which, not a hundred of which, indeed, can alone avail to unlock the secret of the present destiny of the Eternal Self. The ladder has many rungs. Were we able to look down it to-day, to count the steps we have traversed in our long and painful ascent, dizziness would seize on us, as on the man who overlooks the precipice, and we should find ourselves, hypnotized by our own past misdeeds, leaping involuntarily into the abyss. Those who ask why, if we have lived before, we fail to remember our past existences, would do well to ponder on this alternative possibility, would do well to ask themselves: How, if the past were indeed revealed, they would have power to withhold their tottering reason from being shattered in the contemplation of the abysmal depths of their own sin-stained spiritual ancestry. The Divine Voice bids us await the solution of the riddle until we are strong

REMEMBRANCE RISEN FROM HELL.



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enough to see and understand whither our dead pasts are leading us, and until then to possess our souls in patience, confident that the law of eternal Justice will be made evident by the ultimate issue, confident in the truth of that doctrine so beautifully portrayed by Sir Edwin Arnold in the *Light of Asia*—

Before beginning, and without an end,
As space eternal and as surety sure,
Is fixed a Power Divine which moves to good.
Only its laws endure.

It will not be contemned of any one:
Who thwarts it loses, and who serves it gains;
The hidden good it pays with peace and bliss,
The hidden ill with pains.

* * *

It knows not wrath nor pardon; utter-true
Its measures mete, its faultless balance weighs;
Times are as naught, to-morrow it will judge,
Or after many days.

* * *

Such is the law which moves to righteousness,
Which none at last can turn aside or stay;
The heart of it is love, the end of it
Is peace and consummation sweet. Obey!

Amongst psychic incidents in connection with the present war the story told by the Rev. F. H. Stead, brother of the late W. T. Stead, at a service held at Browning Hall on October 10, is worth noting. Mr. Stead stated that on the evening of September 26 he was listening to the music of Bach's *Egmont*, when his brother, who went down in the *Titanic*, and also his mother, appeared to him in a vision in company with a young friend of the name of Lieut. Barnes, and assured him of a great victory near at hand, and the approaching breakdown of Prussian militarism. He could not understand the reason for Barnes' presence in the vision till he heard of his death on that particular day. Mr. F. H. Stead described his vision as the "greatest spiritual experience vouchsafed to him in the whole course of his life." There have been so many stories of the appearance of Mr. W. T. Stead since his death that have been called in question or regarded with scepticism, that it is a matter of satisfaction that one which has every appearance of authenticity should have taken place in connection with the present stirring events.

APPEARANCE OF W. T. STEAD.

In further reference to the phenomena of the Angels of Mo-

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THE MONS ANGELS AGAIN.

the *Evening News* of October 14 gives a record not before published which was sent to Mr. Arthur Machen in a letter from Pte. J. East, of the 9th Lincolnshire Regt. It is another story of the retreat before overwhelming odds :—

I don't know how I looked (says Private East), but the others looked as white as a sheet, but not afraid.

Nearer, still nearer, they came. "God help us," murmured one as he took steady aim and fired.

"We're done!" gasped another, and as I looked at him I saw him staring in front with wild eyes. And as if by magic the whizzing, buzzing, and whirling stopped.

I followed this man's gaze, and, sure enough, there, not two hundred yards in front of us, was a long line of white forms, stretching from house to house. They were making mysterious motions with their arms.

"Good lor'!" said one man, "what is it?" But no man answered. Yet every man felt in his own heart that the white barricade had been sent by some unseen power to protect that small body of English.

We retired. No one spoke until we were well clear of Mons. I said they were angels, and not a man contradicted me.

## INVITATION OF MORPHEUS

By W. H. CHESSON

WHEN Rhea turns our faces to the suns
Whose shining is not day,
In the delusive night be far away
From webs that strangle and from fear that stuns.
O let the formless god convey you then
Down to that river's marge where all the reeds
Praise Sleep the stiller of discordant men
And minister to crying women's needs.

There, where oblivion is sentinelled
By beauties manifold,
Be richer than is avarice by gold;
For Morpheus is never yet his best withheld
From craving love-of-loveliness; and he
Is magic in the night to give you joy;
So go with him, as goes a refugee
From din and dust and wishes that annoy.

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Sleep, and care not if some fools but esteem
Life carnately awake,
And blindly find celestial glass opaque,
And only see your eyelids when you dream.
Live in the world to which kind Morpheus brings
Perplexity and weariness and pain
As if they were fit loves for more than kings:
Sleep, and obtain from him what they obtain.

Manifest love called beauty, in the arms
And eager speechful eyes
Of longing free from doubt and from disguise—
They know it well whom Morpheus takes and charms;
And if you'd join the dance like eddying air,
And hear a tune unerring in its quest,
And feel delight whose might dissolves despair,
Yield to the god of sleep and be his guest.

Within his dream there is a perfect world
Where change and joy are twins,
And griefs, remembered but by violins,
Are never 'twixt the soul and sky unfurled.
Confirm his dream by your dislike of wrong
Which only self-destroyers dare repent.
He asks no sacrifice, no ritual song,
Only your substitute for faith—consent.

The letters of my words are lullabies
Zealous for sleep for you.
Sink deep your heavy mind and close your view;
Ether divine shall wash care from your eyes.
You do not listen now; you drowse, you doze.
Potent one spell now is . . .
You travel farther than the unborn rose
Which tunnels through the grave to light and bliss.

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# HAUNTED ROYALTIES

By ELLIOTT O'DONNELL

SINCE most royal families date back a considerable number of years it is not surprising they can lay claim to ghosts. Indeed, there is hardly a Royal House in Europe that is not visited by some kind or other of ghostly phenomena, periodical or otherwise. In Russia the ghost takes the form of a double. The scion of royalty who is doomed to die sees himself or herself either walking about the palace premises or seated on the throne, but always looking perfectly natural, and not in the least like anything super-physical. It is related of the Empress Catherine that after retiring to rest one night she was roused by a frantic lady-in-waiting, who in a breathless voice informed her that something very queer had happened. "There is some one exactly like your Majesty," she said, "seated on the throne. We all saw her enter the State Room, and were much mystified, as we knew your Majesty had retired to bed." The Empress turned pale, but putting on her robes hastened to the State Chamber, and there, sitting on the imperial throne, an exact counterpart to herself, sat a female figure.

Though no doubt perfectly aware of the significance of the apparition, Catherine showed no outward fear, but at once ordered her guards to fire at it. They did so, and it instantly disappeared. Not long afterwards the Empress died.

The present representative of the Romanoffs is very superstitious. He never goes anywhere without a certain mascot, and on one occasion when he had entered a train and discovered that he had left the mascot behind, he delayed travelling till the mascot was found and brought to him. He is certain to have it with him at this moment, as he is convinced that its presence shelters him from the evil influences that would otherwise dog his steps.

A lady who returned to England shortly before the outbreak of the present war related to me her experience with a ghost while teaching in one of the Royal Palaces not two hundred miles from Petrograd.

"Though the sitting-room they gave me," she said, "was most comfortably, I might almost say luxuriously, furnished, and though it was very airy and well lighted, there was a something about it that struck me as depressing from the first moment



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I entered it. A month passed, however, and I was beginning to be quite reconciled to my surroundings and to attribute my first impressions to mere imagination, when the unexpected happened. I had returned from a long walk one afternoon, and was sitting in front of my fire resting, when I heard a noise that sounded like a rather asthmatical cough, and on looking round I perceived standing in the doorway a tall, thin young man, clad in a green uniform, with a very melancholy expression on his face. He advanced towards me, and, as I shrank back in alarm, he seemed to pass right through the fireplace; at all events he vanished in some quite inexplicable way. When I mentioned the matter to the maid, whose specific duty it was to wait on me, she appeared greatly alarmed, and begged me on no account to mention the matter to any of the household. My second experience of this kind took place some weeks later.

"I was walking along the corridor to my apartments about five o'clock one afternoon, when I saw, to my surprise, a peculiar light about six feet from the floor, near the handle of the door. My first act was to search in every direction for a reflection, but in vain. There was no other light anywhere else in the corridor, nothing that could in any way account for the phenomenon. I looked again at the light, and kept my eyes fixed intently on it, when all of a sudden a rapid development took place, and in less time than it takes to write it a face appeared, staring steadfastly at me. I recognized it instantly as that of the phantasm which had visited me previously. Twice it opened its mouth as if it were desirous to speak, but on my saying, 'Is there anything I can do for you?' it instantly vanished. I saw it on several other occasions, once bending over me in the early hours of the morning, and once again peering round at me from behind a curtain. Its expression was invariably mournful, and after my first two encounters with it I felt no alarm, only an intense pity. I spoke about it to a friend of mine at the Legation, and he said he had always heard the palace had several ghosts, among others that of the unfortunate Emperor Paul, who had been so ruthlessly murdered. Accordingly, I have always considered that what I saw was Paul's ghost."

Just as the Royal House of Prussia has its White Lady, which appears before any great catastrophe, so have the rulers of France their Red Man. This Red Man is said to have always put in his appearance before any serious calamity to France, and to have generally manifested itself to whoever was on the throne. Rumour said it appeared to Henry IV the night before his

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sination, to Louis XVI immediately prior to the outbreak of the French Revolution, to certain of the members of the Imperial Household before the Franco-German War, and to President Carnot before he was so foully done to death. The account of its appearance to Napoleon is, however, the best known. According to Mr. T. Charley, the incident took place under the following circumstances :—

On the 1st of January, 1814, early in the morning, Napoleon shut himself up in his cabinet, bidding Count Mole, then Counsellor of State, and afterwards made Grand Judge of the Empire, to remain in the next room, and to hinder any person whatever from troubling him while he was occupied in his cabinet. He had not long retired to his study, when a tall man, dressed all in red, appeared to Mole, pretending that he wanted to speak to the Emperor. He was answered that it was not possible. "I must speak to him; go and tell him that it is the Red Man that wants him, and he will admit me." Awed by the imperious and commanding tone of the strange personage, Mole obeyed reluctantly, and tremblingly executed his errand. "Let him in," said Bonaparte sternly. Prompted by curiosity, Mole listened at the door, and heard the following conversation pass between them.

The Red Man said: "This is the third time of my appearing before you. The first time we met was in Egypt, at the battle of the Pyramids. The second, after the battle of Wagram. I then granted you four years to make a general peace; threatening, that if you did not perform this, that I would withdraw my protection from you. Now I am come, for the third and last time, to warn you that you have but three months to complete the execution of your designs, or to comply with the proposals of peace which are offered you by the Allies; if you do not achieve the one, or accede to the other, all will be over with you—so remember it well."

Mr. Charley goes on to state that Napoleon expostulated with all his might, pleading that he could not possibly regain all he had lost in so short a space of time, or make terms on anything like honourable conditions. The Red Man was inexorable. "Do as you please," he said, "my resolution is not to be shaken by entreaties, or otherwise, and I go." He was as good as his word; the Emperor followed him, but to no purpose, and he left the royal presence saying, "Three months—no longer." Napoleon then retired to his cabinet and remained there for the rest of the day. Three months later he abdicated. Who the Red Man was has for ever remained a matter of speculation. Of

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course there are all manner of theories, some declaring that Bonaparte had, in his youth, actually got in touch with the Unknown through the medium of certain spells he had come across in his travels, and that the Red Man was really the Evil One. Others, again, said that the Red Man was the spirit that had always attached itself to whoever ruled the destinies of France, and that it was the ghost of some one who had lived in very remote ages, like the banshee of Ireland and the drummers and pipers of Scotland. The fact that a similar phenomenon is stated to have been witnessed at other periods of French history makes one incline to the latter theory.

But, after all, getting in touch with the powers that know the future is not so impossible. I have, as I hinted in *The Sorcery Club*, myself come very near it. Just a little further and I should undoubtedly have achieved my design; I unmistakably felt their presence, only prudence stepped in and bade me desist. I was about this time lecturing in various parts of London, among others at the International Club in Regent Street, and some sensation was caused by several of my audience declaring they saw certain spectral figures standing behind me. As the description of one or two of these figures tallied very minutely with the phenomena that had hovered round me in my experiments, I was fairly well convinced that my attempts had not been in vain. I merely say this to show that others besides myself might have got hold of a similar receipt, and it is not altogether improbable that it was known in Corsica and exploited by Napoleon, whose love of adventure and exploration was immeasurably great.

But this is not the only denizen of the Unknown with which the great Bonaparte is associated. Count Montholon relates that Napoleon, when on his death-bed, informed him that he had been warned of his approaching end by the apparition of Josephine, which had appeared and conversed with him.

France's other great soldier monarch, Louis XIV, is said to have had several encounters with the superphysical, while his nephew took the title of Duc de Chartres in preference to that of the Duc de Valois through the agency of the apparition of his father's first wife, Henrietta of England, which appeared to his father and warned him on no account to call the infant Chartres. Henry of Navarre was very psychic, for in addition to seeing the ill-omened Red Man he saw, in the company of the Archbishop of Lyons, three ladies of the Court and the Queen, the apparition of a certain well-known cardinal. Wicked Catharine

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Medici had her experiences, too. She saw a ghostly rehearsal of the battle of Jarnac—before that battle actually occurred—and the gallant Prince of Condé lying dead in a hedge, at which sight she was greatly terrified and impressed. France, indeed, has had its share of ghosts, and few royalties have been more haunted than the French.

Denmark's kings have a very unpleasant skeleton in the cupboard; Abel, the monarch of long years ago, who murdered his brother under particularly revolting circumstances, still haunts not only the wood of Poole, near the city of Sleswig, but, if rumour is true, travels as far afield as certain of the royal domains in Copenhagen. Gurre Forest, near Elsinore, has a very terrifying spectre. On certain nights in the year, especially stormy ones, the old Scandinavian King Valdemar IV, looking particularly evil, is said to glide from thicket to thicket and hold up one hand menacingly should any denizen of royalty, either of Denmark, Norway or Sweden, happen to pass by.

When reading at the Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris, last year, I came across an interesting account of a visit of Charles XII of Sweden to a spot in Finland reputed to be haunted by the apparition of a little man in grey, that only demonstrated himself to royalty. The account said Charles, much against the wishes of his courtiers, who feared the knife of the assassin more than they feared ghosts, went there alone. The place was a bare piece of ground in a thick wood. Obedient to instructions, Charles made a circle on the soil with his sword, and, standing in the centre of it, struck three times on his tinder box, crying out as he did so the words:—

Come quick, come quick, come quick,
From copse or wood or dell,
And to the King of Sweden
His fate and fortune tell.

He then burned some specially prepared herbs, crossed himself several times, and stood still. After waiting some time till he began to think nothing was going to happen, he suddenly felt a touch on his shoulder, and on turning round perceived the shadowy outlines of a small grey man. Very much frightened, he started back, when a voice, unmistakably that of a woman, and from very far away, commenced speaking as if to a third person. It gave a detailed account of the Swedish political situation, stating that Sweden had a very impulsive and obstinate ...g, who would win great renown but would jeopardize every-

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thing through excessive vanity. It depicted his adventures in Turkey, where it bade him remain, saying that by coming back to his native country he was risking not only the future welfare of his country but his own soul. If he remained in the East and took service in the Sultan of Turkey's army he would one day succeed the Sultan on the throne and be the means of winning over the country to Christianity. If, on the contrary, he went back to Sweden, he would not only perish miserably but his soul would return again to Earth, at least three times, and on each occasion would occupy the body of a great soldier king, who would imperil the fortune of his country, not merely for ambition's sake, but for the love of filthy lucre. The third and last occasion on which he would return to earth would be characterized by an almost universal war, in which women would play a striking rôle. On the ceasing of the voice the grey man handed the king a ring, which it told him would vanish from his hand the day before his death. Charles took the ring and put it on his finger, and the moment he did so, found himself out of the forest walking towards his followers, who were standing in a group around the camp fire. Everything, the manuscript added, came to pass as the voice had predicted, and on the day preceding the king's death he suddenly missed the ring from his hand. The writer believed Charles XII had already returned to the physical plane twice, first as Napoleon, and secondly as Mehemet Ali, and it speculated as to when he would return again. If the author were alive now he would undoubtedly say Charles was back for his last visit in the guise either of the Kaiser or treacherous King Ferdinand. I wish I could remember the name of the work, which was written in French. I took it down, but in my hurried exit from Paris I lost nearly all my note books.

Swedish sovereigns have been renowned for seeing into the future. Charles XI is said to have witnessed the trial of the murderer of Gustavus, which occurred nearly a century later, and Bernadotte, though not of the old royal line, has been credited by some writers with having had the power both of clairvoyance and prophecy.

The mention of Ferdinand of Bulgaria brings vividly back to my memory two stories I heard about him when I was dining one evening in June, 1914, at the renowned Henriette's restaurant in Montparnasse. Two men were seated at a table close beside me, and I eventually got into conversation with them. They informed me they were journalists, and that their names were Guilgaut and Bonivon respectively. "You would

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laugh if you knew where I spent last night," I observed. "It was in an alleged haunted flat in Montrouge. I don't suppose either of you believe in ghosts." "I do," Guilgaut said, "I have had more than one experience with an apparition in my life, and so has my friend." "Yes," chimed in Bonivon. "We have good cause to remember ghosts, since we stayed six weeks in a haunted hotel in Bucharest, and never had such an infernally uncomfortable time either before or since. We never saw the ghost ourselves, but one of the other lodgers declared he did, and used to wake us every other night by the most unholy screams." They then talked a lot about their adventures in the Balkans, and finally alluded to Ferdinand of Bulgaria. "If ever a man is haunted, he is," Guilgaut remarked. "He never leaves his room at night without the shadow of Stambuloff, whose death he brought about in 1895, stepping out from the wall and following him."

"That is a bit of exaggeration," Bonivon said laughingly. "But, quite seriously, we heard on very excellent authority that on more than one occasion a figure had been seen beside Ferdinand, sometimes when he was driving and sometimes when he was walking, and that it was recognized by the spectators as Stambuloff, the dead Minister. On one occasion, we were told, Ferdinand visited a certain Princess, and it was remarked that the latter appeared strangely embarrassed and perturbed, as did her lady-in-waiting. At last some one ventured to inquire of the latter what was the matter with her and her royal mistress. 'It's that man,' the lady-in-waiting whispered. 'That man who persists in standing beside His Highness. He never takes his eyes from off our faces, and he looks just like a corpse.' Her interrogator asked her to describe the figure, which he said was quite invisible to him. She did so, and the description tallied exactly with that of Stambuloff." "Tell him about Ferdinand and the fortune teller," Guilgaut said. "Yes, that happened when we were staying close to his Kohary estates," Bonivon responded. "Ferdinand is notoriously sly and mean, and one day as he was passing through the village where we were staying, he chanced to encounter a charming itinerant Hungarian maiden, who eked out a very precarious livelihood hawking ribbons and telling fortunes. Ferdinand had his hand read, and thinking to trap the girl, disguised himself and came to her again the following evening. To his astonishment, although the make-up was highly skilful, for Ferdinand is a born actor in more senses than the girl recognized him at once as the gentleman who had

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come to her the previous evening. 'I was expecting you,' she said. 'Expecting me,' Ferdinand stammered. 'How is that? Why, I've told no one.' 'Oh fie!' the girl remonstrated, shaking her finger at him. 'The gentleman who accompanied you last night came here half an hour ago and told me you were coming.' 'What was he like?' Ferdinand asked, shaking all over. 'Like,' the girl retorted pertly, 'why, you know as well as I'; and she rattled off the description of the man, which tallied exactly with that of the dead Stambuloff—whom, by-the-way, Guilgaut and I had seen many scores of times in the early eighties. '"Tell him when he comes," your friend said,' the girl went on, '"that he will perish in very much the same manner as I have," and he showed me his hand.' 'And what did you see?' Ferdinand asked. 'The same ending to the life line as I do in yours,' the girl replied. 'What it is I would rather not say. Why, there is your friend! He is beckoning to you. You had better go to him.' And to her astonishment Ferdinand turned on his heel and walked off in the opposite direction. We had the story first hand. She told it us two or three days afterwards, and expressed great curiosity as to the identity of the two men who had behaved so strangely to her."

The Polish royalty were credited with great powers of clairvoyance. Mr. Lee recounts a curiously unpleasant experience that befell Princess Natgotsky, of Warsaw. Prior to her departure for Paris Her Royal Highness had a vision. She saw herself very distinctly in a strange room. A man entered, bearing in his hand a cup, which he offered her. "I'm not thirsty," she said. He insisted, however, that she should drink, telling her it would be for the last time in her life. He then vanished. Shortly after this incident the princess came to Paris, put up at an hotel, and was taken ill. The king's physician was sent for, and on his arrival, she instantly recognized him as the man in the vision. She drank what he offered her quite cheerfully, however, saying she knew it was all right this time as the room was not the one she had seen in her vision. She got well, but, tiring of her quarters, took up her abode in a convent, and on being ushered into her apartment at once exclaimed, "My doom has come! This is the room I saw, I shall never leave it alive." She was almost directly afterwards taken ill, the same doctor attended her, and the last drink she ever had was delivered her by him.

Of England's sovereigns a very fair percentage are alleged to be still with us in the form of ghosts. Windsor Castle, Hamp-

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Court, and the Tower are all reputed haunted, and the phenomena seen there are said to represent Henry VIII, Richard III, Elizabeth, Anne Boleyn, Catherine Howard, Catherine Parr, Jane Seymour, Charles I, and George III. Innumerable are the stories that have come down to us of psychic happenings connected with Charles I. Mr. Lee quotes a number of them in his works. It is said that at Charles's coronation there was not enough purple in the country to make the royal robes; consequently they were made of white; it not being realized till afterwards that white was symbolical of misfortune, since heretics were usually arrayed in it for their execution. Then, again, shortly before the battle of Newbury, Charles went into a public library at Oxford, and, at the suggestion of Lord Falkland, shut his eyes and opened, haphazard, a volume of Virgil, which procedure was regarded as a method of telling the future at that period. It was Book IV, and the passage he alighted on began as follows:—"Yet let a race untamed and haughty foes," and ended, "And lie unburied in the barren sand." Charles regarded it as of the utmost ill omen, and Falkland, full of regret at having brought about the incident, thought to divert the king by testing his own fate. He therefore likewise shut his eyes and opened the volume, and the passage he struck commenced with the words "Prelude of bloody fields and fights to come," which proved a true prophecy of his destiny. Charles, indeed, was stalked by omens all his life. Vandyke painted his head in three attitudes, viz., profile, three-quarter, and full face, and the paintings were given to Bernini to take a cast from. The moment the famous sculptor looked at the portraits he remarked he was sure the original would meet with a tragic ending. When the mould was finished it was brought to England and taken to Chelsea, where Charles went to see it. While he was looking at it, a hawk with a partridge in its beak flew overhead, and some blood dropped on to the cast and trickled in a very suggestive fashion down its neck. The incident sent a cold shiver of apprehension down the backs of all who witnessed it, and years later, when the king so tragically terminated his career at Whitehall, it was recalled vividly.

That the ghost of George III should walk is not surprising, as it is not at all an uncommon thing for the spirits of those who have died insane to remain earth-bound. I have come across many cases in my investigations, and if all reports are true, George, in his saner moments, had a very shrewd idea that such might [illegible] his fate. I have also been told by a lady, whose memoirs I

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published some years ago, that Windsor possesses other occult phenomena as well, and that sighs and all kinds of queer and wholly unaccountable noises were heard by her, when she was painting one of the royal portraits there, and that the atmosphere of certain parts of the castle was absolutely impregnated with the superphysical. This being so, one can very easily surmise that the present Royal Family are not without their share of psychic visitations—let us devoutly hope they have not the faculty for perceiving them.

## THE VISION

By C. L. RYLEY

INTO what far, dim mystery withdrawn
The Holy Graal long since was caught away;
No man there breathes so hardy as to say
He knoweth, or to tell when day shall dawn
With heavenly radiance upon lea and lawn,
Again the long lost Hallow to display.
That Vision blest for which the hermits pray,
And kings might give their very life in pawn.

Yet in dark thickets of the heart of man,
Peopled with forms and phantoms of the night,
A sudden glory of eternity
Smites into stone those beings under ban;
And through the wilderness amid that light
The wondrous pageant of the Graal goes by.

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# UNDERCURRENTS

By GERALD ARUNDEL

WE live in a dual world, and so receive two sets of impressions throughout life ; the one set belongs to the ordinary and phenomenal, the other to the extraordinary and occult. Beneath all worldly affairs, all everyday thoughts and passions, there is an undercurrent of things, to which we are indebted for some of our most edifying and instructive experiences, but which is never apprehended by persons that are essentially mediocre. It may be called an echo of the life within life, the undertone in the wild melodies of Time, the pulsation of the very heart of Nature.

There are other undercurrents in life, which are not by any means so transcendently important. There are those undercurrents of circumstance and of character, from the contemplation and analysis of which the thoughtful person gets a peculiar pleasure. There are those undercurrents of ideas which, though having but slight connexion with occultism, bear the mind into obscure regions of metaphysics, and reveal curious analogies and interesting contrasts both in human nature and in the superficial aspect of things in general. The recognition and consideration of all these are extremely useful to the artist, as also to the investigating philosopher. They are useful to the artist, for they give to his works the romance that is inseparable from nature. They are useful to the investigating philosopher, for they enable him to see every side of a question in ethics, or in sociology, or in legislation, or in any other of the related sciences.

In every life and character, even the most commonplace, there are numberless intricacies and complications, not at all obvious, caused by a chaos of accurate laws. Even the man who cannot understand and appreciate such a statement, has within him and around him these inexplicable worlds of complex forces. He is mysteriously yet naturally connected with millions of other human entities, and with events, incidents, accidents and circumstances of which he is altogether ignorant. Simple Simon though he may be, he has behind him a background that is unspeakably vast, poetical and sublime.

The due appreciation of these undercurrents of life and character is indispensable to one who would thoroughly understand individual persons and the world in general. Hence, the writer



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who is impervious to their influences cannot possibly be a first-class dramatist or novelist. He may succeed when dealing with types, but he fails when attempting to create specific human creatures. The greatest dramatist known to Fame is always conscious of the undercurrents of affairs and of character. There is a sort of obscure background behind the deeds and words of each of his heroes and heroines—a sort of mental scenery behind the visible scenery. Even in Horatio, one of the most clear-cut and most normal of all the characters of fiction, we see indications of special undercurrents of temperament and of circumstance belonging exclusively to this particular man. The method of the dramatist is like the method of Nature—exuberant yet correct, simple in complexity and complex in simplicity, often obvious to the eye of a clown, and yet suggestive beyond the demonstrations of a sage.

Now, if the ordinary undercurrents of life are so important, how precious are the deeper undercurrents—those that are particularly psychical in their origin and their influences! They are of a higher order, and more closely connected with the Beyond. Eluding scientific analysis and all the guesses and researches of systematic inquirers, they reveal something of the deeper self, and give glimpses of the noumena behind the symbols of Nature.

A famous writer says: "Some things are opposed to reason, whereas others are above reason." The ordinary scientist is not aware of this, and so he puts all inexplicable phenomena into one narrow category. But he who has depth of soul as well as intellectual clearness and comprehension, however iconoclastic he may be so far as current orthodoxy is concerned, sees and feels that psychics is above physics, not opposed to it—he knows that unspeakable suggestion is very often far more convincing than exact demonstration, that the deeper experiences of the ego are an irrefragable proof of the truths of the higher spiritualism. In vain does Haeckel expend his energies in trying to prove that "the riddle of the universe" is in itself a negation of transcendental psychics. In vain does Huxley smile half-contemptuously at the best convictions of Russel Wallace. In vain does Ingersoll, mingling clearest wisdom with midnight darkness, attempt to show that all spiritualistic doctrines are on a par with the "mistakes of Moses," with the old belief in witchcraft, with the outworn creeds and dogmas of pope and pastor. Notwithstanding all their learning, talent and conscientiousness, such men never recognize that what we call Super-Nature is the real Nature, and what we call Nature is the Sub-Nature. The

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look upon all spiritualism as antiscientific, whereas there is not a single primary truth of recognized science that does not suggest spiritualism.

Let us recall a few of those undercurrents of experience which belong to the history of psychics. At times, especially when we are in the midst of much action and confusion, there is a sudden pause—a sudden spell of silence. The affairs of our immediate surroundings seem to come to a standstill, and so also do the affairs of the outside world. If the ticking of the clock is heard, it serves but to make the stillness and silence more impressive. Instead of breaking the seal of silence, to use the metaphor of Longfellow, it gives to silence the gift of expression. Silence is no longer merely the absence of sound; it has suddenly become an independent power, with a subtle and insistent tongue capable of half revealing marvellous secrets. In such a moment, we feel the presence of the others.—The others!—But who are they? The others—they are the beings whom we knew and loved long ago—long, long ago, whom we saw from day to day, but whom we have never seen since our birth—perhaps for centuries, for ages. The others—they are those with whom we had so many thrilling adventures in far-away places. And now they are here beside us, each of them distinct in character, yet vague, invisible, intangible. They are here, and have brought with them a world of dim memories from those stirring times. Presently an incongruous sound from the normal world —the crude voice of some shallow person in the same room, or the creak of a chair, or the rattle of a cart-wheel, or the snappish bark of a dog, breaks the spell—and the others are gone. Once more earth is earth, time is time, men and women are men and women.

There are many deeply interesting experiences resembling this, among which is the memory of some special individual person whom we knew in a bygone life, with whom a particular scene, or even a particular name, is associated. I had an acquaintance whom I always thought of as bearing the name—Eric, so much did he remind me of an Eric with whom I had been familiar many generations aback. That first Eric was a lad, afterwards a young man, of very uncommon mind and heart—one of those human rarities of whom Hartley Coleridge may be taken as a type, and whose life was, in the end, as obscurely tragical and as tragically obscure as that of Bramwell Brontë. "I knew him, Horatio—a fellow of infinite wit, of most excellent fancy"; if I should meet him in the street this day, I should recognize



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him and call him by his name. I remember the scenes of his early days as vividly as if I had seen them a fortnight ago. I remember his wonderful eyes, his peculiar smile and almost boisterous laughter. I remember his quaint sayings, his sudden humorous moods, his occasional strange melancholy, his wealth of original fancy, his keen and startling wit. But though I have the liveliest remembrance of him, I have never felt his presence as I have felt the presence of many another being of the past.

Then, there is the recognition of places seen for the first time with our present physical eyes. Once, when in a certain part of South America, I could not help starting in amazement and asking myself at what particular time I had known this scene. The fair, uneven common, half-surrounded by low wooden houses sweetly embedded amid a profusion of shades, the great mountains in the background, a certain sense of sadness and solitude in the very heyday of a rich summer's noontide—I recognized them at once, and a dozen minute touches of nature here and there. Likewise, when, in another part, I saw the huge beetling rocks rising high above the reckless, foaming waves that sent forth voices of deep-toned thunder from mysterious caverns, when, turning towards the land, I saw fragments of a town or village far-away on the hill-side, and, in another direction, the queer little port with its buildings of antique construction and its motley group of human figures—when I felt and inhaled all the atmosphere of the scene. I could not but be conscious that these things had once been very familiar to me.

Never, since my birth, have I been in any part of Egypt; indeed I have never been near any part of the coasts of Africa. And yet, in another sense, I have lingered long in the palaces of the Pharaohs and have gazed upon all their mighty works—I have sat on an ancient throne, and have lived the most exciting adventures in court and camp and forest. Nay, I have been in a city compared with which all the historical cities of Egypt are modern, the ruins of which are yet undiscovered, the name of which has long been lost. I can describe many of its places, and the physiognomies and characters of several of its inhabitants. Such experiences I have had, not in imaginative reveries, not in visions of the night, but in my calmest and clearest moments, having my wits about me, and not altogether unconscious of the twentieth century and western civilization.

Now, what do such memories mean? I can conscientiously declare that I have carefully considered all the explanations those thinkers who are opposed to the higher psychics, and

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not one has convinced me. This is their most cogent argument: certain parts of the cerebral organism retain deep hereditary impressions, and, just as a child inherits particular traits and bodily weaknesses and capacities, he can inherit fragments of memories, and also a disposition to attach peculiar importance to them. Therefore, when a spiritualist remembers some past event, it is simply that an hereditary impression is active in his brain. When he remembers having lived in Egypt, for instance, it is proof positive that one of his remote ancestors lived in Egypt, an ancestor from whom he has inherited certain mnemonic impressions, and those impressions were caused by the Egyptian experiences of his far ancient progenitor.

This argument can be easily overthrown. Admitting that a person can inherit mnemonic impressions, it has yet to be proved that he can inherit the clear and accurate and lively remembrance of a particular event or incident, with every detail in its proper place. An objection may be raised against the assumption that the details are all correct; but still, the clearness and deep reality of the memory refute opposition. Disjointed fragments of memories, floating like dim, vague clouds across the horizon of the mind, may, for the sake of argument, be granted. But a real, coherent, determinate, lifelike remembrance is altogether a different matter, and cannot be explained away by a reference to heredity. Even more difficult would it be to account for the intense conviction of personal experience which causes the person to state that he remembers the event or incident. This experience is above all argument; and it would be just as easy to convince me that I do not exist as to convince me that I myself never had the experience which I myself remember that I had. The objector is here brought to a standstill, for he cannot take a single step in advance without entering the regions of pure spiritualism; so true it is that too far east is west.

The sudden nearness of a past event is another undercurrent of life having a connexion with psychics. At times, whether we happen to be in a very thoughtful mood or not, we feel and see and know that a particular event, long past, is here and now, that we are in the midst of it, the intervening years having been swept away by some occult force. There is a sweetness in such experiences which cannot be expressed in human language, which cannot be suggested by musical sounds, by the skill of painter or of sculptor, a sweetness which would be defiled and well-nigh destroyed by the very attempt at expression. In 1910 I saw the funeral of a distinguished English writer who died in 1859;

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and I have seen a fragment of the French Revolution with all its colour, animation and reality. Of course, the first experience does not prove that I was in London in 1859, nor the other that I was in Paris in the days of Robespierre and Danton; for these and all other similar experiences are not memories; they are distinct mental and visual impressions accompanied by much psychic feeling.

An undercurrent of life that is even more significant, is the apprehension of a future event. Some particular fragment of Time, not yet made common property by the law of progression, is suddenly given to our individual consciousness. We see a page of the Future, so to speak. It is not a mere presentiment; it is something superior to insight and intuition. The mind sees and feels and knows that some special event, which people do not suspect, will certainly take place within a given time. It appears quite natural that it should take place, and natural also that we should know it beforehand. We find ourselves on a very high plane of being; we interpret the silence behind the sound, and recognize golden meanings in darkest destinies. Somewhat in harmony with the great Unspeakable amid the various scenes of life, we listen to what Wordsworth calls—

> The still, sad music of humanity.

But our pensiveness is dominated by a feeling of supreme elevation and command, like the glorification, the beatification of the ego.

These inward adventures may be explained by reference to that theory of the rhythm of events and circumstances to which various writers have alluded, and also by reference to a theory which may be called the theory of the belts of thought, the full explanation of which would necessitate much lengthy argument. As there are zones and seasons in the physical world, so also there are zones and seasons—vicissitudes of states and conditions, in the mental world. If the laws of mind were as demonstrable as the laws of electricity, light and sound, a vision of a past event or a startlingly prophetic dream would appear no more marvellous than a mirage in the desert or the phosphorescent phenomenon in a tropical sea. As the sailor in mid-ocean sees an English landscape in the sky, or the complete likeness of a ship upside-down, so the spiritualist in a peculiar phase of mental being sees intangible entities and other things that cannot be seen by one who is not in that particular condition of mind and feeling—the ego can suddenly become conscious of some

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event, either past or future, and, by its subtle power, can compel the eye to see it, either as it is actually fixed by Destiny, or twisted awry, as it were, by cross-currents or counter-currents of thought.

These theories are sound, deep, far-reaching. They show that essential abnormality is a scientific impossibility, that in the regions of thought and feeling, as in those of physical nature, there is wonderful method in wildest medley, there are regulating centres in rudest eccentricity.

Then again, at intervals, we seem to be on the verge of a startling solution—we are about to do with a thought what Archimedes would have done with a lever—we are about to solve the great mystery. Perhaps some trifling incident has just occurred, an incident which, however, through the association of ideas and other laws of our inward being, causes us to reflect, boldly, calmly and clearly, on a large variety of subjects. The laws of sequence, even the most obscure, seem to become plain and simple. We feel that, if we only put ourselves to the task, we should explain the wherefore of matter, the meanings of necessity, the alpha and omega of mind. We are about to solve it at last—the problem of problems. Only one more thought is necessary, and we feel that, if we reach it, the great work would be done. We are near to it—very near to it;—we have nearly got it at last, when—the whole experience passes, and the supreme opportunity is gone! I suspect that when the indispensable thought shall come—in the very moment that my mind shall grasp it—my heart will cease to beat. Then my friends will say, "He is dead," and I shall think and feel, "I am fully awake at last!" In other words, the experience is simply a foretaste of the change commonly called death.

The undercurrents of life associated with an overpowering sadness are also extremely important. Those associated with certain apparitions and with certain dreams may be called super-psychic communications. The adequate relation of them would fill a library of no inconsiderable size, and replete with inexpressible meaning are many of the stories. These too we must leave for some other occasion. Not less significant are some of those experiences which seem to throw much light on the wonderful subject of Gonochovism, or the theory of the existence of the bi-sexual race who, according to Indian and Greek traditions, preceded the race of man. We must reserve them for some other time, remarking, however, that the arguments that can reasonably be based on them are an excellent explanation of all sexual abnormalities, mental and physical, all those peculi-

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arities of feeling, disposition and capability, which are deviations from what is considered the normal standard.

I will mention one other undercurrent connected with psychics, that which may be called the rarest, since perhaps but one person in twenty million has had experience of it, and since it has never been noticed by a single psychologist. Fortunately I myself can give a personal account in this connexion. One night, after much thought on the original birth of the ego, I tried to surprise myself falling asleep, but I could not sleep. Suddenly I felt that I was being born—for so I must necessarily express myself. It was not a dream, not a far-fetched reverie, not the consequence of a sickly nervous condition. My thoughts were clear enough; my pulse was in its normal state, but yet I felt that I was being born. If any one had asked me, "Where are you now?" I should have answered, "In my bed, and yet not there at all." If he asked, "How do you feel?" I should have answered, "It is somewhat unpleasant, but I know that I shall soon be free." If he had asked, "What are you doing?" I should have answered, "I am being born." I was casting off a clammy wrappage, and I knew that with success would come a heavenly freedom, the supreme bliss for which loftiest spirits have no name. I was impatient to liberate myself, and should have succeeded, if a sudden train of new thoughts had not come to me and put an end to the experience. Here again, I believe that had I succeeded, my friends would have enveloped the wrappage in a shroud and put it in a coffin, while I, standing outside of Time, should have felt gloriously free, and should have pitied them in their earthy delusion.

The meaning of all such undercurrents of life hardly needs any further observations. They are strong proofs of the reality of the higher spiritualism, and, in answer to those who question the wisdom of the statement, I say, in the language of Shakespeare—

> Thou canst not speak of what thou dost not feel.

For much knowledge of human capacities and human destiny, we shall be indebted to psychic science; but it seems none the less certain that we shall never succeed in learning all that there is to be learnt. Beyond the circles connected with finite existence there are the circles of infinity, and of those we can have only suggestions.

The shadowiness of sublunary things would be unmeaning if there were no Eternal Realities behind the ever-shifting scene, no insistent glimpses of bright and immutable Verities amid th

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sad changes of mortality. " When I was in Padua," says Samuel Rogers, " I once stood contemplating a picture of the Last Supper in the refectory of a convent. ' You admire that picture,' said an old Dominican to me, ' I have sat at my meals before it these seven and forty years, and such are the changes that have taken place among us—so many have come and gone in that time—that, when I look upon the company there—upon those who are sitting at that table, silent as they are—I am sometimes inclined to think that we, and not they, are shadows.' "

The old Dominican was perfectly right and perfectly wrong. Man, as he appears, is a shadow; the substance that casts the shadow is individual spirit or central consciousness, for shadow without substance is unimaginable, and a race of sentient beings without individual spirit or central consciousness, is an impossibility. He who lives on the mere husks of life deals only with fleeting shadows, whereas he who tries to reach the kernel lives near to the Eternal Substances. The shadow passes: the substance continues for ever.

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# THE WHITE LADY AT CARLSRUHE

By ARCHIBALD McDIARMID

In view of the interest taken in the White Lady of the Hohenzollern, readers of this Review may like to learn what one whose family was formerly closely associated with the Court of Baden has to say on the subject. For private reasons, a pseudonym is used, but the details given are strictly authentic, and the real names of those concerned are known to the editor.

In the thirties, the grandfather of the present writer took his family abroad. In those days Carlsruhe society was brilliant and international, for the capital of Baden had its resident diplomatic representatives, which is now no longer the case. The writer's grandfather, whom we will call Mr. K——, possessing a family of daughters fond of society and dancing, wished to rent a house large enough for balls and theatricals. This was not easy to find at Carlsruhe. A certain palace, standing opposite the present *Schloss*, and which appears to have been bombarded in the recent raid, was uninhabited. It was called the *Markgärfliche Palais*, and belonged to the younger sons of the House of Baden, who did not require it as a residence. Mr. K—— offered to rent it. This met with much opposition. Such a thing was unheard of, but he argued that it was much better for the premises not to be left empty. Finally, his representations prevailed, and soon the old walls re-echoed with the laughter and merriment of a host of young people. Acting was a favourite amusement, one room being set apart as a theatre.

The youngest of Mr. K——'s daughters, the present writer's mother, of particularly bright and winning disposition, was a leader in all the gaiety. Coming of one of the most ancient Scottish families, it was not surprising that she had the gift of second sight. She did not seek to cultivate it, seldom referred to it, and when anything out of the common happened to her, took it simply and naturally. Later in life Sir David Brewster said of her, that she would make a most excellent medium. It may be remarked, by the way, that her character was one of singular lovableness and purity, and though living in the world, all that was evil seemed non-existent for her.

One night, she had gone to bed and was thinking with pleasure of a fête about to take place, one feature of which was to be a



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play of which the dress rehearsal was to be held on the morrow. Suddenly, she heard a threatening voice say : " It shall not take place. I shall prevent it." Starting up, she lighted a candle, and saw a grey woman of sinister aspect lifting a warning finger. The figure made for the adjacent room, occupied by Mrs. K——, and vanished. The young girl felt frightened, and seizing the candlestick with a trembling hand, went into her mother's room, only to be informed that no one had entered.

She had a twin-sister, afterwards married to the chamberlain of the Grand Duke of Baden. This sister was not in the habit of having unusual experiences, but next morning, on appearing at breakfast, she related that she had had a curious dream. She had dreamed that young Countess U——, the bride of a foreign diplomatist, had told her that she was going to a far country, where she would not want her elaborate *trousseau*, and that the sisters would receive part of it. This was related as a joke to Countess U——, on her arriving for the rehearsal. Laughing heartily, she answered, " I shall take good care that that does not happen. I want all my pretty things myself."

A few days later, on the morning of the one appointed for the fête, a message came to the Palace to say that she was dead. Gossip put this down to tight-lacing, she had a beautiful figure. Whatever the cause may have been, a sudden fainting fit, from which it proved impossible to resuscitate her, ended her young life. She was only nineteen, Of course, the fête did not take place. Not long afterwards, her French maid came to the Palace to ask if the young Scotch ladies would buy some of the beautiful lace, gloves, and dainty shoes, which had formed part of her late mistress's lavish *trousseau*. Her master, overwhelmed with grief, had made her a present of everything, but as she was going home to France, she could not afford to pay duty on so many new things. She had been round the town to sell them, but the German ladies' hands and feet were too large, whilst those of Mr. K——'s daughters were so small, like those of her late mistress. Purchases were made to help her out of her difficulties, and thus the dream concerning them was fulfilled.

Many appearances of the *Ahn frau*, as the White Lady was frequently called, have been related. She is said to have been seen kneeling by the dying bed of the Margravine Amelia of Baden, the beautiful blind Princess, mother of the wife of Alexander I of Russia and of other well-known royal personages. This happened at the Palace at Bruchsal, once the residence in succession of two Prince Bishops. Several visits of the White Lady are sup-

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posed to have been made at different times to the ugly, many windowed Palace of Mannheim, but it is difficult to authenticate them! On one occasion she was undoubtedly impersonated, though this points to her occasional appearance being recognized, or the *ruse* would not have suggested itself.

A young Princess inclined to stoutness was not allowed to satisfy her very hearty appetite. Dismay reigned in the Palace at reports of the *Ahn frau* having been encountered more than once in the long, dimly lighted corridors. The solution was that the Princess met her *fiancé* surreptitiously in remote corners, and whilst he supplied her with cakes, bonbons, and other delicacies to make up for the meagre fare she was allowed, a friendly lady-in-waiting assumed the rôle of the White Lady to keep off intruders. That may therefore be accepted as a fictitious appearance of the *Ahn frau.*

It is more difficult to get at the truth concerning other appearances attributed to her during the period when Stephanie Beauharnais reigned as Grand Duchess in the Mannheim Palace. There was rivalry between the older and younger lines of the House of Baden. Grand Duchess Stephanie's husband of the older line died at a comparatively early age, of what some held to be heart disease and dropsy, whilst others attributed it to poisoning, administered with a view to establishing the present succession. How his two infant sons died is an impenetrable mystery. Previous to their deaths the White Lady was seen; whether the manifestation was genuine in either or both cases can never be known. Equally trustworthy people have held diametrically opposite opinions on the subject. It is averred that the late Grand Duke Frederick believed in foul play, and, being a just man, was the less grieved that his son's, the present Grand Duke's, marriage proved childless.

Margrave Karl Friederich of Baden, the father of Grand Duke Karl, contracted a second marriage in his old age with a Fräulein von Geiersberg, afterwards raised to the rank of Countess Hochberg. She was said to be an intriguing woman, bent on her sons receiving Grand Ducal rank, and being given the right to succeed to the throne of Baden. This took place in due course. To forward her schemes by the extinction of the older line, Countess Hochberg was credited with impersonating the White Lady, at the demise, or in one case the apparent demise, of Grand Duchess Stephanie's sons. The one child died undoubtedly after the *Ahn frau* had been seen, though whether of a natural death or not is not established. The other was believed by many to have been

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exchanged by Countess Hochberg, disguised as the White Lady, for the dead baby of a peasant woman, and Grand Duchess Stephanie was always prevented from approaching sufficiently near to identify the corpse. The Grand Duchess herself believed that an exchange had been made, and that her little son had been kidnapped. So firmly did she hold to this belief, that in later years she felt assured that Kaspar Hauser was her child. This was a youth whose mysterious appearance at the gates of Nuremberg, and faltering account of having been reared in some underground abode, roused great interest as to his origin. So great was the Grand Duchess's desire to behold him, that she besought the late diplomatist, Lord Augustus Loftus, to arrange an interview. But just as it was to have taken place, Kaspar Hauser, being left momentarily unguarded, was assassinated by some person unknown. If the *Ahn frau* was impersonated to encompass the ambitious Countess's ends, it only shows that her appearing was held to be a certain harbinger of death.

The present writer, after much comparing of evidence and personally visiting the Mannheim Palace to question those grown grey in the service of Grand Duchess Stephanie, has felt unable to come to a definite conclusion concerning this strange history, and can only guarantee the genuineness of the appearance of the White Lady at the *Markgräfliche Palais* at Carlsruhe, as related at the beginning of this paper.

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# WEST COUNTRY SUPERSTITIONS

By R. B. SPAN

IN the *Contemporary Review* for October, Mr. J. G. de Montmorency gives an account of the "Witches of Exmoor," and shows how superstition is rife, even to-day, in that wild and beautiful country. The West Country has always been noted for its strange superstitions, and not least for the belief in the power of witchcraft, handed down through untold generations. Not only on Exmoor (which is partly in Somerset), but in all parts of Devon and Cornwall do the ancient beliefs in witches, and ghosts, fairies and all kinds of native spirits still exist. Perhaps it is because the sophistry of a more or less artificial civilization has failed to penetrate to the more remote country regions, and kill the primitive and natural instincts of humanity. Most of these beliefs and superstitions have a solid foundation in fact and in occurrences of ancient and modern ages. There has always been good and sufficient reason for the widespread belief in ghosts, simply because ghosts have always existed, and will continue to do so as long as the human race inhabits this planet. There is no doubt an equally good reason for the belief in fairies, though they no longer manifest their presence as in the past ages; but even to-day there have been one or two instances of their having been seen in Ireland.

The beliefs of the West Country are, however, different to those of the Irish, having none of the poetry and romance of the Emerald Isle. They are quaint and matter-of-fact. "White witches" (or "wise" men and women) were common in Devon, and in some of the villages are still consulted. A few years ago there was a notable "White Witch" at Tiverton, named Snow, who did a great business, principally in curing ailments by charms. As one instance of his proficiency I will give the following instance, the facts with regard to which are well known in this neighbourhood. A farmer in a large way of business was out in a storm one night and caught a severe chill which settled on his chest, and in time he became a complete wreck and drew his breath with much difficulty. Being a man of comparative wealth, the best doctors were consulted, but without any benefit, and his life was despaired of. Then some one suggested "Old Snow," and as a last resort the



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well-known "wise man" was brought in. The result was marvellous. In a few hours he began to mend and in a week became quite well, and more robust and hearty than he had ever been before. What the wise man gave him or the manner of the charm he used was never revealed. The farmer certainly looked—when last seen—as if he had many years of healthy life before him.

A well-known White Witch in Devon was old Marianne Vooden, of Bratton, who lived in an old half ruined house on the outskirts of the village. In the stormy winter of 1893–94 the roof fell in and carried down the flooring of the upper storey, and her only means of egress and ingress was through the window, and when the rain poured in at the broken panes she used to take refuge in an old oak chest, keeping the lid up with a brick. She had been handsome at one time with her finely cut aquiline features and piercing dark eyes. She usually wore a red kerchief about her head and an old scarlet petticoat, and was indescribably dirty. She had an elaborate book of charms and recitations to be used for the healing of all kinds of diseases and injuries. Some of her charms might appear irreverent, and even blasphemous, were it not for her evident earnestness and sincerity.

For instance, to staunch blood (in wounds, etc.) it was necessary to recite the following: "Jesus was born in Bethlehem, baptized in the river of Jordan. The water was wide and the river was rude against the Holy Child. And He smote it with a rod and it stood still—and so shall your blood stand still, in the Name, etc."

Her cure for whooping cough was to cut the hair off the cross on a donkey's back, fasten it in silk bags, and tie these around children's necks. An infallible (but unpleasant) remedy for fits was to swallow a dose of pounded wood-lice.

Nearly all her charm recitations referred to Jesus Christ and ended by invoking the Name and aid of the Holy Trinity, and each recitation had to be repeated thrice. Marianne had the power of staunching blood even at a distance. On one occasion some men were cutting hay on a farm at Kelley about eight miles distant, and one of them cut himself very badly, so that the blood flowed in streams. The farmer at once directed one of the men to dip a kerchief in his blood and gallop to Marianne's tumble-down cottage, and ask her to stop the bleeding by blessing the kerchief. The man was gone two hours. As soon as Marianne charmed the kerchief the flow of blood at once

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ceased and the injured man suffered but little inconvenience from the wound thereafter.

The rector's son on one occasion called on the old woman, and she brought out a glass of poppy wine she had made for him—thick and dirty. "I am almost a teetotaller," said he, "and so can do no more than just sip this to your health and happiness," and put the glass to his lips. "Ah! Mr. Edward, dear," she said, "I've offered this glass of wine to some, and they, so proud and haughty, they wouldn't tich it; but you'm no so—and now my blessing shall be wi' ye night and day and gude fortune shall ever attend ye—that I promise."

About fifty years ago it was not uncommon to meet the village postman walking with one hand extended holding a handkerchief which had been sent to the White Witch to be blessed. It was important that it should touch no one till it reached her.

A certain farmer—described as "a God-fearing and sensible man and very prosperous"—used to staunch wounds, and cure sprains, abscesses, etc., by striking the place lightly and reciting certain mystical sentences.

A writer in *Devon Notes and Queries*, October, 1906, describes how a large surface wound on one of his arms (which had been broken) was healed by a "wise man" in Exeter after several months' futile treatment by doctors and chemists. This "healer" was the "seventh son of a seventh son" and possessed psychic gifts. He was a country carrier between Exeter and Moretonhampstead. He examined the patient's arm as he stood by his cart, said something over the wound, and gave him a small velvet amulet. The wound was very soon healed and never troubled him again.

One old woman, who *professed* to be a White Witch and a God-fearing woman, was notable for the numbers of presents she received from farms and cottages, on which she subsisted quite luxuriously—in fact lived on the "fat of the land." The method by which she evoked such generosity was peculiar. Relying on the fear which she generally inspired as a wielder of magical powers, it was her custom to hint to people who had well-stocked farms and larders that things might not go well with them if they did not share the best of their produce, etc., with her; and sometimes she would meet a child coming from school, and fixing her mesmeric eye on it, would say: "My dear, I knawed a child jist like you—same age, red rosy cheeks, and curling hair—full of life and laughter, but that child shrivel[illegible]nd and of some

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up—the cheeks grew white, the hair went out of curl—and—she—died!" Before the day was spent, a basket of eggs, a pound of butter, or a plump chicken came from the child's mother as a propitiatory offering.

The true "White Witch" is consulted not for ailments only, but in love affairs to a large extent, and also in the discovery of who has cast the "evil eye," and caused illness, or loss of property, or sickness amongst farm stock, and other misfortunes. The mode of procedure was described in the *Letters of Nathan Hogg* in 1847—chiefly the methods of White Witch Tucker in Exeter.

With regard to the herbs used by white witches, what Jesus the son of Sirach said centuries ago, is still true, viz.: "The Lord hath created medicines out of the earth, and he that is wise will not abhor them; by such doth he heal men and taketh away their pains."

A notable trial for witchcraft occurred at Exeter Castle on August 14, 1682, when three old women (one being over 80) were found guilty and executed ten days later. The chief evidence against them was of causing grievous bodily harm to many women, bringing about the deaths of five persons, bewitching cows so that they would not yield their milk, and raising storms which wrecked vessels. It was stated as a proof of their diabolical natures that they could only say the Lord's Prayer backwards. One of them, Mary Trembles, confessed that she was able to travel invisibly, and the other two admitted to magical practices—and later they were induced to confess that they had caused deaths by their black art. On the scaffold, however, they denied everything that they had previously admitted.—*The Tryal and Execution of Three Witches at Exeter.* London, 1682.

In Cornwall witchcraft was more prevalent than in Devon—or in fact any part of England. The powers of the sorcerer were passed on from father to son through a long succession of generations. There are many families—the descendants from the ancient Cornish people—who are even yet supposed to possess weird powers of one kind or another. Several families which have become extinct are reputed by tradition to have had dealings with evil spirits, and some to have made compacts with Satan himself. The most famous dealer in Black Magic was a woman known as the Witch of Fraddam. There is a curious legend concerning her and the Lord of Pengerswick, who was also conversant with magical practices—but he was more a

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white magician than a black one, though his deeds were often fearsome. This Lord of Pengerswick came from some eastern clime, bringing with him a foreign lady of great beauty. No one beyond the selected servants was allowed within the walls of Pengerswick Castle; and they, it is said, were bound by magic spells. No one dared tell of anything of what happened there, consequently all was conjecture amongst the neighbouring villages. Certain it was that Pengerswick would shut himself up for days at a time in his chamber burning strange mixtures which sent forth strong odours from the windows of the lofty tower. Lady Pengerswick was never seen beyond the castle grounds, and evidently led a very lonely life. Many are the strange legends connected with Pengerswick Castle—of which to-day only a small tower remains to mark the site of a once famous fortified place. In the time of Henry VIII a man who had committed great crimes lived there, but long previous to that period the place was noted for its wickedness.

When Pengerswick, the magician, took up his abode there, the Witch of Fraddam was in the zenith of her power and was doing much harm in Cornwall, so he set himself to thwart her evil designs, and the result was a bitter feud, lasting several years, between the two—each trying to destroy the other by magic. In the end Pengerswick came off the victor, and he was the only person who ever had complete power over the famous witch. It was said that the devil felt sure of securing the soul of the Witch of Fraddam, but was by no means certain of Pengerswick, as the sorcery he had learnt in the East was so potent that even Lucifer feared him. Where the Lord of Pengerswick came from no one knew. He arrived one day from some Eastern country with his lady and three dark-skinned servants, who never spoke except in a foreign tongue. They brought piles of costly things and a number of magnificent Arabian horses. Having gold in abundance he entirely renovated the castle and fitted it up in the most luxurious style, besides adding many rooms and two towers. Long did this strange pair inhabit the lonely castle, and though the Lord of Pengerswick rode very frequently in the adjacent country on a splendid horse of great value, none of the neighbouring gentry ever made his acquaintance. He was feared by all, and yet they respected him for many of the good deeds he performed.

Eventually he disappeared from Cornwall in the same sudden way in which he arrived, leaving the castle and its rich furnishings [illegible] and shut up. Some time later the castle was seen to be on fire, and some [illegible]

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St. Michael's Mount was illuminated in a remarkable manner. The interior of the castle was entirely destroyed; not a vestige of furniture, books or anything belonging to the "Enchanter" could be found. The inhabitants of Market-Jew crowded to the fire, but were powerless to stop the progress of the flames. Some of the witnesses declared that when the flames were at their highest, they saw two men and a lady floating in the midst of the fire, and that they ascended from amidst the falling walls and passed quickly out of sight. The Witch of Fraddam, whom Pengerswick subdued and destroyed, haunted the neighbourhood for long after her death, and was seen (it is stated) by fishermen floating in a boat shaped like a coffin on the sea below Pengerswick, where her appearance generally indicated a storm.

Cornish miners declare that they sometimes see little imps, or demons, underground, and that their appearance is a good sign, showing that a lode of some value is near by. One miner stated that he had on two occasions seen them when he came to work, sitting on pieces of timber, or tumbling about in curious attitudes. Another indication of the proximity of tin lodes is a curious rapping noise known as the "knockers," and it is said in Cornwall that wherever there is a lode of tin you are sure to hear strange noises. As an instance of this, some people had taken up their abode in a newly built house in a mining district. From the first night strange noises were heard which they could not explain. Rappings were heard on the doors and walls, and at the dead of night footsteps passed to and fro in the kitchen and ground floor rooms and ascended and descended the stairs, but whenever the family tried to find out what it was, the noises ceased and no one was to be seen. There was no natural explanation of the sounds, and as the house had only just been built it could hardly have been supposed to be haunted. A mining-engineer, who was well acquainted with the miners' superstitions, said that it was probably the "knockers," as one of the levels of a large tin mine extended in that direction. Later a rich lode of tin was discovered—as far as could be judged—right under the house, but a good distance down. When the lode was found the noises ceased.

Among the mining population there is a deeply rooted belief in warnings. At Wheal Vor there has always been (and is still) a belief that any bad accident is presaged by the appearance of a white rabbit in one of the engine houses. Miners solemnly declare that they have chased these appearances till they were hemmed in with no possible way of escape



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—and yet they got away. The white rabbit on one occasion ran into a " windbore " lying on the ground, and though stopped in, the rabbit was not found. In this famous old mine there appears to be a general belief in death warnings and apparitions. One fine hale old man stated, on being relieved from his turn as watcher, that during the night a sound like the emptying of a cart of stones occurred in front of the account house he occupied and feared it was a warning. He met with his death two days later.

The fishermen and sailors have their superstitions and true tales of weird happenings. Fishermen dread those parts of the shore at night where there have been wrecks, as they say the spirits of the drowned appear to haunt the sea there, and they often hear the " calling of the dead." Some declare they have heard drowned persons hailing their own names. Years ago, one night, a gig's crew was called to go out to a small vessel to the west of St. Ives Head. Two other boats noticing the foreign-looking schooner also went out. As the first boat approached the strange vessel they could see the men on board it and distinguish details of its build. The men made ready to board her, and the bow oar standing up made a grasp at her bulwarks, but his hand met nothing solid, and he would have fallen overboard had not one of his mates seized him just in time. Then the ship and its lights disappeared. The next morning the *Neptune* of London, Captain Richard Grant, was wrecked at Gwithian (close by) and all perished. The captain's body was picked up a few days later to the west of St. Ives Head, where the spectre ship was seen, and was buried in Gwithian churchyard.

Phantom lights, which have been seen by scores of pilots and hundreds of ships, are known as the " Jack Harry Lights." They are the same as the Flying Dutchman seen off the Cape of Good Hope. These are generally seen before a gale, and if a ship is seen with them, it is like the ship which is fated to be wrecked in the gale. Sailors say: " What or how it is we can't tell, but the fact of its being seen is too certain to be doubted." One old sea captain stated that coming down the Channel one night they had a phantom ship alongside of them for miles. It was a moonlight night with a fine rain and mist. They hailed her several times but could not get an answer, and they didn't know what to think of her, when all at once ship and lights completely vanished.

At Porthcurno Cove there is a curious legend of a phantom ship which used to appear quite frequently. It was said to have be- d and some

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come in from the sea about nightfall when the mists were rising from the marshy ground in the bottoms, and passing through the breakers on the shore, glide up over the sands, and steadily pursue its way over the dry land as if it were water. It was described as a black, square-rigged, single-masted vessel, without any crew, unless, indeed, the ghostly sailors were battened down below. On it went to Bodelan and thence to Chywiden, where it vanished like smoke. This ship is connected with a mysterious man who, returning from sea, went to live at Chywiden, where for years he lived alone—never speaking to any one but the one servant he kept and who had come with him.. He would roam about at night accompanied by a number of black dogs whose howlings used to disturb the country. When he died the servant sought the aid of two peasants to bury him, and when the corpse was laid in the grave the dogs gathered round it howling in a most uncanny fashion. As soon as earth was thrown on the coffin the story went that both servant and dogs disappeared, and at the same time a large boat which they kept in the Cove vanished.

West Country death omens are similar to those in Lancashire and Wales—

The howling of a dog three nights in succession outside a person's door or window, a raven croaking over a house, a cock crowing at midnight, and the peculiar formation of wax round a lighted candle known as the winding sheet all indicate an approaching death. It is believed that a man cannot die easy on a mattress of fowls' feathers, and that death is retarded and the dying kept in a state of suffering by having any door locked or bolted in the house. There is a strong prejudice against burying on the northern side of a church. In most churchyards in Cornwall you will notice the south side full of graves, and scarcely any on the northern side.

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# CORRESPONDENCE

[*The name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, is required as evidence of bona fides, and must in every case accompany correspondence sent for insertion in the pages of the* OCCULT REVIEW.—ED.]

## CHRISTIAN SCIENCE: A REJOINDER.

*To the Editor of the* OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—Mrs. Eddy has not failed to discriminate between "mind and the spirit of life," if what Mr. Lovell, in your issue for November, means by "the spirit of life" is the same as that referred to by Paul when he said, "The law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death." This "spirit of life" is the Divine Mind, and Mrs. Eddy has drawn the distinction between this Mind and the carnal or mortal mind as no one before her has ever done.

The healing which results from Christian Science treatment is brought about in the same manner as that wrought by Jesus and his disciples, both being the practical application of the spiritual laws of divine Principle. Naturally it is only those who have sufficient spiritual understanding of these laws to demonstrate them who are in a position to say how the healing is done. When Mrs. Eddy says, "No intellectual proficiency is requisite in the learner" of Christian Science, does she not mean exactly what Jesus meant when he said, "Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven?"

Jesus did not heal by the use of animal magnetism, nerve force or nerve energy, as Mr. Lovell asserts. He defined his method thus, "If I cast out devils by the Spirit of God, then the kingdom of God is come unto you." It was the absolute spiritual truth which Jesus knew which enabled him to destroy the discordant conditions of error, just as a mathematician would correct a mistake in computation by his knowledge of the science of numbers. Jesus healed at a distance just as easily as at hand, and Christian Science heals though the practitioner and patient may be thousands of miles apart, which proves that nerve force or animal magnetism has nothing whatever to do with the process.

Mrs. Eddy has not made the statement in *Science and Health*, "animal magnetism has no scientific principle." What she has said is: "Animal magnetism has no scientific foundation" (*Science and Health*, page 102). Our critic says the assertion that "the human mind is not a factor in the healing work of Christian Science," is nothing but "high-sounding jargon." The carnal or human mind



and some

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is referred to in Romans as "enmity against God." Does he suppose that beneficial results can proceed from "enmity against God"? Christian Scientists heartily agree with the saying of Jesus, "God is a Spirit; and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth." This is precisely what they are endeavouring to do, with "signs following." Yours faithfully,

CHARLES W. J. TENNANT.

TALBOT HOUSE,
ARUNDEL STREET,
STRAND, W.C.

## SIGNOR MAJERONI.

*To the Editor of the* OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—*Re* Querent's letter, April number, seeking information *re* the late Signor Eduardo Majeroni.

The late Signor Majeroni was settled in Sydney for some years, he arrived here 1876 or 1877 with Mme Ristori. According to the local press he made a deep impression as Essex to Ristori's Queen Elizabeth, also as Holofernes to her Judith.

He was considered particularly good as Joris Ipanoff and Armand Duval; later on he studied and appeared in English, but it was thought the English language somewhat dimmed his brilliancy.

He gave many performances in English, extending over a period of some years; he lost his voice through his illness, and therefore could only attend to the business side of his profession. The *Sydney Morning Herald*, October 21, 1891, in an article on his death, states:—"Eduardo Majeroni died (of a gradual decline) yesterday (October 20, 1891) at Victoria Street Sydney." In a notice of the funeral the same paper states the inscription on the coffin was—

EDUARDO MAJERONI,
*Died, Oct.* 20, 1891.
*Ætat* 51 years.

He now sleeps in the picturesque Waverley (Sydney) cemetery close to the ocean. Yours faithfully,

JAMES M'COY CARTER.

SILVERLEIGH, HENRIETTA STREET,
WAVERLEY, SYDNEY,
AUSTRALIA.

## THE NUMBER OF THE BEAST.

*To the Editor of the* OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—The ineptitude of many of the proposed solutions of Revelation xiii. 18 must have often struck you. The endeavour to find its fulfilment in varied personalities stretching from Nero to Mr. Gladstone, and now according to a letter in the *Daily Mail* (Oct. 4)

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at last fulfilled in the Kaiser, though by an ingenious method which I am afraid schoolboys would call " fudging ! " only seems to prove to me that the would-be solvers are on the wrong tack altogether.

Surely, Sir, no such prophecy can ever find its final fulfilment in any period, place or personality ? Else, if that were so, the passage in which it occurs would become obsolete, we would tear the leaf out of our Bibles ? A seer, I take it, is one who from his exalted outlook deals with principles and not with persons or incidents. A partial fulfilment, if you like the expression—which I do not—may be met with here and there. But a complete filling out of all he meant with a consequent exhaustion of his message seems to me inconceivable.

What have we here, for instance ? St. John appears to put the key into our hand in the very first sentence, " Here is wisdom. Let him that hath understanding count the number of the Beast ; *for it is the number of a Man.*"

Surely, Sir, there is the answer at once. " It is the number of a Man." Why, certainly, for it is the number of all men, of all Humanity ?

Let us look into it a bit more closely. There is no doubt a puzzle here, and one put intentionally. St. John wasn't going to let the clue lie on the surface, people must dig for it, however slightly. Familiar as he was, and as he assumes his readers to be, with the Kabbalistic system of interpretation known as Gematria, or the numerical valuation of the letters composing the word under consideration, he gives them in Greek letters what is equivalent to 666.

Now for a solution. Let us add the digits, making 18, adding them again we find the number 9. Now 9 is known as the number of generation : it, so to speak, generates itself, as all multiples of 9 will work out eventually to 9.

But it is not numerically generative alone. The nine months of gestation give us the clue we want.

For in nine months a mature child is produced and, regarded as a member of the genus *Homo*, we may call it a perfect animal after its kind.

So, then, 9 will stand for man viewed from his lowest, his animal standpoint, and thus in fact for his lowest nature or for what we and the poets are wont to call the " Beast in Man."

Is it not clear, then, that whereas we must all be sharers in this physical necessity, it is only when the lower nature dominates and obtains control of the Higher Self, that man can be termed a Beast ? (Nursery language and schoolboy chaff of the boy who overeats himself will bear me out to the very letter !)

So, then, whenever and wherever a prominent personality exhibits this displacement of values, of controls, of masterhood, and the lower nature predominates over all the finer, nobler instincts which are latent in every one, there will " he that hath understanding " recognize

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the features of the Beast, and rightly, and so far as he is himself concerned will labour with the poet to—

Move upwards, working out the Beast
And let the Ape and Tiger die.

Yours obediently,
F. G. MONTAGU POWELL.

FOXLEASE, SOUTHBOURNE,
HANTS.

## THE RETURN OF THE CHRIST.

*To the Editor of the* OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—I often read accounts of dreams in your OCCULT REVIEW, which I always take, and venture to send you the following dream a lady I know related to me quite lately, hoping you will insert it in your magazine, and that some one will be able to interpret it. She dreamed she was in the Academy with her husband and had said to him she wished to go home, as she felt tired, but he answered, "You can't go until you have seen the wonderful picture, painted by a man who lived in the time of Christ." The picture had a legend, which was that the fish which was painted in the corner of the picture, and was said to be a real fish petrified, would come to life when Christ returned to earth. The fish had nothing to do with the rest of the picture, which was a scene in the East, with the figure of Christ standing on the sea shore in a white robe, and holding a staff. A few people had claimed to see movements in the fish, and when she went up to the picture, she also saw movements, and then doubting what she saw she went nearer, when the fish suddenly raised its head and looked at her. She felt great surprise and a curious elation, which woke her up.

This is the dream, and when relating it she still feels the same feeling of elation.

If you can find any one who can read its inner meaning it would be interesting, and I should be very grateful if you will print it for that reason.

Yours very truly,
FRANCES E. DYER.

117a EDITH ROAD,
WEST KENSINGTON,

[Surely this dream, whether we accept it or not, bears its own interpretation plain for all to see! The fish-symbol of the early Christians for their Divine Master, as well as the reason of its adoption, is familiar ground to every student.—ED.]

## THE POWER OF PSYCHIC SYMPATHY.

*To the Editor of the* OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—I had a curious dream the other night in connexion with the War, which might be of interest to your readers. I give it exactly as it occurred, without modification or writing up of any kind. It was as follows:—

"If one could only really help them!"

I seemed to be standing on the platform in the great hall of a

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hospital. The room was filled with wounded soldiers. Many of them were jovial, full of spirits. Some, in spite of their pain, were making a heroic effort to appear cheerful out of compliment to the performers. A few were unable even to raise a smile. One or two, God help them, had a fixed look as though they were still living through the scenes of horror and awfulness from which they had so lately come.

God help them indeed! We, who were here merely to entertain, felt powerless to do more than that. One's desire was to share the sufferings of these splendid souls who had been through hell for our sakes, and for all we hold dear. My heart ached with impotent sympathy.

Suddenly it seemed as if the fire of this intense longing was taking shape. Surely I could distinguish a flame that surrounded me spreading and spreading, and, as it increased in extent, taking a curious blue colour. As it grew the light seemed to touch those who were nearest to the platform and, wherever it fell, a look of resignation and peace stole over the tired faces. On many the traces of pain lessened and disappeared. It was a marvellous experience, almost like a peep into the fourth dimension.

Presently I remembered that before coming to the hospital I had neglected to order certain things for my material comfort. It vexed me, for I knew that no shops would be open when I returned. Instantly the light vanished and I was standing in total darkness.

"Why is this?" I thought angrily, "why has all this happiness left me?" Far, far away a voice seemed to answer: "Your sympathy has ceased. There can be no power to help others if one selfish thought remains."

As the voice stopped speaking I bowed my head in shame, but when I raised it a glimmer of flame again surrounded me. I had remembered that a man in front of the platform had lost both his eyes!

Then I awoke, with a new hope in my heart. If sympathy be strong as this, a power is given to man to help, though he may not be fitted to fight. It was worth trying at any rate.

A bird was singing on a tree outside. Was it fancy, or did its song really fit these words:

God's in His Heaven,
All's right with the world!

I may mention that this dream came to me after a visit to the Herbert Hospital at Woolwich.

R. C.

## "WE GET WHAT WE WANT."

*To the Editor of the* OCCULT REVIEW

DEAR SIR,—In his article on "Psychism and Idealism" in the September number of the OCCULT REVIEW, Mr. J. Arthur Hill states that his deepest intuition tells him that "the true explanation of psychical phenomena is still unfound." He has his pet hypothesis which he puts thus:—"*We get what we want.*"

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Psychical phenomena, he says, occur all over the world, but the explanations thereof vary with the beliefs of the people. "We get what we want," and even the laborious and patiently amassed evidence of the S.P.R., which is admittedly impressive, may be no more than a painful and partial materialization of the strenuous desire of the investigators. Mind is the reality. It is the only thing that does anything.

Let us apply the newly-discovered hypothesis of Mr. Hill to his own conclusions. He is filled with the idea that "We get what we want." In making an analysis of various psychical phenomena his mind is obsessed with his great discovery, and consciously or unconsciously he wants to prove that even the most astounding and critically observed phenomena are nothing more than a reflex of the expectant attitude of the observers of the phenomena. He wants to make out that "we get what we want," and accordingly he tries to give an explanation of the phenomena to accord with his pet hypothesis. If the observer of a psychical phenomenon is said to get what he wants, may it not be said that Mr. Hill, sitting in judgment upon the explanation of the observer, "gets what he wants"? In fact, according to Mr. Hill there are no such things as phenomena, but our mind unconsciously cheats us by projecting itself upon the ether, and the ether and etheric influences are ever ready to help in producing the deception. Does it not happen in several instances that we do *not* get what we want, and in other instances we do not want anything, and yet the phenomena take place?

N. D. K.

## THE ANGELS AT MONS.

*To the Editor of the* OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—So far as I know the most exact of the historic parallels to the "Angels at Mons" incident has not yet been cited.

It occurred during the First Crusade, when the Christian army (following the usual fashion of Christian armies) had blundered along, and finally got into a mess in the valley of the Orontes. But although the Turks *ought* to have exterminated them, somehow they failed to do so. The following is the explanation given:—

". . . But we had better allies fighting for us than Greeks; an Emir once asked, 'Who are all those men in shining white armour on white horses who always fight on your side?' 'They are legions of martyrs led by Saints George, Demetrius and Maurice,' replied the Norman. 'But whence they get their horses you must ask my chaplain.'"

The incident is from Robert of Saint Rémy and is quoted in *The Making of Western Civilization*, by C. R. L. Fletcher, published last year. The verbal exactness of the parallel is noteworthy, as is also the mention of what is evidently an old problem, that of ghostly animals.

Yours faithfully,

P. H. PALMER.

101 KING'S ROAD,
READING.

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## VISIONS ON THE BATTLEFIELD.

*To the Editor of the* OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—In view of the large number of pre-war professing occultists, I have left a few lines which I have had long in mind to submit to you, until now, as I considered that many could have elaborated and explained the reason of the above appearances in greater detail and more technically than myself, who simply follow such matters privately. I will venture to trouble you at last, however, and beg to state that from personal experience I have always found that all such visions as those at Mons, etc., are simply the result of thought.

When a person thinks, or even reflects thought with clearness, one of the finer types of matter—sometimes called "elemental essence"—is drawn upon and the thought takes astral form. Now for centuries hundreds of thousands of people have thought of the fights at Crecy, Agincourt, Poictiers, etc., and of the English archers and the knightly and historic charges, and in astral matter or thought such conflicts have been and are being still fought with varying vigour according to the strength of the national and individual emotion. Of course such performances are often quaint and sometimes foolish; for instance, after the renewal of the controversy as to who won Waterloo, the battle could be seen clairvoyantly being refought with the English and her 1815 Allies clearing the French off the field alternately. All so-called great happenings which live in the memories of the crowd go on in thought, and can be seen by the genuinely advanced clairvoyant and sometimes by people under the stress of strong emotions or physical weariness, like the unfortunate soldiers at Mons and La Cateau.

The mysterious individuals who are said to be helping wounded and dying soldiers are practically always quite real. Many of them are still physically alive, but leave their physical bodies for service at the "front," which is a busy and sometimes slightly dangerous occupation. Further in reference to the appearances of Christs and apparently divine beings, I hope I may say without shocking any one that an "invisible helper" can, as far as "permission" goes, assume almost any appearance he likes, if his masquerading as a Master gives him more power to help the disabled, dying or dead, though of course such a "helper" would not tell a person who had just passed over that he was actually a Master. None of the "Great Companions" from Krishna or Quetzalcoatl down to the Galilean would make it any aggressive concern of theirs if a relatively lesser brother were to work either as them or for them in the cause of humanity.

Yours faithfully,

ARTHUR MALLORD TURNER.

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# PERIODICAL LITERATURE

MR. G. LOWE DICKINSON presents, in *The Hibbert Journal*, some excerpts from a pamphlet on the growth of Germany and the World-War, by Dr. F. W. Förster, professor of education at Munich and a pacifist, notwithstanding " his idealization of the moral discipline of war." It is interesting to observe how present conditions strike an enemy who regards them as the result of a conspiracy for which England is chiefly to blame, but who implores his countrymen to remember what England has given them, while he realizes on his own part that " if we were Christians there would be no war." Dr. Epstein tells us that in the nine months dating from the declaration of war Germany has conceived and begotten 4,518 war publications. The statement introduces a comprehensive survey and salient instances of the literature, being those that are " dignified and scholarly " in mode of presentation. But " such is the influence of this Demon of War " is the remark which follows an account of one production, and it might be appended practically to all, while of each writer in succession it might be said, as of one, that " hate has made him blind." A short, significant letter from Professor Bryce, of Harvard, is entitled " An American thinker on the War." Most of it has appeared in *The Morning Post* and will be remembered by some of our readers. It registers the Lusitanian incident as closing finally the writer's personal neutrality, and stigmatizes " the German Prince" as now the declared enemy of mankind. The Presidential Address delivered to the British Academy by Viscount Bryce enumerates certain facts that make the present situation novel as well as terrible. They include the immense range of the war, its " prodigious influence " upon neutral nations, the extreme changes in its methods and character, its cost in proportion even to the vastness of the armies engaged, the fervid interest taken by the body of each nation concerned, the moral issues which have been raised, and the fallacy that such a conflict would be averted by the vast interests involved. There are other notable articles, including a Quaker's apology in respect of the war. The keynote is in a single sentence : " One feels that there can be no case for Christ's sanction to war."

*The Quest* opens with an article by Dr. W. Tudor-Jones on three foremost Italian thinkers of the present day—Benedetto



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Croce, Bernardo Varisco and Professor Aliotta—each well known among us by English translations. Croce stands for the reality of mind or spirit. Varisco carries his solution of great problems from the domain of ethics to that of religion, and holds that Divine Immanence in manifested things is not less certain than are things manifested or the Divine Being. Aliotta rejects Absolute Idealism and adopts a Theism "on the lines laid down in this country by Professor James Ward." He stands therefore for an Absolute Self-Conscious Personality existent in the universe. Dr. Tudor-Jones regards Varisco as the deepest of the three and as destined to exercise profound influence on current thought. We seem within a memorable distance of that time when philosophy without God will not only have had its day but ceased to be. *The Quest* closes with another informing article, very different in kind, bearing that of Mr. C. G. Montefiore on "Jewish Apocalypses and Rabbinic Judaism." Too technical for summary in the present place, we can note only that the Apocalyptic writings "anticipate an early coming of the Redemption, the New Order and the Messianic Age," while those who would know the content of this literature will find all materials available in *Apocrypha and Pseudepigrapha*, by Dr. Charles. The body of the issue contains three papers arising out of the war. Mrs. Mona Caird writes on the *rôle* of brute-force, and holds that real power—good or evil—is spiritual, not physical; that society is not based on force; that the present international system is a dismal failure; and that salvation will be found only by placing brute-force—really an obedient monster—"under wise and broadly sympathetic ideas." Miss Jessie L. Weston discusses Germany's literary debt to France, which seems confined to romance-literature, especially that of chivalry and the Graal. Finally, there is Mr. Mead's important article called "Peering Ahead in the Murk." Its thesis, closely reasoned, is that the moral progress which is the duty of the individual must be required of the nation and that "the good future of humanity" depends chiefly or entirely upon "willing recognition" of a corporate common task.

It is with satisfaction that we welcome on its reappearance our contemporary *La Revue Spirite*, founded by Allan Kardec in 1858. We have borne testimony to its high place among European journals devoted to experimental spiritualism and psychological studies. Publication was suspended at the beginning of the war, and its restoration is signalized by an article on Divine Justice in the light of *les épreuves d'une guerre sans précédents*.

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The writer is Léon Denis, well known in the psychical and occult activities of Parisian groups. It is expressed with that subdued strength, reserve and patience which have characterized our French compatriots from the beginning, and will, as we believe, maintain them to the end and the crown therein. For Léon Denis, it is in spiritualism only that we shall find a solution of the manifold problems raised by the present tragedy, and therein also consolation adequate to the national sorrow. The article will command sympathy and concurrence among readers of THE OCCULT REVIEW. . . . *Le Théosophe* continues to appear in the reduced form noted on a previous occasion, and has also its words of counsel and encouragement at the present crisis. It affirms that the hope of victory manifests so utterly as "an emanation" of essential Justice that the confidence so inspired is rather "a matter of faith than of reasoned conviction," though the one is not without the other, since the Allies possess the fundamental elements, or moral strength and material resources, necessary to encompass the end. As *La Revue Spirite* looks for help to Spiritualism, so does *Le Théosophe* have recourse to what it terms the logic of theosophical instruction, and to "the Great Beings who lead evolution forward."

An article on Realization in *The Kalpaka* is interesting from two standpoints—as illustrating distinctive principles of thought which apparently separate Christian Mysticism from that of Vedanta, and as exemplifying Christian doctrinal influence upon Indian religious thought. Regarding the first point, Yoga is the path, *ex hypothesi*, leading to union with the Divine; it is a path of power, and a strong will is essential therein. In Christian Mysticism the work is one of love, which is scarcely named in the article. Yet the distinction is chiefly on the surface; will is towards extirpation of things which hinder, while that desire which is offered as the key of attainment is really love at white heat. As to the second point, while not pretending that we are qualified to speak with authority on matters of Indian doctrine, we have been told that the fall of man and the legend of an earthly paradise have no place therein. But the article begins by affirming that man has indeed fallen, that Paradise has been lost and has to be regained, the path to which is through experience that "the Kingdom of Heaven is within." Here then is the Christian influence, and the question is how it is adapted to enlighten Indian teaching. The lost paradise is that state wherein God is known as the only reality. The fall of man is into his present dream-condition, wherein he is the denizen of

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an illusory separated universe; return is by awakening from sleep and comes about when the soul's eye turns inward, for there God is shining, and there is the Kingdom that we seek.

Once again *The Builder* is with us, and we regret only that space fails us to review it on every occasion, for each issue deserves well at the hands of readers, Masonic or not. It appears in an enlarged form, to commemorate the fact that the National Masonic Research Society is already "the largest organized body of Masonic students in the world," having secured 10,000 members in ten months of existence. It will commemorate also the creation of a "House of Light," or Home and Library of the Society, an illustrated article on which appears in this issue. Among historical papers we note in particular one on the Charles Martel legend in Freemasonry. But that which will most concern our readers is the resolution adopted unanimously at a recent session of the Grand Lodge of Iowa and telegraphed to the President of the Republic. The last clause is this: "Resolved, that the Grand Lodge of Iowa rededicate itself to the cause of peace among nations and brotherly love among men; that it commend the President of the United States for his patient, patriotic and untiring labours in behalf of neutrality, and beseech him to do everything humanly possible to keep our Republic from being drawn into the tragedy of world-war; *but if this is impossible, we pledge ourselves as men and Masons to stand behind him whatever may befall.*" The italics are ours. The resolution was drafted by the editor of *The Builder*, Dr. Joseph Fort-Newton.

A particular interest attaches to the last *Journal of the Alchemical Society*. It contains a Presidential Address by Professor John Ferguson, LL.D., his subject being a poem of some length on "The Marrow of Alchemy," first published in London, 1654–55, under the editorship of George Starkey. The interest is of two kinds. There is the lecturer's methodical account of the poem, including occasional attempts to elucidate its meaning, and there is his consideration of certain literary problems connected with the text. They are of importance to Hermetic history, as they concern not only the real authorship of the poem but the identity of Eirenæus Philalethes, a great master of alchemy to whom Starkey refers incessantly. Professor Ferguson has given, almost unawares, a reference which may remove the mask of the Latin pseudonym.

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# REVIEWS

AGAR HALFI, THE MYSTIC. By Roland Filkin. Cr. 8vo. Pp. 317. London: William Rider and Son, Ltd. Price 6s.

THE Rev. Philip Alletson, on the verge of breakdown through overwork in the East End, seeks calmness and repose in a little country and seaside living in the West of England, but hardly has he settled down before he and his sister find themselves involved with the Master of Storton in a bewildering fog of mystery, through which, from time to time, shoot lurid gleams of a diabolic influence which threatens to overwhelm them all. Already two of their little community have mysteriously disappeared, leaving no trace behind, while Constance Alletson's sensitive nature is dangerously menaced by the malign influence which seems to lie behind these sinister happenings.

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THE MUSIC OF THE SPHERES. Part II. By L. A. Bosman. London: The Dharma Press, 16 Oakfield Road, Clapton, N.E. Pp. 111.

THIS little book forms the second part of the author's esoteric and symbolic study of the derivation of the Hebrew Alphabet—a subject which at first thought seems too abstruse for any but the grave and learned. As a matter of fact, it is treated in such a way as to interest all who have even the smallest and vaguest knowledge of such things. Each letter is taken separately, and the author's notes on the inner meaning of form and sound, and also on its astrological affinity, are of absorbing fascination. The letter *Lamed*, for instance, with its upward stroke and downward curve, corresponds to the dual sign Gemini. It is "symbolical of the uplifting force of Nature, the wing of a bird, or arm of a man," and in its higher aspect signifies "that Cosmic Wisdom which is everywhere, which links and binds, sustains and supports." It represents "the human stage beyond mind, when the inward, assimilative contraction has been uplifted and expanded, and the two made one." Again, the letter *Tzaddi*, meaning literally, fish-hook or dart, represents the Third Race of man, "during which passion, desire and feeling were definitely developed and fully manifested by means of sex," and is "a fitting symbol of the way of the occult student through the snare of Scorpio." Some of these analogies may seem a little far-fetched when thus torn



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from their context, but students who read the book carefully will find in it an inherent reasonableness, while a clearing-up of some obscure points is promised in a later work. The scope of the book is far wider than might be imagined, and many subjects of far-reaching interest are touched upon. Regarding man's eternal search for Peace and Rest, Mr. Bosman remarks wisely that he does not, as a rule, truly realize what he is seeking, but thinks "that peace and rest come with cessation of motion," not discriminating between the feverish and excited activity of the lower mind and desires and the "Motion of Nature," which is "One of the Three Great Attributes of God, and never ceases." The final chapter discusses the theory that the Hebrew letters were derived direct from the Egyptian, and is as interesting as the rest of the book—which is no small praise. E. M. M.

IS IT ARMAGEDDON? OR, BRITAIN IN PROPHECY. By Henry Sulley. London: Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent & Co., Ltd., 4 Stationers' Hall Court, E.C. Price *6d.* net.

THIS is a fantastic but rather ingenious attempt to reconcile certain prophecies in the Bible with the events of contemporary history. In the opinion of the author the contents of "the seventh bowl," mentioned in Revelation, are even now being discharged upon the earth. He identifies Britain with the "Tarshish" of the West, and India with the "Tarshish" of the East. Under the ægis of Britain and her Colonies —"a great maritime power shadowing with wings"—he predicts that the scattered kingdom of Israel will eventually be restored to the Promised Land. To the students of "British Israel" literature this little book will doubtless be very welcome. It is written with clearness and sympathy, but from one point of view only, and that a narrow one.

EDITH K. HARPER.

THE ELIXIR OF LIFE. By Arthur Ransome. London: Methuen & Co., Ltd. Pp. viii. + 312. Price 6*s*.

IN 1908, apropos a novel by Mr. W. Satchell, entitled *The Elixir of Life*, I made in this Review some remarks about the literature inspired by "the best dream materialists ever had." To-day, under the same title as Mr. Satchell's, Mr. Arthur Ransome offers a tale of an elixir of life which was also an elixir of death. He imagines a fluid which took to itself vitality from human bodies or beings deprived by violence or disease of the power to remain active on the physical plane. Thus a degradation like the vampire's is the result of voluntarily restoring the physical attributes of youth by this fluid, and Mr. Ransome's hero finds himself weighing self-interest against good taste and philanthropy.

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But (and the "but" is a large one) he fails to win belief either in his elixir or his arch-criminal. He appears to have been unaware in conceiving his plot that it is harder to prolong the interest of the educated reader in the fictitiously supernatural than it is to hold his attention by the play of character in scenes of indisputable possibility. W. H. CHESSON.

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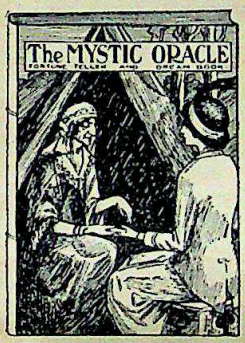
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THE LIFE OF PARACELSUS. By Anna M. Stoddart. London : William Rider & Son, Ltd., 8–11 Paternoster Row, E.C. Demy 8vo. 309 pp. Illustrated. Price 6s. net.

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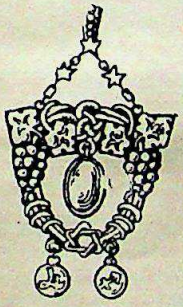
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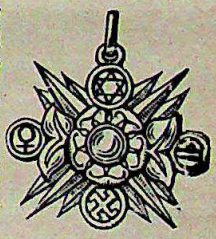
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the strength to use a lash of scorpions to good effect. He then left Basel and renewed his wanderings. Eventually he arrived at Salzburg, where he made his will, affirming his unswerving faith in God and the Mediator, and three days later died, on Saturday, September 24, 1541. His body was interred in the churchyard of St. Sebastian, his obsequie being celebrated with great solemnity by order of the Prince Archbishop, but according to his expressed wish he was buried in "ground consecrated to the poor." Yet even in death this cometary being had no abiding place, for again and again his bones were removed, but eventually found sepulture under a marble pyramid erected to his memory by the Archbishop Abdreas von Dietrichstein. The book is illustrated by several fine portraits and a holograph of the handwriting of Paracelsus. It is altogether a valuable addition to the Biographia of Occultism. S.

ADORATION AND OTHER POEMS. By C. and R. Salwey. London: Heath, Cranton & Ouseley, Ltd. Pp. 64.

THERE are some pleasant verses in this little book, but they are marred by a commonplaceness of expression that might have been avoided. So often the authors, instead of seeking the *inevitable* word, seem to have been content with the obvious one. All readers of poetry are very weary of such expressions as "Heaven's celestial vault," "the world's wide wilderness," "pallid dawn," night's "purple mantle," "gentle zephyrs," "undulating fields," and so on—to take only a few at random from these pages. The new poetry for which the world is waiting must use a language more vital, more human, than this, if it is to touch the heart and satisfy the spirit. The three pencil drawings by Jasper Salwey are of a very charming delicacy, particularly the one entitled "Daybreak in London."

E. M. M.

ECONOMY, THE SELF-DENYING DEPOSITOR AND PRUDENT PAYMASTER AT THE BANK OF THRIFT. By Orison Swett Marden, Author of "Every Man a King," etc. With the assistance of Arthur W. Brown. London: William Rider & Son, Limited. Price 1s. net.

THE subject of Economy is uppermost in the minds of most of us at present. Therefore, Orison S. Marden's new volume—one of Messrs. William Rider & Son's "Mind and Body" Series—makes a very timely appearance. It abounds with the terse maxims, practical counsel, and apt quotations with which we are familiar in the works of this popular American author. After quoting innumerable examples to prove that economy is the basis of all signal success from a worldly point of view, Mr. Marden proceeds to indicate the essential difference between true economy and false economy. Herein lies the especial merit of this little book. From first to last he insists on the power of the dollar; on the crippling and cramping effects on mind and body of the lack of it. In this, of course, he is hopelessly at issue with the Franciscan devotees and their worship of the blessed Lady Poverty. But other times, other manners, and the Little Flowers of St. Francis, which flourished by the waysides of Tuscany, would find the modern world but an arid soil for the lowly virtues. This is not to say, however, that Mr. Marden has not written a capital little book, with many a helpful hint as to the turning of the tide which leads on to fortune. Here, for instance, is one of his unanswerable facts in illustration of the Yankee aphorism, "Money talks!" :—

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is that Immortal, the Lord of all Time, the Companion of the human Soul. He who knows This has thereafter no need of a Protector"; such words might bring comfort to many whose spirits are troubled by the present state of the world, and the mass of human suffering that has been caused. Or, again, this passage (remarkably similar, in thought and wording, to one in Mrs. Besant's translation of the Bhagavad Gita): "For if the slayer thinks to kill, or if the killed thinks he is slain, both are deceived, for it doth neither kill nor yet is slain. More subtle than the atom and greater than the great, this soul of the creature sits securely in the heart . . . though the body perish, yet he is unhurt." And, finally, beautiful in their utter simplicity, these words of Nachiketa to the Death-god: "Not by wealth shall a man be satisfied. To have seen thee is to be wealthy." E. M. M.

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A RATIONAL THEOLOGY. By Rev. H. Gordon Drummond. 8½ ins. × 5½ ins., pp. 90. London: The New-Church Press, Ltd., 1 Bloomsbury Street, W.C.

THIS book contains a well and plainly written statement of the essential doctrines of Swedenborg's theological system. Its chapters, with one exception, are reprinted from *The New-Church Magazine*. The exception, one dealing with Swedenborg's highly important philosophical theory of Correspondences, was originally published in *The Quest*. Mr. Drummond's treatment of his topics, which deal largely with the nature of God, and the future life, is dogmatic, but I do not use that term in any derogatory sense. Nor do I wish to imply by its use that his statements are bald, for the book contains much in the way of illuminating illustration. In its confines, however, one could not expect to find a fully-argued out

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exposition of Swedenborg's system, especially since that system claims not only a scriptural basis, but an entire agreement with experience and reason; so that whilst the ordinary theological student would demand a detailed examination of biblical texts, the student of philosophy might require evidence of a differe character, though not less voluminous in content. However, as Mr. Drummond says in his Preface, his object is not to proselytize, but to interest; and that is just the object the book is well calculated to achieve. No doubt there are a few points that will seem obscure to the reader unacquainted with Swed borg's works, though on the whole, as I have intimated, Mr. Drummond's book is abounding in clarity. Those steeped in orthodox creeds will, perhaps, find Swedenborg's theology distasteful; but those who have shaken themselves free from these, will not fail, I think, to be impressed with the doctrines of the great Swede—doctrines so wide in their reach, so kindly in their tone.

H. S. REDGROVE.

CONCENTRATION AND THE LAWS OF MENTAL EFFICIENCY. By Henry Chellew, M.A., Ph.D., D.Sc. London: The Power Book Co., 329 High Holborn, W.C. 1915. Price 2s. 6d. net.

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